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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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JAPAN'S OBJECT-LESSONS IN NAVAL WARFARE

ALTHOUGH it may be early to deduce final and finely-drawn lessons from the naval conflict in the Far East, a number of broad facts are available, which emphasise the significance of the naval operations and their effect upon the subsequent movements of the Japanese armies. Since modern instruments of warfare were introduced this contest has had no parallel. The present generation has never had more striking and conclusive illustrations of the exact meaning and influence of "command of the sea," of the fruits of economical and careful organisation and war-readiness, and of the big issues which hang on the initial decision between the claims of strategy dictating concentration for the ends of war and the clamours of a nervous people for local naval defence.

These hostilities now in progress are the culmination of six or seven years' preparation on the part of the Japanese. Probably one of the most extraordinary facts is that during part of this period when Japan was bracing herself for the present struggle, Admiral Alexeieff, who had been Russian naval attaché in the Japanese capital prior to the China War of 1894-5, was in command of the Russian fleet in the Pacific, while General Kuropatkin, now in control of the Russian Army, was in Japan in the midst of the war preparations, as lately as last summer. Keen observer as the Russian Viceroy has shown himself in many respects, he not only failed to fathom the temper of the people among whom he was living, and with whom in 1897-8, and again in 1900, during the Boxer troubles, he was continually associating, but he did not recognise the meaning of the warlike measures which were taken in hand almost immediately after the retrocession of Port Arthur in 1895 at the dictation of Russia. Admiral Alexeieff, unfortunately for Russia, lived in Tokio, among those officials of the Russian Legation who considered and ridiculed the Japanese people and treated with contempt the red aspirations and efforts to enter the comity of nations. To the last Admiral

Alexeeff believed that Japan was of the same class, and with the same of the North, whose might had p^{er} Royal Sovereign statesmen pause, and then decide^d building these excellent ships

It might be assumed from a g^l n, high speed, good coal which has appeared in the pastⁿ, the British Government spring Russia and Japan were o^rs with the *Powerful* and strength The truth, of course, o^{ved} *Powerful* type The was inferior only to the forces o^{ved} *Powerful* type The that of the Island Kingdom wasⁿ guns, but the other eight navies of the world, with only half the fighti^{ent} belt, and the *Power* sixth in the scale Russia had sixteenst clip The ships with two others nearly ready for sea, and f^{older} that and Japan had six of the first-class and one^{wh} that armoured cruisers Russia had an advantage of two^{as} £10,000 out by many critics who had faith in the "might of^{ma} ships even if Japan gained small initial successes, the Tsai^{ld} ment out to the Far East reinforcements to completely crusⁱⁿ Navy of Japan The fleet of the Island Kingdom was lo^{ny} by many as an exotic which would be crippled at the f^{ing} of war with a Western Power Some observers were ne^{ir} of pointing out that practically all the battleships and cru^{an} far the greater proportion of the torpedo craft, had b^{but} abroad, and built, moreover, in so short a time that it wa^{nos} impossible that the naval department at Tokio could^{at} adequate supply of trained officers and men to control^{wh} these mechanical instruments of war The last of the six^g ships of Japan, the *Mikasa*, was not delivered until early la^{lo} On the other hand, the best qualified English opin^{ie} cherished the high estimate of Russian naval power which^a a hundred years ago had entertained These admirers ofⁿ fleet were oblivious to the fact that in the past century^{sa} depending upon wind and manual labour had given place^{se} driven by machinery, and worked in almost all depart^{se} mechanical means Russia is not a country o^{er} technique So long as she^{was} satisfied with sm^{to} for coast defence in the Baltic and the Black Sea, fle^{sec} were never intended to roam the seas and take the off^{or} was able to man the ships with officers and men of fa^{arly} some training, and high courage In 1898, however, sh^{as} a to double her fighting strength in order to deal with^{her} in the Far East, which was seen to be approaching—the^{her} land, not Japan, was then regarded as the probable a^{tish} She called in the aid of foreign shipbuilders, with¹²⁰ that the new v^{als} were soon ready for sea, but, in^{and} time, she had³⁸⁶ to provide complements of officers

ety to impress Asia with her might men-of-war were sent fixed East with too few mechanical ratings and with seamen part one confession of one Russian officer, were "merely agricultural labourers," not only unused to sea-life, but unversed in

In the simplest mechanical knowledge. In January last, when a policyets stood face to face in the Far East, practically all imperial naval opinion still clung to the belief that Japan would be kept and badly worsted, in the conflict at sea, because of the Japan Russia, it was said, could send out. It was generally held Squadids were fairly even as regards the strength of the opposition, actually in the Far East, but, on the other hand, British officers, at least, recognised that Japan had important tactical advantages. When the war opened the position in the East was roughly this —

	RUSSIA		JAPAN
Battleships	7		6
Armoured Cruisers	4		6
Protected Cruisers	7		20
Unprotected Cruisers	—		9
Destroyers	24		19
Torpedo Boats	20		82

REINFORCEMENTS EN ROUTE FROM EUROPE

Battleship, one Armoured Cruiser, Protected Cruisers, and some torpedo craft were in the Red Sea, bound	Two Armoured Cruisers, purchased from Argentina, were on their way from Genoa to Japan
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As has been remarked, Japan, on the eve of the war, was the smallest of the seven leading navies of the world. Last year Russia spent on her fleet nearly eleven million sterling, while Japan, for the whole of her navy, expended only £2,385,000, in addition to £500,000 extraordinary expenditure, for new ships, &c. Consequently Russia was laying out on naval power nearly four times as much as her opponent, and Japan was devoting to her whole navy a sum equivalent to the amount spent by the British fleet on coal, paint and oil alone. During the years in which Japan was waiting to revenge the insult she received from Russia in 1895, she might have been tempted to incur a heavy expenditure on her fleet and armament in order to make sure of victory, instead of this the statesmen of Japan determined to do nothing to imperil the financial resources of the country, and the Navy Department was satisfied if it could maintain what it considered a slight margin of superiority over the squadron which Russia kept in the Pacific. Naval officers of Japan, many of whom have spent years in Russia carefully observing the organisation and standard of efficiency in the fleet, believed that if fairly matched in material, the superior training, scientific attainments,

and mental quickness of the Japanese officers and men ensure victory. Russia last year spent £48,000,000 on her Army and Navy—probably more, but this is the official estimate. Japan, in the same period, provided a matter of only £10,000,000 for her land and sea Services.

The secret of Japan's success lies very largely in the care which was taken in adapting the national defensive policy to the end in view, while a considerable sum was devoted to encourage the mercantile marine, which has been a great help and transport for the Army.

After the successful issue of the conflict with China, Japan turned herself to the creation of a new fleet. China had been defeated, though she had several armoured ships, and Japan had none except one old battleship, the *Fusoo*. Senator Hale would have concluded from this conflict that battleships and armoured cruisers were useless, and had he been an Elder Statesman of Japan he would doubtless have used the same language as he did in the Senate of the United States the other day, when he quoted incidents of the present war to support his contention that America should not go on building battleships—that, in face of the torpedo and other weapons, they were obsolete. This sage legislator declared that the lessons of the war showed the vulnerability and unsafety of battleships, and the undesirability of further construction of such vessels. When struck below the water-line, he added, their centre of gravity was disturbed, they turned over like a turtle, and everybody was drowned. In a word, Senator Hale argued that the evidence was against the building of any more battleships, just as some people in France have done for some years past. Japan did not suffer from such advisers. The Japanese were not led away by hasty and ill-founded conclusions. Though they never treated their former enemy with the foolish contempt with which the Russians regarded the Japanese, they correctly assessed the personnel equation in the Chino-Japanese War, and made allowances accordingly. Reviewing all the incidents of that struggle, and looking forward to the clash with Russia, they decided that it was essential that they should build big ships, that it was essential that they should have high power of offence, that it was essential that they should have the thickest armour obtainable, and, lastly, that they should have the advantage of speed over anything of an equal capacity of offence and defence which they were likely to meet in battle, allied with great radius of action. They determined that if it were worth while to build big cruisers, these vessels should have armoured belts and good protection for the 20 gun's crews, so as to enable them, if necessary, to take their place in the line. The national physique was peculiarly adapted to

fixed base, and the torpedo-boats, it was also accepted by the part of the offensive force duty to see that nothing should be had their own opinion constant training, and devotion on the

In the organisation to enable these crafts to be used effectively a policy largely the requisite that the fleet should have imperatively demands "ears" to the battle squadrons. Had the be kept in commission policy they would have squandered large Japan had in commission huge cruisers without armoured belts, Squadrons without protection for the guns' crews, and even of the margin of speed above that of contemporary battleships, which is of course a *sine qua non*

used to be one of the amusements of superficial observers to think that the Japanese were merely imitators. It was a shallow untrue generalisation. They accepted in naval matters all the advance which the Western world could give them, but at the same time they struck out a line of their own. Acting contrary to all precedent, they created in the years following 1895 a fleet unique in the character of its units. Of the battleships little need be said except this, that in the early vessels the Japanese took Sir William White's *Royal Sovereign* and improved upon it, and that later on they adopted this same distinguished battleship-designer's model of the *Majestic*, and improved upon it also. In the *Mikasa*, the last battleship to be completed, they acquired a vessel which, in the disposition of armour and the protection of guns, has set the fashion to the world. When it is said that the Japanese improved upon British models, it must not be forgotten that they had the expert advice of that pioneer in the designing of swift, heavily armoured cruisers, Mr Philip Watts, then at the Elswick, and that Mr J. Dunn, one of the directors of Messrs Vickers, Son, and Maxim, was the actual designer of the *Mikasa*. The Japanese have always been keenly anxious to have the latest thing, but they have had the wisdom to winnow the wheat from the chaff. The result of their policy is that they obtained six modern battleships with features which have won the admiration of the world. They built also an equal number of armoured cruisers. No navy in the world had before attached such importance to the latter type of ship as to build a number equal to the total number of modern battleships. These vessels are not only swift, with a speed from 20 to 23 knots, but they have protective decks, are heavily armoured on the sides, and each carries four 8-in guns, firing a shot of 210lb, and a secondary armament of twelve to fourteen 6-in quick-firers, in addition to twenty small weapons for repelling torpedo attack. On a displacement of from 9,400 to 9,750 tons, they got vessels with a fighting value equivalent

to the German battleships of the *Kaiser* with the same figure of value as the British battleships and their

At the time that the Japanese were building 100,000 tons of ironclad ships with their belts, varying from 3½ to 7-in, the official estimate was from 2 to 3-in, side armour above the belt of 5-in, of only 1,000 tons of coal-carrying capacity, and great gun power. The Japanese government were strengthening their list of cruisers, and in the *Terrible*, and eight cruisers of the improved type. The *Powerful*, it is true, has two 92-in guns, and was devoted to other eight vessels have no weapon bigger than 6-in, are without the speed of the best on trial has not exceeded 21.6 knots. The coal capacity of the British ships is somewhat greater than that of their Japanese contemporaries, but it is to be borne in mind that while the Japanese ships have a displacement of less than 1,000 tons, the *Powerful* displaces 14,200 tons, and the other eight 11,000 tons. No unbiassed ship designer would for one moment attempt to claim that the British ships have been as good an investment as the six armoured cruisers built for Japan, while no one would not quarrel with the assertion that the eight ships, costing from £600,000 to £750,000 each, were among the worst investments the British Admiralty ever made, except the *Powerful* and *Terrible*, of course. The Japanese, these so-called slavish imitators of the Western nations, built no first-class protected cruisers. If it were worth while to build big ships at great expense like the ten British ships mentioned above, they argued, it was madness to fail to give them armoured belts. For the "eyes and ears" of their fleet they determined to rely on small, cheap, swift, heavily armed vessels, many of them about the same size as the "scouts" which have since been taken in hand for the British Navy. They built twelve cruisers of from 3,000 to just under 5,000 tons, each of the larger ones having a main armament of two 8-in guns, or one 12.5-in piece, some vessels of quite miniature size, and, lastly, nine small cruisers without even protective decks. Acting in accordance with their definitely adopted policy, the naval authorities provided the Japanese nation with a fleet of twelve armoured ships, battleships, and cruisers, and twenty-nine scouting vessels, at an infinitesimally small outlay, at the same time eighty-two torpedo-boats and nineteen destroyers were constructed. This was a larger proportion of craft of these two types than any navy in the world, in proportion to size, had ever built. In view of the ultimate aim of fighting Russia on the high seas, the Japanese would have been told by many persons learned in naval matters that, useful as small torpedo-boats might be for coast defence, it would be impossible to employ them at any considerable distance from a permanent

fixed base, and that they could not, therefore, be regarded as a part of the offensive naval forces of the country. The Japanese had their own opinion, and they acted upon it.

In the organisation of their fleet the Japanese also followed a policy largely their own. The financial resources of the country imperatively demanded that only a portion of the ships should be kept in commission all the year round. On the eve of the war Japan had in commission only what is called the Standing Squadron, apart from certain training ships. It included the fine battleships *Shikishima*, *Yashima*, *Hatsuse*, *Asahi*, and *Mikasa* together with ten cruisers. But they kept their torpedo craft almost continuously at work. This was the entire naval force which Japan had ready for action at the beginning of November last, when it was recognised that war might occur at any moment, the rest of the ships were in reserve.

That reserve was of a very real and efficient character. Year by year since Japan acquired her new Navy, paying for it, by the way, out of a portion of the indemnity of £32,000,000 provided by China, it had been a practice of the Japanese to mobilise the whole of their fleet. The lessons learnt during the operations were noted and applied. They had always foreseen the probability that the army and navy would have to act in conjunction, and also that in a naval action it was possible that the commander of a division of the fleet would be struck down and a substitute required. The annual peace operations were utilised not only to test the efficiency of the reserves, but they were also carried out in close combination with the army, and it was the custom to embark practically all available senior naval officers in order that they might profit by the cruising and tactical exercises, and a number of army officers also went afloat. In the manœuvres in 1900, apart from officers actually engaged on board the mobilised vessels, the fleet included four rear-admirals, seven captains, twenty commanders, and eleven chief engineers, while junior engineer officers were detailed to all engine-rooms, merely to watch the work there and gain experience. Twenty-three officers of the general staff of the Japanese Army were also present on duty during the manœuvres, some being on board the ships, while others watched the operations from the coast fortresses. The reasoning of the Japanese authorities was this, these exercises of the fleet entail a heavy expense, and it is essential that every available officer should gain advantage from them, and it is also desirable that in view of joint operations, those responsible for the army should have full knowledge of, and sympathy with, the fleet.

How, it may be asked, has this policy stood the test of war? Late in October, Vice-Admiral Togo was detailed to take over the

command of the Standing Squadron. This officer, who had shown his courage, ability, and high qualities of leadership so conspicuously in the Chino-Japanese War, at once took in hand the task of putting the finishing polish upon the war-training of his force—not "spit and polish" of old fame. Target practice became the continual occupation of the ships, even while the negotiations were in progress. At the same time the admirals commanding the Imperial dockyards were engaged in mobilising the reserve fleet. The operation was carried out so quietly that nothing more than hints as to what was going forward appeared in the Press of Japan. Had the venue of these preparations been Great Britain, every detail would have been chronicled from day to day, and probably exaggerated, and the Government would have been bombarded with questions by irresponsible M.P.'s, who would have pointed out that such action was provocative of war. Japan has a Constitution infinitely better suited to the waging of successful war than that of Great Britain, with the result that she was able to put on her armour without the rest of the world gaining knowledge of her action. For instance, at the end of October Admiral Togo became Commander-in-Chief of the squadron, and put to sea, and the notification which appeared was that it had left "for an unknown destination." What that destination was we can now surmise. Even at that date Japan was preparing that advanced temporary base in the Elliot Islands which has been in some measure the secret of the success of her operations in the Bay of Korea and the Yellow Sea. While the negotiations were being dragged on from week to week, Admiral Togo was engaged in preparing the groundwork of his campaign, and day by day was receiving further accessions of strength from the dockyards.

Had Japan been a thoroughly modern democratic country like, say, the United States, or even Great Britain, in which every man criticises the plans of those who have made naval science their life-long study, Admiral Togo would have received many suggestions, complaints, and possibly even threats. On the eve of the outbreak of hostilities he had concentrated the whole of the fleet of Japan in or about the naval dockyard at Saseho. He had left the whole coast line of the islands of Japan, which is about the same as that of the British Isles, unprotected, and he had not even dispatched a squadron to guard Formosa. The whole littoral of the empire, with the exception of Saseho and its vicinity, was without any local naval defence. During the Spanish-American War, when Cervera's squadron was supposed to be in the neighbourhood of the Cape Verde Islands, the people who lived on the Atlantic coast of the United States raised loud complaints that they were without protection. In a democratic country even th

best strategists cannot ignore the ignorant outcries of the people. As a result of the protests of those who lived on the Atlantic sea coast, the plans of the Strategy Board were delayed, and under civilian pressure had to be amended. Those who had paid for the fleet regarded ships of war (which were really built in order that the venue of hostilities might be removed from their shores, and that the enemy's coasts might become their frontier), as mere instruments of coast defence, had they had their way to the full extent the whole course of the war with Spain would have been changed. In Japan there is no many-tongued democracy to interfere with the schemes of the naval and military authorities. From the very first the Press was quietly, but firmly, muzzled as far as preparations for war were concerned, the Government then sat on the shore ends of the cables, and those whose business it was to initiate and prosecute the campaign were left free from those irritations and distractions which, in time of war, are a source of weakness to every country with a free Press and a right of free speech in all circumstances. When war is in the air silence is golden, and Japan owes not a little of her success to the fact that her trained advisers of the navy, as well as the army, were able to lay their plans without unnecessary interference.

Admiral Togo, acting on the soundest authority, was consequently in a position to concentrate his fleet instead of dissipating it. The issue of war depends upon the result of the clash of massed forces of men or ships as the case may be. This is the basis of the naval policy of Germany, every ship flying the black eagle is kept in the North Sea or in the Baltic, Germany is building a navy which may never be little more than about half as strong as the fleet of Great Britain, but she is building it on the assumption that "generally a great sea Power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us." Her watchword is "Concentration," and that, too, was the watchword of Admiral Togo. He recognised that his fleet was much inferior to all the ships of Russia, but he also realised that the Baltic was 12,000 miles away, and that he might do a good deal before the men-of-war from Western waters could reach the Far East, if he struck quickly with his full force.

When the Japanese, irritated, but not deceived, by the preparations of the Russians, broke off negotiations on February 10th, Admiral Togo had the whole mobilised fleet of Japan at aseho. Directly it was decided to withdraw the Japanese representative from Russia, and to hand Baron von Rosen his papers at Tokio, word was sent to the Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, which reached him late on February 5th, and he immediately summoned a council, which was attended by the divisional

commanders and by the senior captains of the fleet. These officers sat in solemn council throughout the night, and at dawn they separated with everything arranged. They were in possession of complete knowledge of the dispositions of the ships possessed by Russia, they knew not only their fighting value on paper, but the deductions from that fighting value which could be safely made owing to the inability of the Russians to dock the ships for cleaning purposes, the inadequate crews on board some of them, and the absence of any real war-training. They were aware that Admiral Stark had the main body of the fleet at Port Arthur, and had lately been cruising, they were also aware that, apparently owing to the importunity of the Russian Minister at Seoul, a cruiser and a gunboat were at Chemulpo, while three armoured cruisers and a protected cruiser had gone to Vladivostok to be docked and repaired, and they knew that a gunboat, the *Mandjour*, was at Shanghai. Now if the Japanese had been a thoroughly intelligent, democratic, self-assertive people, they would have told the Navy Department that it was out of the question to leave all the northern coast of Japan unprotected against raids by those four powerful cruisers at Vladivostok, within a few hours' steaming of their shores, and the Governor of Formosa would have put in his claim to ships to protect the territory under his control. Admiral Togo, fortunately, had no such distraction. He decided on his course of action without thought of any matter except the defeat of Russia. The Vladivostok ships might make their way out to sea—as they did—and bombard one or more coast towns, but such a raid, inconvenient as it might be, could not affect the issue of the war. He determined, for the time, to ignore the isolated Vladivostok squadron, and to bend himself to the prosecution of war in manner best adapted to lead to the defeat of the main body of the Russian fleet.

On the morning of February 6th detailed plans for the campaign had been settled, orders had been issued to the office concerned, and Admiral Togo, in order to take at once the active offensive rôle, swept out of sight of the shores of Japan (in order that he might defend them), and away from the menacing squadron stationed at Vladivostok. Lieutenant Mutsumura, staff officer under Admiral Togo, has supplied some particulars of what followed. The fleet was organised in four tactical units, and, accompanied by torpedo-boats and destroyers, sailed on the 6th. Off Mok-po, Rear-Admiral Uryu, Commander of the Fourth Fleet, was detached, amid cries of "Banzai" and band playing to Chemulpho, with a message from Togo, running, "I congratulate you, in anticipation, on success." The same night was spent by the other three fleets in reconnoitring, the seas runn-

so high that the crews of the torpedo craft, wallowing in the troubled waters, in the rear of the main body, suffered greatly. This officer thus describes the despatch of the torpedo vessels to Port Arthur on their deadly task —

The 8th dawned very fine. The squadron did not sail direct for Shan-tung Plo-montory, lest we should be observed by the Russians, but made for Yuen-tao (Kuan-toa), the Third Fleet leading in order to reconnoitre. The First and Second Fleets, flanked by the destroyers, followed.

At six p m it was decided that the destroyers should attack the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief signalled "Blow up the enemy's squadron! I wish success to all!"

Some destroyers replied that they would succeed, while others declared that they would fight to the last.

On their departure, the entire crew of the squadron came on deck and saluted.

There had been no declaration of war, and it has been urged by Russian apologists that Admiral Stark was taken by surprise in an unfair manner. The conclusion from events is that, while the Japanese knew what the Russians were doing and proposed to do, for they had one eye upon the reinforcing squadron of Admiral Wirenius, then in the Red Sea, eastward bound, the Russians were ignorant of all that was happening in Japan. As a matter of fact, the day the Japanese fleet sailed, the Japanese Legation at Tokio still had their usual quota of representatives of the Tsar, and M^r Pavloff, the Russian Minister at Seoul, was not unacquainted with the course of events. It has since become known that for some days he had had his suspicions as to the possible action of Japan, and on the 8th of February the gunboat *Koreitz* was leaving Chemulpo to carry dispatches warning Admiral Stark, when she fell in with the squadron of Admiral Uryu, which Admiral Togo had detailed to clear Chemulpo harbour in readiness for the disembarkation of the advanced troops of Japan. It is unnecessary to recount the circumstances in which this ship and the cruiser *Urag* were destroyed. The fact is that it was the gunboat and not the Japanese ships, which fired the first shot of the war. This, as it has been said, an accident. In war, an accident, even if it has been due to the youngest and most inexperienced sailor, is no excuse for firing upon the ships of another nation. The *Koreitz* rashly began hostilities outside the harbour, and then retreated to the port, the Japanese following. It is a debatable question whether Chemulpo could be regarded as neutral since the Emperor of Korea was unable to protect its neutrality. The Japanese had determined to seize Chemulpo as a military base, and if the Emperor and his incompetent advisers at Seoul had decided to consider this an act of war, they would have been quite

justified. No doubt the Japanese actually made war against the hermit kingdom as well as against Russia. Korea, however, was not even a pawn in the game, she did not count.

Admiral Togo, having sent off one division to Chemulpo, continued his course to Port Arthur. Here, again, it has been claimed that the Japanese success was due to the unfortunate circumstance that on the night of the 8th, when the famous torpedo attack was carried out, all the officers of the fleet were ashore celebrating the name-day of the wife of the Admiral. On the 8th a party was given by Mrs Stark, and it is also true that a number of officers attended, and were enjoying themselves when the first crippling blows were struck by the Japanese torpedo craft. Other officers were at the theatre at Port Arthur, witnessing a play founded upon the coming struggle, and at the moment that the Russian fleet was actually being decimated, many of the officers were cheering a spectacle representing the victory of the Tsar's forces—on the stage. Many officers were ashore, but it is an entire misapprehension to state that the ships were without executive officers on board. In view of the critical state of affairs and the knowledge that war might be declared at any moment, the holding of Mrs Stark's evening party was a grave indiscretion which will be handed down to later generations as an illustration of the manner in which the fate of nations may hang upon a most trifling event. While the whole civilised world was holding its breath expecting each day to hear the echo of the first gun which should open the war, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Pacific Squadron was ashore, and had left his ships in the outer harbour unprotected from torpedo attack. In view of his failure to appreciate the serious *impasse* which the negotiations had reached—he had, it must be remembered, the Viceroy's daily paper, the *Novi Kras*, always hopeful and boastful, published at his very door—his error in leaving his ships in the outer roadstead is not surprising. Owing to the narrow and tortuous channel leading into the inner harbour, and the restricted deep water available there, this officer, no doubt anxious to give as little work to his subordinates as possible, thought it convenient to all concerned not to trouble to place ships out of reach of a danger he did not apprehend, and the gray of which, if he had foreseen it, there is every reason to conclude he would have under-estimated. The Japanese destroyers, on the night of the 8th, entered the outer harbour under cover of darkness, and succeeded in torpedoing the Russian battleships *Tsuvitch* and *Retvisan*, and the cruiser *Pallada*, putting these three important ships, as events have since shown, out of action for the remainder of the war. They had to be grounded, altho

Pallada is reported to have been put in dock for repairs, and the *Tsarevitch* to have had a mud dock constructed round her, the *Retvisan* was hopelessly "holed." On the following morning the Japanese fleet closed in and succeeded in temporarily damaging by gun fire the *Poltava*, the *Diana*, the *Askold*, and the *Novik*.

In commenting upon this torpedo raid which gave Japan the advantage which always lies with the belligerent who can get in a first decisive blow, efforts have been made to rob Admiral Togo and his officers of the credit which is due to them for their enterprise, skill, and courage, but history will assuredly not fail to do full justice to the success which the Japanese achieved in thus placing the Russian fleet, fairly well-matched with the Japanese as it was, in a position of inferiority so serious that for many weeks not a single Russian ship went to sea, and Admiral Wirenus, then in the Red Sea, almost immediately received orders not to proceed further. The damage which had been done to the Port Arthur squadron was so serious that Admiral Stark was not in a position to co-operate with the officers in command of the reinforcements, nor was that officer in sufficient strength to move forward alone. By his first blow Admiral Togo not only disabled the Port Arthur ships, but securing to himself by this means a marked superiority of power, he also got between the three Russian forces immediately concerned, those under Admiral Stark at Port Arthur, Admiral Wirenus in the Red Sea, and Admiral von Stackleberg at Vladivostok. The torpedo alone achieved this important strategic end, and from the night of February 8th, apart altogether from the result of the gun fire of next day, all the expectations and prophecies which had been previously indulged in by observers had to be readjusted to suit the changed circumstances. Admiral Togo secured command of the sea to a sufficient degree to permit transports to move in safety and pour troops into Korea, and he cleared the way for the two cruisers, which were to go on their way from Genoa to Japan.

It has been concluded in some quarters that the success of the torpedo on February 8th, and on later occasions, has proved that Berlin could have won her success if she had had no battleships or armored cruisers, and had depended entirely upon torpedo craft. It is at least a fact that so far as we know the guns of the Japanese fleet have not permanently disabled a single Russian man-of-war, while yet the effect of torpedo or submarine mine, one battleship has been sunk with terrible loss of life, including Admiral Makaroff, the world-famous pioneer in torpedo warfare, who succeeded Admiral Stark, three battleships, the *Tsarevitch*, *Retvisan* and *Pallada*, have been disabled for the whole course of the war, so far again as can be seen for the present, and one cruiser, the *Boyarin*, has

been sunk by Russian mines, in addition to the torpedo transport, the *Yenusie*, and one or two torpedo craft. This is a list of casualties credited to high explosives used in torpedo or submarine mine, which may cause observers to question whether naval war cannot be successfully waged without the assistance of those heavy ships which are now costing from one to one and a half millions sterling each, or even more. Those who have followed the course of the war, and have carefully read Admiral Togo's despatches, will recognise that great as has been the actual and moral effect of the torpedo, the efficiency of this weapon has depended upon the method of its employment. The Japanese Admiral always sent in his torpedo craft at night, with a body of cruisers to hang off the port as a screen, and, on most occasions, some heavy ships of the fleet have been in the offing. It was the menace of the battleships and armoured cruisers and their guns which kept the Port Arthur squadron imprisoned in the harbour. The effect of this "fleet in being" was that Admiral Stark could not venture to sea, and it was similarly the menaces of the heavy ships on April 13th which drove the *Petropavlovsk* and the *Pobaida* upon the mines which the Japanese had previously laid in the fairway of the channel into Port Arthur. Throughout the past four months it has been the realisation of the power concentrated in the battle ships and the big cruisers under the command of Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura which has disarmed the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, and prevented the ships at Vladivostok from taking the offensive. At the same time, Japanese tactics have confirmed the conclusion that battleships and cruisers cannot remain in an open roadstead with immunity, that the Power which hopes to employ battleships when it has not docks in which they can be repaired, or mechanics who can carry out the repairs, is paving the way to disaster. Big ships must either be secure at night behind adequate defences or at least they must keep on the move at sea when they have little to fear from torpedo-boats and destroyers.

The Japanese have revealed to the world the wide range of usefulness of even the smallest torpedo-boats. Possessing only ninety torpedo-boat destroyers, good sea-worthy craft, they decided to form flotillas of boats of quite small size, and these have been used with success off Port Arthur in the depth of winter, 500 miles more from a permanent base. The secret of this lies in the seizure of a harbour in the Elliot Islands, which has served as a base for all the torpedo craft, and in the presence there of "mother ships." Ten years ago the Japanese realised the need of "mother ships" for torpedo craft. They acquired in 1894 an old British merchant vessel, now known as the *Toyohaschi*, a ship of 4,000 tons, which they armed with two 47-in quick-firing guns.

smaller weapons, and equipped with all necessary machinery and tools for the repair of torpedo craft, while at the same time providing reserves of every variety of stores. As soon as the war began, they similarly transformed another merchant ship, and have consequently had at their advance naval base these two most useful vessels, in addition to a couple of hospital ships, the *Hakua Maru* and the *Kurl*, each built to take 292 patients. They also provided the fleet with a steamer built for picking up and cutting submarine cables. All these ships, and a number of supply ships and colliers, have been concentrated at Admiral Togo's secret base. The result is that the Admiral has been as well provided with facilities for repair, for dealing with cables, for coaling ships, for the care and removal of wounded to shore hospitals, as foresight and a slender purse could provide.

The whole secret of the Japanese success may be said to lie in the fact that the problem of the present war was studied in detail, instruments acquired fitted for the end in view, and, lastly, in the war readiness of the fleet. Directly the Government of Japan had decided to throw down the gage, the fleet, held on the slenderest leash, was ready to spring forward and deal that first crushing blow which altered the whole aspect of the campaign afloat. The events of the past three months have emphasised the fact that a fleet is not maintained in order to show the flag on foreign coasts, to provide local defence to distant coast towns, or to cruise ship by ship in a silly isolation, but must be concentrated to meet the strategic needs of any probable war.

By the masterly strokes which Admiral Togo dealt at Russian naval power, and by the subsequent blocking of the Port Arthur channel, he freed the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechili to the transports carrying the Japanese armies. He did more even than this. By "sealing" up Port Arthur, he robbed Russia of a base which the much-talked-of reinforcements from the Baltic hoped to gain with the assistance of the squadron within, disabled though it were, and he gave a singularly vivid illustration of the truth that the mere possession of ships with crews inadequate in numbers and unskilled in warlike duties, is not equivalent to naval strength. Behind the fleet, even if well-manned, and under a leader of courage, great strategical and tactical ability and personal magnetism, must be a well thought-out organisation, and dockyards well equipped and with ample supplies of labour for repairs. Japan has supplied the world with object-lessons in warfare and the influence of the command of the sea, but, above all, she has illustrated the fruits of intelligent, careful organisation and the meaning of being ready for war. She has humbled a Power against whom even Napoleon could not prevail.

KOREA ITS HISTORY AND PROSPECTS

THE events of the past few months have brought into special prominence a country which, a few years ago, was little more than a "geographical expression" to the majority of the reading public. It is less than thirty years since Korea opened her doors to the foreign world. For several centuries before that time she had endeavoured, with more or less success, to maintain a policy of rigid seclusion, and considering all that she had previously suffered from inter-tribal warfare and the intrusion of invaders from outside she can hardly be blamed for denying herself to visitors.

The purpose of the present article is to present a short account of the history of Korea from early times to the present day, and no attempt will be made to enlarge upon the habits and characteristics of the people. Such information can be procured from the books descriptive of the country that have been written from time to time ¹

The history of Korea, which can be traced back as far as that of China and Japan, is one long record of war and tumult. For many centuries the peninsula was occupied by various tribes, always fighting with each other, and often with invading armies from China or Japan. The most powerful of these tribes was the Kokorai, or Korai, in the north, who were at loggerheads with China as early as the year 70 A D, and continued for several centuries to keep up a fitful but constant warfare with their north-western neighbours, successfully repelling many invasions, and gradually extending their borders southwards until, in the seventh century, they had spread as far south as the Han River, upon which the present capital of Korea is situated. In 664 A D they had to succumb to a huge Chinese army, and 176 cities, with a population of four or five million people, were annexed by China, as many of the inhabitants as could fleeing to the north of the Tumen River. In the south-east of the peninsula was another powerful tribe, known as Shinra, which was in close relations with the people of the neighbouring islands of Japan. It was from this tribe, whose civilisation was in advance of the Japanese of that day, that the latter obtained their early knowledge of arts, literature, and science.

(1) Of these the most important are "*Historie de l'Eglise en Corée*," by Dallet, "*Corea, the Hermit Nation*," by Griffis, "*Problems of the Far East*," by Lord Curzon, "*Korea and her Neighbours*," by Mrs Bishop, "*Korea*," by Angus Hamilton.

From the beginning of the eighth century, when it had begun to grow in power, until the tenth century Shinra occupied the entire eastern half of the peninsula, but in 912 A D the descendants of the conquered Korai tribe, who had again settled in North-Western Korea, rose in rebellion under a Buddhist monk, and occupied one of the central provinces of Shinra. The monk was then murdered by his lieutenant, a descendant of the house of Korai, who proclaimed himself King, and in due course made himself master of the whole peninsula, blotting out Shinra and giving the name Korai to the united kingdom. It was known by this name until the year 1392, when the ancient name of Chosen, or "Morning freshness," was restored. This name, by which the Koreans prefer to hear it called, was given to the country by Kitzu, a Chinese statesman and philosopher, who migrated to P'ing-yang in 1122 B C, and died there. It was he who introduced the rudiments of Chinese philosophy into Korea and paved the way for the introduction of Chinese civilisation, ethics and literature to which the nation has clung so closely through all its vicissitudes.

Although Korea has been a united kingdom from the commencement of the tenth century, her record since then has been far from a peaceful one. In 1015, she was invaded by the Kitan Tartars, who were repulsed after a fierce struggle. Then, for two hundred years, she enjoyed a period of comparative rest until, in 1231, she was invaded by the armies of the Mongol Emperor Genghis Khan, who subjected the country, leaving Mongol governors to control the administration. These were driven out or murdered by the Koreans, and a second Chinese army took possession in 1241. It was from Korea that Kublai, the son of Genghis, sent an expedition against Japan in 1266, which failed, and was followed by another in 1281, that also met with disaster. Meanwhile, the Chinese hold on the peninsula was growing weaker, and in 1341 the Mongol dynasty gave place to the Mings. In 1392, the then King of Korea was overthrown by a usurper, called N1 Tai-jo, who founded the present dynasty, which continued in an unbroken line of succession until 1864, when the late King died without issue, and his nephew, the present King, was appointed to succeed him. N1 Tai-jo tendered vassalage to the Ming Emperor, which was accepted, and it was at this time that Confucianism was adopted as the State religion in place of Buddhism, which had previously been the prevailing creed. The adoption of the Chinese costume, laws and institutions also dates from this period. The Chinese written language was the medium of communication, all books with any pretensions to literary merit were, and continue to be, written in the pure Chinese style, as are also the prose and verse compositions of literary men. In fact, the visitor to Korea

of 1876, when the restrictions against foreigners were first removed, could, by a slight stretch of imagination, fancy himself transplanted from a modern to a mediæval China. The Manchu usurpation has brought about many changes in China, notably in the matter of dress and in the style of wearing the hair, but in Korea, where the vagaries of fashion could not penetrate, the China of five centuries ago became stereotyped, and the kingdom, until it became transformed a few years ago under foreign contact, was a world of old picture-books. A written script with a perfect alphabet of twenty-five letters was introduced by the Buddhists in or about the tenth century, and is still in common use, but it is looked down upon by the educated class, who regard it as suitable only for women and children. One effect of the use of this phonetic writing has been to stereotype the ancient pronunciation of Chinese words which has been lost in China itself, and although the spoken language of Korea is not the spoken language of China, it contains a large admixture of Chinese words pronounced in the old way, and the greater the pretensions of the speaker to scholarship the larger will be the proportion of Chinese words that he uses. The women and common people speak a language that is more akin in construction and idiom to the Japanese vernacular, and this affinity is said to be specially marked in the south-eastern districts which are nearest to Japan.

For two hundred years from this time Korea enjoyed comparative peace, interrupted only by occasional piratical raids from Japan until in 1591 the latter country demanded resumption of the payment of tribute. This was refused, and in 1592 an invading army landed in Korea, carrying everything before it, until China awoke to the gravity of the situation, and came to the rescue of her vassal. A six years' war ensued, and it is recorded by Japanese writers that during its progress no less than 214,752 bodies of Koreans and Chinese were decapitated, the ears and noses being sent to Japan to form material for the famous "ear-tomb" mound in Kyoto, while it is admitted that at least 50,000 Japanese left their bones in the country, the number was probably much larger. The two armies were so exhausted in the struggle, that in 1598 they retired by mutual consent, leaving a decimated and devastated kingdom behind them to recover as best she could from the ravages of this terrible war.

Korea might well have learnt a lesson from her previous experiences, and have been contented to be left in peace, but on the fall of the Ming dynasty she backed the losing side, and incurred the animosity of the Manchus, who sent an expedition in 1637 to teach her a lesson, and took the capital by storm. It was then that Korea finally acknowledged the suzerainty of China, and for

two hundred and more years she was left entirely alone Japan, it is true, had retained a foothold at Fusan, opposite the island of Tsushima, since her withdrawal in 1597, but the few traders who were allowed to reside there were placed under the strictest limitations as to area and trading privileges Tribute was paid to Japan for a time, but appears to have been discontinued after a few years China retained the right of suzerainty acknowledged in 1637, and once a year a tribute mission was sent to Peking accompanied by a few traders, who were obliged to return with the mission An annual fair was also held on the Korean frontier, where traders of both nations met for barter for a few days on neutral ground, returning each night within their respective frontiers Formal missions were also sent from Peking, with a patent of investiture, on the accession of a new sovereign, or with letters of condolence on the death of a royal personage Beyond this strictly limited intercourse with her two neighbours, if we except the ineffectual French and American naval expeditions of 1866 and 1870, Korea was a forbidden land from 1637 until Japan knocked at her door in 1876, and insisted on the resumption of political and commercial relations No foreigners, except shipwrecked mariners, most of whom were murdered, and French priests, who first entered the country from the north in 1837, disguised as natives, had ever managed to break through the barrier of seclusion within which Korea established herself The story of these Roman Catholic missionaries, most of whom were killed, is a brilliant chapter in the history of missionary enterprise The record of their sufferings and successful labours is told at length in the "*Histoire de l'Eglise en Coree*," to which reference has earlier been made

During the long period in which she was left to herself, Korea slowly recovered from the effects of the many wars which had knocked her to pieces, and built up a system of government based, as has been said, on that of China, though it was infinitely more corrupt In one respect it differed materially from that of China The latter system, cumbrous though it is, is at least officered by men of learning in the Chinese acceptation of the term, and an official career is open, theoretically, at all events, to any one, however humble, provided he can pass certain literary tests, and is not connected directly, or by parentage, with a few callings which are considered degrading There are, moreover, limits beyond which even the most extortionate official cannot venture to pass

In Korea, the nation is practically divided into two classes—the patrician and the plebeian—and it is extremely difficult to pass from the lower to the higher order The members of the patrician class, who are officials, or the descendants of officials, are debarred from engaging in any trade or industry, and many starve rather

than infringe the rigid law of their order, but they possess certain rights over the plebeians which afford them special opportunities for "squeezing." To the *nuang-pan*, as members of the higher class are called, is an official career alone open, and if they are, not in active employment, they either live on past gains or sponge on their more fortunate relatives and friends. No examination is required as a passport to official employment, which is obtained by bribery or influence, but whichever it is, salaries are nominal, and the holder of office has to recoup himself as best he can for initial expenditure, supply the needs of his superiors, or the requirements of the Court, and the harpies that are attached to it, and at the same time feather his own nest as fast as possible, for there is no security of tenure. Competition for office is keen, and the capital is a hot-bed of intrigue, where party struggles against party for the upper hand, and the only known method of effecting a change of government is for the opposition to murder some prominent members of the Government party, and to usurp their places by force. The Sovereign finds it sometimes politic, for pecuniary or other reasons, to have a fresh deal of the cards, and the game begins again. It is the wretched people who have to find the wherewithal to support these gentry, and it may be imagined that their life is not an easy one. They do rise in one or other district when the exactions of the official become intolerable, and then he is generally murdered, but he is succeeded by another just as bad, and severe retribution follows rebellion. Under such a system as this there is no such thing as justice, no fixity of revenue, no expenditure on works of utility, and no prosperity at all. The people live from hand to mouth, poverty is universal, and idleness a national characteristic. It is a marvel that the country can hold together at all under a rule that crushes individual enterprise and breeds a chronic condition of seething discontent. The only constant factor the King himself. He remains unharmed through the political storms and revolutions that are round him, and is the keystone of the fabric. This one element of permanency is due in great measure to the sanctity that the Confucian cult attaches to the person of the ruler, to the principle of complete subordination to superiors, and to the ancestral reverence which is the essence of Confucianism, rendering innovations almost a crime, and destroying independence of thought. The entire absence of a capacity for uniting in a common movement for the general welfare also accounts for much. Revolutions against intolerable oppression are, it is true, perennial, but they always fail, because the promoters are seeking their personal advantage instead of the common good.

These conditions exactly suited China, whose policy it has

always been to surround herself on her land frontiers with a fringe of tributary States too weak to be a menace to herself, but serving as a hedge against her more distant and powerful neighbours. These barriers are gradually disappearing. Russia has broken them down in the north, and Great Britain and France on the south-west and south, while the great barrier offered by Tibet bids fair soon to be penetrated.

It was Japan that took the lead in breaking down the Korean barrier. She has never ceased to keep a watchful eye on a country which she saw would, under proper management, supplement the demands of her growing population that her own territory had a difficulty in meeting.¹ Korea is probably one of the finest agricultural countries in the world. The soil is fertile, there are large and valuable forests on the northern frontier, and everywhere rich mineral resources that have not yet been touched. Only a small proportion of the country is under cultivation, and it affords a magnificent field for the energies of a population that has already outgrown the limits of the Japanese empire. The climate is the climate of Japan, and is infinitely better suited for the colonist than the tropical and unhealthy plains of Formosa, Japan's only colony. From the time that Japan began to assimilate herself to European ideas and civilisation, which may be said to date from 1868, the first year of Meiji, the control, if not the possession, of Korea was a goal for which there can be no doubt she was steadily working, and in 1875, when her newly organised army and navy were sufficiently strong to justify her in taking a forward step, she seized the opportunity afforded her by the firing of some Korean forts on one of her vessels of war, and sent a naval expedition to Korea offering the King the alternative of punitive measures or the conclusion of a treaty of commerce and friendship. The repudiation of responsibility for the acts of her vassal was obtained from China by the adroit diplomacy of the Japanese Representative at Peking, and a treaty was concluded with Korea on the 27th February, 1876. China then realised that she had been rather hasty in renouncing her claim to the control of the acts of her vassal, and, by the advice of Li Hung-chang, Korea was encouraged to make treaties with Western Powers in order, no doubt, to counteract the influence of Japan. America was the first to establish treaty relations, and was followed by Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia, but Japan, although she met with much hostility at first, the Legation being twice attacked and its members driven to the seaboard, always maintained the lead she had gained. For many years the shipping trade was entirely in her hands, she has always monopolised the bulk of the

(1) The population of Japan was 33,000,000 in 1872, and 45,000,000 in 1898

import and export trade, and the value of her commercial interests is now, as it always was, many times greater than that of all the other foreign nations put together

A Chinese representative who styled himself "Resident," and claimed precedence over all other representatives, though it was never recognised, did his best to act as a drag upon the wheels of the Korean coach, but the inevitable consequences followed of contact between an effete Oriental nation and the civilisation of the West. The King, who was encouraged by his foreign advisers to assert his independence of Chinese control, was only too ready to disregard the menaces of his Chinese mentor, and to accept offers of pecuniary help, or to indulge in any speculative scheme that gave him the immediate handling of ready money for his extravagances, with a prospect of ultimate profits. The ruins of numerous abortive enterprises are still to be seen in and around the capital—mints, arsenals, powder factories, paper mills, silk filatures, model farms, hat factories, and many more, some of them capable of being made paying concerns under skilled and honest management, but all failures because they were placed under native control, which meant that half the capital was stolen, wages were drawn and never paid, and every enterprise starved by dishonest management. The only institution that has survived and flourished is the Maritime Customs, officered, with Chinese approval, by Sir Robert Hart, and controlled for many years by Mr McLeavy Brown, who keeps a tight hand on the receipts, and resists their hypothecation with all his power, to the detriment of his popularity. Indeed, the Customs revenue is the only stable asset. The revenue from internal taxation could easily be made to fit the expenditure, but under native control it is an uncertain quantity, and is largely absorbed for the payment of debts, of interest on loans earlier made, and of the salaries of a superfluity of foreign advisers.

Japan was wise enough to see all along that the old system of government, which sufficed for the needs of an isolated Korea, was quite unsuited to the new order of things, and that if the credit of the country was to be pledged for pecuniary accommodation that was wasted in useless extravagance, and concessions granted wholesale to speculators, who would pay a sum down for prospective privileges, the country must soon tumble to pieces. But it was difficult to interfere while China remained more or less in control. Chinese suzerainty had to be abolished, and the nominal independence of Korea established under a system of tutelage, of which Japan was to be the administrator. A collision between Chinese and Japanese guards in 1884, who fought in the Palace itself for the possession of the person of the King on the occasion of one of the periodical revolutions, afforded an opportunity for

a rupture with China. Possibly because the time was not opportune, it was not taken, and a settlement of a serious dispute was arranged. There seems little doubt, however, that Japan was only biding her time, and her opportunity came in 1894. A rebellion of a more serious nature than usual occurred, and the assistance of Japanese troops to suppress it was solicited by the King. China objected, and sent troops herself, but Japan, who was ready at every point, landed an expeditionary force at Chemulpo, in advance of the Chinese, sunk a transport with an advance guard for the occupation of the capital, routed the Chinese at Asan, drove them out of P'ing-yang, and finally beat them all along the line. The renunciation of Chinese suzerainty over Korea was one of the conditions of peace, and Japan at once proceeded to take her emancipated *protégé* in hand. Japanese advisers were put in charge of all the important offices in the capital, and a series of drastic reforms was initiated with bewildering rapidity. Some of them were sound enough, but none were acceptable to the Koreans, who saw their time-honoured institutions disappearing altogether, or changed beyond recognition. What distressed them most was the abolition of their opportunities for "squeezing," and they found little consolation in the receipt of regular salaries that were too small to compensate them for the gamble for higher stakes, which had a strong fascination for them, even though the gamble often led to the forfeiture of the speculator's head. One serious mistake that the Japanese made was the uprooting of national customs with which there was no real necessity to interfere. Amongst these unnecessary reforms was the abolition of the Korean method of wearing the hair twisted into a knot on the top of the head. The Korean *coiffure*, with the cumbrous hat that surmounts it, is a time-honoured institution, and its adoption at the age of manhood, or marriage, is attended with many important and solemn functions. It has been the national head-dress for centuries, and is bound up with historical traditions which are held in great reverence. When the King, at the bidding of Japan, issued an ordinance forbidding the wearing of the top-knot, and cut his own hair short, a *furor* of protest arose from the whole nation, and this one act, insignificant though it seems, did more than anything else to render Japanese domination not merely unpopular, but detestable. A further fatal and criminal mistake was made in the murder of the Queen, who was a bitter enemy of Japan, with the connivance and support of the Japanese Minister. This outrage, it is fair to state, was not committed with the sanction or knowledge of the Japanese Government, but its effects were disastrous to the schemes of Japan. The King, already reduced to a state of abject terror by the threats and pressure of his new mentors, now be-

came desperate, and fled from the Palace, where he was virtually a prisoner, huddled in a sedan chair behind one of his women-folk (rumour has it that the lady who screened him behind her ample form was the lady who now reigns supreme at the Palace), and sought refuge with the Russian Minister. He was no party to the new order of things, and found that the substitution of Japanese tutelage for Chinese suzerainty was more than a change from the reign of King Log to that of King Stork.

With the flight of the King to the Russian Legation the whole edifice of reform built up too hastily by Japan came down with a run, and many of the supporters of Japan in the higher official ranks were assassinated by an infuriated mob, while the Japanese Government had been placed in so false a position by the acts of its agents that it had no alternative but to accept the altered situation. Russian influence at once came to the front, and although ultimately the King, who had meanwhile proclaimed himself Emperor, removed to a new palace that he had caused to be built, he was careful to wedge this palace between two of the foreign Legations, and to place himself as far as he could from the residence of the Japanese Minister.

The rest of the story is modern history. The first act of the Japanese on the commencement of hostilities with Russia was to take possession of Seoul, the Korean capital, and the person of the Emperor, who has been forced, in spite of his previous declaration of neutrality, to espouse the Japanese cause. He has now moved from the new palace in the Legation quarter to the old one in which he was a prisoner in 1895, and Japan is once more master of the situation. Korea is again being hustled along the path of reforms which she is quite unable, and doubtless unwilling, to carry out for herself, and Japanese officers are once more in charge of all the Government offices. Korean independence is promised to the world, but it stands to reason that it will be an independence strictly under the control of Japan, who has Egypt before her as a model. In Egypt, however, the alien population is comparatively small. In Korea, there were over 25,000 Japanese before the war with Russia began, and if the issues of this war are favourable to Japan, Japanese settlers will be numbered by hundreds instead of scores of thousands.

It is probable that Japan will have learnt a lesson of caution and moderation from her previous experiences in the education of Korea, and will push her reforms with a less heavy hand, but it is certain that if she has her own way she will make a splendid country out of a poor one. The individuality of Korea bids fair to disappear under the process, but the world will not be much the poorer in consequence.

WALTER C. HILLIER

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

WHEN Baron Kaneko Kentaro, the Japanese statesman, called at Honolulu on his way to represent his country in the United States during this war, he was welcomed by several of the prominent Chinese merchants. These came to congratulate him upon Japan's victories over Russia, which pleased them, although causing them no surprise. "For," they said, "it is not to be wondered at that the Russians are beaten, for did not Japan beat the great Chinese Empire?" The reasoning may be faulty, but it serves to call attention to a most startling similarity between the two great wars which Japan has been called upon to wage since her adoption of Western methods. In both these wars she has had to fight with opponents literally saturated with a sense of their own superiority and the idea that Japan was a negligible quantity. In both cases has this belief been the cause of the downfall of Japan's adversary. Of bluff and big words both China and Russia had great stores, but they neglected to back them up with preparations and deeds. The Russians, as the Chinese before them, entered into the negotiations with divided intentions and ideas. They wanted to take everything and talk of war, without for a moment expecting that any Asiatic nation would venture to go to war. To their minds, it was rather a game of the nature of heads I win, tails you lose, and no way out for the other man but to submit when it came to the point. For Russia's undoing and Japan's benefit, there seems present in every Russian brain one fundamental idea with regard to Asiatics. This idea can best be expressed in modern terms by the feeling of a successful parvenu towards the strata of society from which he has risen. The Russians hold that they have risen from being Asiatics, and are now immensely superior to their former race companions. And this idea seems able to withstand any amount of experience and education. It may be put into words somewhat as follows, which description was given by a highly-educated Russian diplomat, "After all, they are only yellow monkeys, and cannot be considered on an equality for a moment." And so it is with all the Russians, generals, viceroys, admirals, and diplomats. They do not confess it, in fact, they often take care to deny it, but their acts belie their words, and the results speak louder than do their tongues. It is this feeling that has caused Russian diplomacy to fail so conspicuously at Tokio, too often her Ministers there have let it be understood that they did not care to have much to do with the Japanese, thinking it not dignified to "descend to their

level," and consequently they know very little about Japan and the Japanese. Even men, who know, like General Kuropatkin and Admiral Alexeieff, who have studied the Japanese development, are not free from this fundamental idea. And it is this feeling of superiority, this tendency to depreciate their foes, present throughout all ranks and classes in Russia, which will lose more battles than even inferiority of material or unsuccessful strategy. The cheap war cartoons and pictures circulated in the streets of Russia all have for object the spreading of an impression of the insignificance of the Japanese. It is wonderful how difficult it is for such an idea to be eradicated. After the war with Japan, China was not at all convinced, and the Tsung-li-Yamen drew up a memorial to the throne, even while negotiations for peace were proceeding, pointing out that it was only because China had not been prepared that these insignificant islander-barbarians had been able to succeed. This memorial was quashed by the intervention of the Japanese Minister, but such a course is impossible with the Russian equivalents of this memorial, which appear in the Press of the world. Readers of the newspapers are treated to outbursts of Russian feelings with regard to their adversaries on every possible occasion, and it is only quite lately that it has been grudgingly admitted that the Japanese are foes to be reckoned with. The slower the Russian sense of superiority dies the better it will be for Japan.

The battle of the Yalu was lost as it was lost through this Russian idea. An army was thrown out unsupported in a magnificent defensible position to hold back the Japanese. The mere fact that there was a Russian army there was apparently supposed to prevent a Japanese attack. There seems to be no other explanation, since General Kuropatkin cannot have imagined that such an unsupported army could hold the Yalu, as he undoubtedly wished to have it held. Had he been really actuated by the motives kindly attributed to him by his friends, wishful of luring the Japanese inland, he would never have begun the construction of a railway line from Liao-yang to the Yalu position. Even when the force began to withdraw, the same indecision was apparent in the methods employed. It seemed as if the Russian generals could not force themselves to the point of admitting that after all the Japanese had dared to attack them, and had outflanked them. Of the magnificent bravery displayed on both sides it is not necessary to speak, the Japanese despatches have borne testimony to the Russian courage, while the results have spoken for the Japanese.

Even a cursory perusal by the Russian generals of the war against China in 1894-1895 would have shown the probable points

of attack and landing places to be chosen by the Japanese. It was only reasonable to imagine that before the Chinese War, the General Staff at Tokio had thought out the best possible landing, &c, and that, therefore, there was at least an even chance that history would repeat itself. The majority of the landing places could have been guarded against any Japanese attempt at landing without absorbing a too enormous portion of the Russian forces, but nothing was done. At the battle of the Yalu, much the same tactics were employed by the Japanese as won them the passage of the river from the Chinese, and yet the Russians were not prepared. The Russian General Staff in St. Petersburg is supposedly an intelligent organisation, and yet it has disregarded the copy-book of a war carried on by Japan over the same ground only some ten years ago—it can only be put down to the immense force of the fundamental Russian idea of their superiority.

This policy has lost Russia Southern Manchuria, and will lead to her being rolled back beyond Harbin towards the north. General Kuropatkin may endeavour to hold Liao-yang because of the stores accumulated there, but it is probable that he will retire northward at the last minute, holding to the last to his idea that the Japanese will not dare to attack a Russian Commander-in-Chief who has reported that he has 500,000 men at his back. Liao-yang will fall, Mukden will fall, and, later, Harbin will fall, and the Russians can console themselves that they have largely had themselves to blame for their sweeping out of Manchuria. Port Arthur will fall, but it is extremely doubtful whether it will be stormed, the game is not worth the candle for the Japanese. They have demonstrated that at a moment's notice, the Liao-tung Peninsula can be isolated. It is much more likely that they may feel tempted to play the same game upon the garrison as Admiral Togo did upon the fleet. By a judicious mixture of blocking the way and falling back, the garrison of Port Arthur may be tempted one day to advance northward, either to attack the Japanese retreating army, or else to join hands with Kuropatkin. Then they will be doomed, but until some such move is made, it is probable that they will remain contained by a comparatively small Japanese force. Dalny has been destroyed by the Russians themselves—a melancholy commentary upon the remark made by the chief engineer in 1901, to some visitors to whom he was showing the town. "Here," he said, "we have spent all our money and built a harbour and a city, all for the Japanese to destroy." But the Russians destroyed their own handiwork rather than that it should fall into Japanese hands. The descendants of those who fired Moscow did not hesitate to destroy the costly experiment of M. de Witte upon the shores of Tahenwan Bay. For Dalny was M. de Witte's great

scheme to give to the Russian railway terminus the greatest city in the Far Eastern mainland. Roubles in showers were spent upon the works, in 1901 over thirty millions had been expended, and in all the total must have amounted to nearly 100 millions. It was a bold experiment, and although it had not realised all the expectations which had been held for it, there was no doubt that it might have eventually succeeded. Put briefly, M. de Witte's idea was to create a town of commercial importance at the terminus of the great Siberian Railway, and to make it so attractive and complete that merchants of every nationality would gladly settle there. It is reasonable to imagine that the most desirable class of merchants, who might shrink from settling in a rough and newly-formed settlement, would be attracted to one offering at once all the facilities of a modern and up-to-date city. M. de Witte determined, therefore, that before any land was offered for purchase to the public, all the necessities of a twentieth-century town should be prepared. These he took to include roads, electric lights, draining, water supply, refrigerating plant, parks, electric trams, municipal buildings, &c. Of course, as a commercial harbour town, there was provision made for landing-stages, dry-docks, warehouses, &c. In fact, it is doubtful whether ever a harbour was to be so well-equipped, and it is because of this excellence of docking arrangements that the Russians destroyed it. There were two docks, one of great size, and all the necessary machinery and supplies for repairing warships. Had Port Arthur been as well provided as was Dalny, in this respect, the Russian fleet might have been much more formidable than it has shown itself. It is of interest to recall what was to be the status of Dalny with regard to the world, in the words of the Russian Ambassador in London. "The port of Talienwan will be open to foreign commerce, and the vessels of all friendly nations will receive the fullest hospitality there."

It was first thought that the site of the new town would be at the village of Talienwan, but that was found unsuitable, and it was decided to start work on the opposite side of the bay. Following this determination came the difficulty of deciding upon a suitable name, in the selection of which there were three points necessary of consideration. First, it was ordained that neither Alexander nor Nicholas were to be used. Secondly, it had to be a Russian name, in some degree appropriate, and, thirdly, it must be capable of being written in Chinese characters similar to those used in the writing of Talienwan, that there might not be too much confusion caused in the Chinese mind by the transference of the site of the new port from one side of the bay to the other. It was reserved for a subordinate official in the Russian Ministry of

Finance, to think of the Russian word "dalny," which means "far," or "very far." This choice was so suitable that little time was lost in adopting it, and thus the new town was named. The official spoken of now rejoices in the distinction of being "the man who discovered Dalny."

The buying of the land from the Chinese possessors was in itself a great undertaking, no fewer than 16,000 separate contracts having to be made. The town is built really in three sections: the official, including the docks, the commercial, by far the greatest, and at some distance from the other two sections, the Chinese quarter. Of these the official town is practically complete, and the Chinese town will be only a matter of a few weeks' labour, since Chinese houses are not buildings calling for elaborate construction. The commercial town lacks houses, although the roads and everything else is ready. Houses could not well be constructed until after the sale of the building lots. The first sale of these took place in the end of 1902, some very satisfactory results being obtained. It was from the sale of these lots at their improved value that the Russian Government hoped to recoup itself for some of the tremendous outlay.

The scheme for the laying out of the commercial town showed clearly what stress is laid upon the foreign element of the population. The centre of the town is occupied by the municipal buildings, and from the square in which these stand radiate many broad avenues, lined with trees, and named after the various nationalities. Thus there is an American avenue, an English, a French, &c., and at the end of each avenue preparations are to be made for the erection of a church of the national religion of that avenue. The fact that these churches were to be allowed is a wonderful demonstration of the freeness of the town, since it must be remembered that in Russian Possessions no church but the Greek Orthodox Church is allowed to work for converts, and no missionaries are tolerated. Besides these avenues, there are wide boulevards running around the town and connecting the parks. These parks are in part natural and in part cultivated, there are large nursery gardens established for the growing of trees and shrubs suitable for these parks, when completed. The roadways and sidewalks of the larger streets were already being laid in 1901. The principal streets have long been lit by electric light. The "Engineering Street," where all the engineers employed in the construction work lived, was the first to be completed, there are two rows of most substantial brick and stone buildings, all at least two stories in height, and many of them three. The architecture is bad, quite unnecessarily so, when it is remembered that here was a chance to erect model designs for a model town, and that

no house had to place correctness second to individual taste. But this fairy city has disappeared in a series of Russian explosions, and with it the last open port, where foreigners could control municipal affairs and enjoy freedom from militarism in Russian territory. It must be some consolation to those engineers who have prospered from the building of the town, that some, at least, of the millions granted are not destroyed with the town.

But after all, Dalny is only an incident, though the magnitude of the Russian works there warrant some attention being paid to the experiment. The great question is that of the primitive forces opposed to one another in the war. If the Russians possess a feeling of their superiority to a surprising degree, the Japanese possess hatred of Russia. They hate the Russians individually and collectively. Russia has always been to them the unscrupulous and aggressive neighbour, ever on the watch to snatch some advantage from a young and growing nation. While it is commonly supposed that this intense feeling towards the Russians dates from the forced retrocession of Port Arthur, in reality it dates from the question of the island of Sakhalin. In the negotiations on this question, the Russians showed the most high-handed dishonesty in the eyes of the Japanese and transformed a possible friend into a bitter foe. It is only for the Russians that the Japanese have a hatred, and many little things fan the flame. In Tokio, for instance, the Russian Legation always maintained its doors locked, and it was necessary to ask permission from the watchman at the entrance before being allowed to enter—all the other Legations only close their gates at sunset—a little thing this, but indicative of the general policy of Russia towards Japan. For the Chinese there is no hatred in Japan, in fact, the feelings of the two nations are so very friendly that they have caused the cry of the danger of a coalition between Japan and China to be raised in Europe. The gravest suspicions have been expressed as to the sincerity of China's neutrality. There is no doubt whatever that China would be very glad to join with Japan against Russia. The war is for the recovery of her lost province, and it would be most satisfactory to be able to say at the close of the war that China herself had done the majority of the work, assisted by the barbarian islanders. Such would, however, not be at all to Japan's taste. In the words of a Japanese statesman, Baron Suyematsu —

There can be no doubt of Japan's anxiety that China's neutrality shall be preserved. But the chief danger is in Russia herself, for it seems to me that the Russians, either willingly or unconsciously, are doing things to irritate the Chinese, thus tending to a breach of Chinese neutrality. Japan would regard as nothing short of a calamity any breach of neutrality on the part of China.

Thus it may be taken for certain that China will not be allowed to act against Russia, whatever the Chinese in Manchuria may do. These last are irresponsible people, with many and bitter grievances to wipe out, which they have by no means forgotten.

The sweeping up of the Russian forces by the Japanese has impressed China, and has demonstrated to all the world the superiority of brains over brute force. The army that fights with its head wins every time, when opposed to the army that fights only with its muscles. Especially is this the case when the latter is endeavouring to do two things at the same time. What the British General was unable to do in Natal, General Kuroki did on the Yalu, although, in the opinion of men who witnessed both battles, the Yalu was worse than the Tugela. And why were the Japanese able to do this? Firstly, because they think out every move of the game into every detail, and, secondly, because they are not satisfied with anything short of perfection in their army. This perfection cannot be imitation, it is something infinitely superior to this. To discern what is the best of the development of every nation, and to combine it into a perfect and distinct whole, that is what the Japanese have done. Their army does not resemble any other army. It is superior because, besides the *morale* of the men, it is scientifically constructed, without damaging traditions. All the traditions which make the soldiers fight and die for their country are still in existence stronger than ever, but there is an absence of the petty traditions of straps and furbelows. To give one instance of the thoroughness of the Japanese military training as an example. In the Japanese grand manœuvres the following scheme is put into practice in order to extend the power to command troops as much as possible. During an important movement the General in command will be informed by the umpires, "You are dead," and the charge of the forces devolves upon the second in command. This process of "killing" officers is continued until even the non-commissioned officers have received training in command. That this scheme is not merely an idle whim is proved by the fact that the promotion of officers and men is largely governed by their work under these conditions. Even among the men themselves there are three divisions, and the three and two years' service men consider themselves able, if necessary, to direct the one year's service men. Thus in the Japanese army the responsibility of independent fighting is admirably realised, and there is never any likelihood of bodies of troops being at a loss on the field of battle. All the other items of training are as well thought out and as well carried out as this. Besides this excellence of training, the Japanese

Army possesses first-class material. The Japanese rifle is an excellent instrument, and so are the quick-firing guns of Arisaka. In smokeless powder and high explosives the Japanese excel their European instructors. Those who cry out in horror at the sight of Asiatics beating so-called Europeans, and say that the days of the Crusades must return, may gain some support for their theory from the fact that just as the Saracens made better sword-blades than did the Crusaders, so the Japanese have better *matériel de guerre* than have their Russian adversaries.

It is difficult to see what grounds the modern "Peter the Hermits" have for their Crusade cry. That there should be some such amongst the German school children, to whom the Kaiser distributed copies of his cartoon on the Yellow Peril, might be expected, but that sane, thinking men should fall into such a delusion is almost inconceivable. And even the fact that the German Emperor, the leader of the Yellow Peril cry, causes to be sold in Shantung hundreds of thousands of bronze images of himself as the Chinese God of War, does not seem a sufficient argument to dissuade Europe from following his lead like sheep. How can thinking people reconcile themselves to the fact that they are deliberately prepared to take arbitrary geographical divisions as proving superiority or inferiority of race? Thus the Oriental Hungarians are European, while the far more civilised Japanese are Asiatics, forerunners of the "Yellow Peril." It would be ludicrous were it not so serious a laying bare of human frailty. In one respect it must be admitted that a modern crusade against Asia would have many parallels with the old Crusades. In the old times rulers over feudal kingdoms found it advisable to employ their barons elsewhere than at home, and so endeavoured to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the Orientals—quite irrespective of whether they had a greater right to it than the Saracens. So, to-day, the European nations would call up a crusade to rescue the trade of the Orient from falling into the hands of the Orientals—because it is for the trade and political supremacy over Orientals that the European nations fear. Nor is the desire to distract attention from home affairs any less keen than in olden times. The real truth of the matter is to be found in the conviction which is gradually growing upon the European peoples that, man for man, the creature produced by Western civilisation is no match for the Oriental. He has too many vices and too many luxuries, while his ability and his desire to work are much less keen. So, threatened by competition, he raises the cry of "Yellow Peril," and preaches a crusade. Apart from the question of the trade of Asia, which will inevitably fall into the hands of those best fitted to supply the demand, there is nothing

to be feared from the Yellow Peril—at least not with Japan as a motive power

Japan stands alone in Asia, and possibly in the world also, as a nation which *knows* where others *think*, and acts when others theorise. The ability both to think out problems and act upon them is not given to China, to India, or Siam. These countries may try to imitate Japan, they cannot hope to emulate her. Therefore the vision of all of Asia revived and Japanicised need not obtrude itself before the eyes of Europe. The demonstration by Japan that an Asiatic race, with equal weapons, can meet a European race and beat them proves nothing for the other Asiatic nations. These will have to prove themselves for themselves. As for Japan, she had already proved her equality with other nations in commerce and industries, far more severe tests than war. The one great good which may result from the revelation of Japan in the present war is that it may not now be taken so inevitably for granted that everybody outside of Asia must be superior to any Asiatic. This an expedition into Thibet against leather guns could never have accomplished, but General Kuroki with his Arisaka quick-firers has blown such a hole through the haze of popular delusion that the peoples of Europe can almost see clearly that intellectuality and superiority are not settled by the colour of a skin or the situation of a country in a map.

Before all things it must be borne in mind that Japan is not a warlike nation. Although the feudal times are only some forty years back, she has no desire to fight for fighting's sake. Japan's future depends upon her commerce and her industries, and she is well aware of this fact. War never kept a country great, there are grave doubts whether it ever made one great. The first sign to Japan that progress was not to be sought by warlike means was her inability to maintain the closed door in her own country against foreign nations. Gradually from despising her merchants she came to honour them above all others. While immensely proud of her army and navy, and determined to keep them up to the necessary high water mark demanded by Western civilisation, she regards them more as means to an end than as the end itself. Were Japan a business firm, the army and navy would take the place of excellent commercial travellers to open up new markets for trade. It is much more to Japan to have her credit high and her word respected than for her to win victories. Japan seeks the substance, not the shadow of Empire. A clear light is thrown on this desire of Japan for industrial development by the following Imperial Rescript concerning volunteer troops during the Chino-Japanese War. It runs thus —

We know that it is on account of the loyalty and patriotism that Our
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subjects in various localities are undertaking to organise volunteer corps. But deeming, as We do, that there are fixed institutions in the country, as well as fixed avocations for the people, it is Our desire that, except in case of requiring extraordinary recourse to their services, Our subjects should continue industriously to pursue their accustomed vocations, so as to promote the industrial development of the realm and to cultivate the national resources.

As to Japan's ultimate intentions in the war, two important declarations have been published recently. The first is the White-book, giving the negotiations with Russia which preceded the war, and which give prominence to Japan's desire for peace, and the second is a statement by Baron Suyematsu. The Baron said —

No matter how successful Japan may be in the war now in progress, this will make no difference to her well-defined policy regarding Korea and Manchuria or China generally, and Europe need have no apprehension on the subject.

First it may be laid down that under no conceivable circumstances will Russia be permitted to have the least political or territorial hold in Korea. This is absolutely certain. In future the status of Korea will be that of a Japanese Egypt or a Japanese Cuba. In the matter of Manchuria, Japan desires no rights there other than those enjoyed in common by all the Powers. Manchuria will be given back to China, but such measures will have to be taken as to render impossible for the future any return to the conditions existing before the war. Possibly some form of buffer State under Chinese sovereignty will have to be created in Manchuria, but to discuss this in detail is somewhat premature.

With regard to Korea, the Japanese measures are well under way. In Manchuria the policy will be carried out of interesting foreign capitalists to invest money, especially American money. If possible, a successful clearing of Manchuria from the Russians would be followed by the making of the railway into an international company. Everything in Manchuria is to be kept on the international plane, everything is to be open to the world. The more foreign nations interested in the country the less likely is Russia ever to be able to return thither. Whether Russia would respect an international guarantee for Manchuria to remain Chinese after being handed back to China by Japan is doubtful. If Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., Russia's latest advocate, is to be believed, she will do nothing of the kind. In that case, Japan will defend all of Manchuria that she will hold, and no amount of Russian later preparations will suffice to oust her from Southern Manchuria. Japan has gone to Manchuria to give the province to China, and she will stay until that is done under such guarantees as will ensure its remaining open to the world. Her policy was clearly indicated by the invitation to the American Consul to come to Antung, immediately after the Russians had abandoned it. Supposing that the international pressure is not strong enough to

stop the war, it will resolve itself largely into a question of exhaustion and money

The brilliant success of the Japanese foreign loan cannot obliterate the fact that a mistake in principle was made in giving the Customs in pledge. Japan is a great nation, and should not act as a second or third-class Power—her word is sufficient guarantee. The loan was projected too early, owing to certain elements in Japanese political life, and arrangements were made before the victories had given her full confidence in herself. There is a marked contrast between the over-subscription of the Japanese loan and the method of floating the Russian loan in France which speaks for itself.

Friends of Russia agree in thinking that Russia's defeat might well be Russia's salvation. Reforms long sought might be introduced to ameliorate the condition of the people at large. Social Democracy on the Continent takes this view to such an extent that the Socialist party in Japan was reproved for opposing the war, because a defeat of Russia would help on the cause of Social Democracy more than any other event. The Russian revolutionary bodies recognise their opportunity, and the following extract from a revolutionary paper might well give the Russian authorities cause for reflection. Under the heading of "Our Japanese Deliverers" occurs the following —

The Japanese drive our troops in flight because they are an educated, progressive, and free people—in fact, everything which our Czars prevent us being. They are therefore our friends. The success of Russia means the perpetuation of slavery and degradation, whereas the victory of Japan means a new era, for it will teach our dull-witted rulers that even predatory designs cannot be carried out by ignorant and enslaved instruments. Our wishes are therefore that Japan may continue her victories. Her triumph

While it is easy to exaggerate the importance of internal convulsions in Russia and their effect upon the war, that is no reason why they should be overlooked

ALFRED STEAD

SHAKESPEARE'S PROTESTANTISM

I AM glad that Mr Churton Collins has reprinted, in his recently published volume,¹ the three articles on Shakespeare's knowledge of the classics contributed by him last year to this REVIEW. It is a long time since I have read anything in the magazines with greater pleasure than those admirable papers. The fruit of many years of study and research, they throw a flood of light upon the topic with which they deal, and are certainly a most important contribution to Shakespearian scholarship. Of course, as Mr Churton Collins modestly owns, "they can claim originality in only a limited sense." Pope remarks in the Preface to his edition of Shakespeare—a composition to which no higher praise can be given than that it is not unworthy of the author of the *Essay on Criticism*—"His reading in the ancient historians is conspicuous. He appears to have been conversant in Plautus. He follows the Greek authors, though I do not pretend to say in what language he had read them." And a fair number of writers from Pope's day to ours have expressed themselves, more or less copiously and cogently, in the same sense. But Mr Churton Collins claims that his essay "is very much fuller than anything which has as yet appeared on the subject—that it suggests and marshals many new arguments in favour of the extended hypothesis that the poet was not merely a fair Latin scholar, but that his knowledge of the classics, both of Greece and Rome, was remarkably extensive, and that it supports these arguments with illustrations more numerous than can be found elsewhere."

It appears to me that Mr Churton Collins must be held to have made good this claim in his new volume, on every page of which is evidence of wide and sound scholarship and of great critical acumen. To give a few instances. I think he has established, beyond doubt, that in *The Rape of Lucrece*, Shakespeare follows the story as told by Ovid in the Second Book of the *Fasts*, and not as told in English by previous writers who had modelled their narratives upon Ovid. I think he has shown, conclusively, that *Titus Andronicus*, and the three parts of *Henry VI*, are saturated with the influence of Seneca's tragedies, which Shakespeare must have read in the original, since in the Play the errors are avoided which are found in the existing English translation published in 1581. I agree with him in regarding it as certain that Shakespeare had

(1) *Studies in Shakespeare*, by J Churton Collins, 1904

read Juvenal, who was not translated into English until after Shakespeare's death. And, in my judgment he has made out a very strong case for believing that Shakespeare read the Greek classics, whether in the Latin or English versions. Take the *Ajax*, for example, of which reminiscences—I must refer my reader to Mr Churton Collins' own pages for instances—seem to haunt Shakespeare's dramas. He appears to me entirely well warranted when he writes "If Shakespeare had not read the *Ajax*, and been influentially impressed by it, there is an end to all evidence founded on reference and parallelism."

Mr Churton Collins' essay on *Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar* occupies nearly one-third of his volume. The rest is filled with Shakespearian studies which, if less fascinating, are, at all events, of great interest and value. It is not my purpose here to dwell upon them. I wish rather to say a few words upon a matter to which I would invite Mr Churton Collins' consideration. At p 135 he tells us that "the attitude of Sophocles towards the conventional creeds of Athens"—an attitude which he describes as implying a recognition of "the wisdom of orthodoxy"—"is precisely that of Shakespeare towards Protestant Christianity." Again, at p 143, he parallels "the orthodox Polytheism" of Sophocles with "the equally orthodox Christian Protestantism of Shakespeare," adding, "To Sophocles had descended a religion which, whatever may have been the sentiments of the vulgar, had, as accepted by the more enlightened, been purged of its grosser superstitions and what preceding poets and philosophers had effected for the religion of Sophocles, the Reformation had effected for that of Shakespeare." Once more. At p 296 we read, "Both" [Montaigne and Shakespeare] "are practically theistical agnostics, but both reverence, for the same formal reason, Christianity—the one as embodied in Roman Catholicism, the other as embodied in Protestantism." I am not quite sure that I understand what is meant by "theistical agnostics", but this is not the point upon which I wish to dwell. I wish rather to inquire whether there exists any sufficient reason for attributing to Shakespeare sympathy with, or reverence for, "orthodox Protestantism."

Now, it may not be superfluous to consider, at starting, what Mr Churton Collins means by "orthodox" Protestantism. Lutheranism, Calvinism, and Zwinglianism, to mention no other varieties, all claimed that adjective. There would seem to be no standard of Protestant orthodoxy. But I suppose we may safely hold that in Mr Churton Collins' volume, "orthodox" Protestantism denotes the amalgam of the three forms just mentioned of anti-Catholic Christianity, whereof the Thirty-nine Articles, imposed the year before Shakespeare was born, and the two

Books of Homilies, are a kind of compendium As a matter of fact, indeed, it is rather to the Homilies than to the Thirty-nine Articles that we should go for a revelation of "the mind of the Church of England" (as the phrase is) in Shakespeare's time Those documents represent, most accurately, the ethos of the religious innovators, claiming the name of Reformers, who branded the Catholic Church as the whore of Babylon, and the Pope as anti-Christ, and claimed for themselves that they were preachers of righteousness to "a world drowned in abominable idolatry" till "Gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes" upon the awakened conscience of Henry VIII And so in the Third Part of the *Sermon of Good Works* we read, "Honour be to God, who did put light in the heart of His faithful and true minister of most famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, and gave him the knowledge of His word, and an earnest affection to seek His glory, and to put away all such superstitious and pharisaical sects" (*viz*, the Religious Orders) "by antichrist invented, and to set up again the true word of God and glory of His most blessed name" That was the sum and substance, according to most accredited Anglican Reformers, of the ecclesiastical revolution initiated by Henry VIII, and completed by Elizabeth Of course, theologically considered, it passed through several phases Henry VIII probably continued to hold well-nigh all Catholic doctrines, except the Supremacy of the Pope, after his revolt from Rome On the death of that Prince, the direction of the movement fell chiefly into the hands of Cranmer, who, whatever his own religious convictions—if indeed he had any—favoured first Lutheranism, then Zwinglianism, and, lastly, Calvinism In the reign of Elizabeth, "Calvinism," as Dean Church observes, "nearly succeeded in making itself master in the English Church"¹, and he justly points to Whitgift's "Lambeth Articles," in 1595, as evidence of this assertion That is what "orthodox" Protestantism meant in England in the days of Shakespeare, a Puritan scholasticism of the most arid and arbitrary kind, based on the narrowest interpretation, or rather misinterpretation, of isolated Biblical texts, void of philosophy, void of poetry, void of profundity, passionate in its hatred of the ancient faith, and prostituting the sanctions of religion to the service of secular tyranny That Shakespeare outwardly conformed to it, at all events occasionally, is most probable But what evidence is there for believing that he gave any real assent to it, whether from political or other motives? That he preferred its uncouth superstitions to the charming *Aberglaube* of medieval piety? For holding—to put the

(1) *Pascal and other Sermons*, p 76

point in Archbishop's Trench's words,—that “he was the child of the English Reformation”? that “he was born of its spirit”?

For light upon this question let us turn to Shakespeare's plays. And here a *caveat* must first be entered. Shakespeare's plays of course tell us something about himself. How could it be otherwise? For they are his truest self. But it appears to me that we should be very chary of attempting to draw from them the inference that he desired to inculcate any tenets of this or that school, in theology, in philosophy, in politics. I assuredly do not believe that when he addressed himself to the composition of his dramas, there were present to his mind definite theses, of any kind, which he wished to teach. He was a poet in the strictest sense of the word. And a poet is not a professor veiling his prelections in verse. No doubt every great poet is a great teacher. But his teaching is as the teaching of Nature herself—unpremeditated, unreasoned, undefined—like the sound of the sea, or the fragrance of flowers, or the sweet influences of the stars. Like Nature, poets—according to Plato's most true dictum—utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand. The songs of Apollo are as inspired as his oracles. The poet, “soaring in the high reason of his fancies,” like the priestess on her tripod, speaks not of himself. Schelling has put it very well. “The artist, however full of design he is, yet, in respect of that which is the properly objective in his production, seems to stand under the influence of a power which separates him from all other men, and compels him to declare and represent things which he does not himself properly see through.” Again Shakespeare's genius was essentially dramatic. It was his function to “hold up the mirror to Nature.” His whole mind and thought are merged in his creations. He does not so much speak through them. They speak through him. He surrenders himself to the inspiration of his art. Once more. It is quite certain that he regarded his plays as works to be acted, not to be read. He composed them not for posterity, but for the audiences which should come to see them. It was otherwise with his poems. But I do not believe that when writing his dramas it once crossed his mind that he was making a permanent addition to the literature of his country, still less that he was enriching it with its greatest treasures. His object was to serve the purpose of the hour, and to produce good acting plays. With what incomparable ability he achieved that object is still evident, vast as is the difference between the conditions of dramatic representation in his days and in ours. In the pursuit of it, he used the materials of others with a freedom which in this age would rightly be judged scandalous, and, as Heine¹

(1) The passage is well worth quoting “Und gar Shakespere selber, wie Viel

puts it, would have smiled at the charge of plagiarism Landor well observes "He is more original than his originals, he breathed upon dead bodies, and brought them into life" Life! Yes, his creative power is like that of Nature herself He teems with vitality The prodigality of his creations, all different, all distinct, all durable, overwhelms us Not less astonishing is his neglect of them when he had once called them into being Here, too, it was with him as it is with the Mighty Mother "I care for nothing, all may go" He took no part, and apparently no interest, in the publication of such of his plays as were printed in his lifetime He seems to have been quite unconcerned as to what became of them after his death They are not so much as mentioned in his Will

It appears to me, therefore, that Mr Richard Simpson, of whom more presently, greatly errs in crediting Shakespeare with "a design of presenting the great questions of his age with what he conceived to be the best method of their solution," and that Mr Churton Collins is quite without warrant in representing him as "the ally of the Ministers of Elizabeth and James," "employing the drama as a commentary on current State affairs, and a direct means of political education" But no doubt the times in which he lived mirrored themselves on his translucent and serene intellect, and his mental attitude towards the problems of his day is more or less clearly reflected in his dramas Let us endeavour to see, then, what his plays tell us as to his feelings regarding the great religious question of that age Were his sympathies—I think that is the right way of putting it—with the old religion of England or with the new?

In briefly pursuing this inquiry I shall make free use of the materials accumulated by the highly gifted, but little known, scholar mentioned just now, the late Mr Richard Simpson, concerning whom a word or two must be said in passing Mr Simpson devoted his singularly acute and accomplished intellect, for many years, to the study of Elizabethan literature, and attained to a wide and exact knowledge of it not surpassed, probably not equalled, by any of his contemporaries This may seem a strong assertion. But I think that his writings published in the

entlehnte er nicht seiner Vorgängern' Auch diesem Dichter begegnete es, dass ein sauerstoffischer Pamphletist mit der Behauptung gegen ihn auftrat 'das Beste seiner Dramen sei den altern Schriftstellern entwendet' Shakespere wird bei dieser lacherlichen Gelegenheit ein Rabe genannt welcher sich mit den fremden Gefieder des Pfauen geschmackt habe Der Schwan von Avon schwieg, und dachte vielleicht in seinem göttlichen Sinn, 'Ich bin weder Rabe noch Pfau' und wegte sich sorglos auf den blauen Fluthen der Poesie, manchmal hinauf lachelnd zu den Sternen, den goldenen Gedanken des Himmels" *Shakespere's Mädchen und Frauen* Schlusswort

Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society in 1874-1875, alone sufficiently warrant it. For some years he was editor of a magazine called *The Rambler*, recently described by a very competent critic in the *Times* as "one of the most learned and interesting periodicals of the Nineteenth Century", and in 1858 he contributed to it three papers, in which he maintained the view that Shakespeare was probably a Catholic. Eight years afterwards, a French writer, M. Rio, well known for his work on Christian Art, took up this theme and pursued it at great length, and with more enthusiasm than judgment. In January, 1866, an article from the pen of the late Lord Stanhope—then Lord Mahon—appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which both Mr. Simpson and M. Rio were severely dealt with, and were characterised as "angry zealots". Lord Mahon apparently was as ill-acquainted with the character of those writers as with the subject discussed in his essay. M. Rio, a Liberal Catholic, a friend of Montalembert, with whom he strongly sympathised, most assuredly was not a zealot in the sense meant by Lord Mahon, moreover, he was a man of peace, a man of mild and benign disposition. Mr. Simpson, if not altogether "slow to wrath" when provoked, most assuredly had not written his *Rambler* articles in anger. He, too, was a Liberal Catholic—and something more indeed, "liberalissimus" was an epithet not unjustly applied to him. We read in Mr. Gillow's very learned *Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, "In matters ecclesiastical he was frequently in conflict with the provincial authorities. He helped Mr. Gladstone while writing his treatise on "Vaticanism," and the curious leaning of that famous pamphlet is thus largely accounted for."

Mr. Simpson was moved by the attack on him in the *Edinburgh Review* to undertake the composition of a reply, which soon grew into a somewhat bulky treatise. He died in 1876, without having carried into execution his intention of publishing it. Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, derived largely from his MS. the materials for a volume entitled *The Religion of Shakespeare*, which appeared in 1899, and deservedly attracted much notice. I am indebted to the kindness of Abbot Gasquet for the loan of Mr. Simpson's papers, and for permission to use them in pursuing the inquiry which I have undertaken.

What warrant, then, is there in Shakespeare's plays—there is admittedly none in his poems—for his alleged Protestantism? Do they manifest antipathy to the old religion and sympathy with the new?

The plays usually cited in evidence of Shakespeare's Protestantism are *King John*, *Henry VI*, and *Henry VIII*. In *King John*, that monarch is made to deliver himself as follows to Cardinal Pan-

dulph, the Legate of Innocent III, sent to call the King to account for refusing Stephen Langton admission to the See of Canterbury, and for appropriating its revenues —

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority " (III 1)

Now, as Father Sebastian Bowden very justly remarks, there is no warrant for attributing to Shakespeare these opinions, congruous enough in the mouth of a royal villain • "John's anti-Catholic speeches no more prove Shakespeare a Protestant than the fool's saying in his heart, 'there is no God,' makes David a sceptic " Again, Pandulph's denunciation of the King is to some a conclusive proof of Shakespeare's Protestantism

"And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life " (III 1)

Father Sebastian Bowden is of opinion that the argument in favour of Shakespeare's Protestantism based on this passage is of some weight—he proceeds to give answers to it for which I must refer my readers to his own pages—because "Here it is Pandulph, the Legate himself, who is giving utterance to the very doctrines attributed to the Church by its enemies " *Attributed to the Church by its enemies* ' But, as a matter of fact, the lawfulness of tyrannicide, though assuredly no dogma of the Catholic Church, was strenuously maintained by Catholic divines of great name and authority It is a corollary to that doctrine of the deposing power which Mr Simpson roundly—too roundly—declares "all the Popes, Congregations, and Catholic writers of Shakespeare's time, were striving to uphold " Suarez teaches that the slaying by a private individual of an unlawful ruler—and an excommunicated prince was held to have become such—is allowable when the conditions of a

just warfare are present, when no other means exist for being rid of him, and when the consequences of his death will not be worse than the tyranny itself. In maintaining this doctrine of the lawfulness of tyrannicide—a doctrine surely not unreasonable in itself, and professed, I may observe, by many Protestant leaders, "the mild Melancthon" being one of them¹—Suarez does but follow earlier theologians, of much weight, who found themselves on the law of nature and the precedents of Hebrew and classical antiquity. The language about King John which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Pandulph correctly expresses a feeling about Queen Elizabeth widely prevailing throughout Europe, and not without warrant from the proceedings of St Pius V. The action of that Pontiff in respect of her, however impolitic, and fraught with mischief to the Catholics of this country, is quite intelligible. The Bull *Regnans in Excelsis*, which he directed against her, merely takes for granted the continuance of the ancient common law of Christendom. She was, in his eyes, not a lawful ruler, but a tyrant, an illegitimate usurper of the royal authority in England, which she employed for what he judged the worst of purposes—the persecution, the extirpation of the Catholic faith. And it is quite clear from the account of him given by the Bollandists,² that he meditated her assassination. I find no sort of warrant for Shakespeare's alleged Protestantism in his depicting this matter truly, as it was, by attributing to Pandulph the sentiments in question.

But again. The play of *King John*, as we have it, is an adaptation by Shakespeare of an earlier drama, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*. The authorship of that work is uncertain. Mr Courthope regards it as a juvenile composition of Shakespeare himself. I confess that the arguments by which he supports that view—they will be found in an Appendix to the fourth volume of his admirable *History of English Poetry*—seem to me quite unconvincing, and certainly the weight of critical authority is overwhelmingly against him. The question is too long to discuss here, nor is its discussion necessary for my present point, which

(1) In one of his letters, he prays God to inspire some valiant man with a resolution to assassinate Henry VIII. "Anglicus tyrannus Cromwellum interfecit et conatur divortium cum Juliacensi puella. Quam vere dixit ille in Tragedia non gratiorem victimam Deo mactari posse quam tyrannum. Utinam alicui forti vero Deus hanc mentem inserat." Quoted by Hergenrother, *Catholic Church and Christian State*, Vol II p 259 (Eng Tr)

(2) They enumerate among his merits, "Cogitabat illam malorum omnium sentinam, seu ut appellabat ipse flagitiorum servam de medio tollere, si minus posset ad sanitatem revocari," and they give an interesting and sympathetic account of his agent, Rudolf. It is, of course, absurd to judge St Pius V, or his devout biographers, in this matter, by the standard of our own times.

is this *The Troublesome Reign of King John*—whether composed by Shakespeare himself (which I do not believe) in a youthful fit of Protestantism, or by another—teems with virulent anti-Catholic passion and prejudice “It was written,” as Mr Simpson succinctly says, “to glorify Protestantism and vilify the ancient faith”, it is adorned by ribald stories of friars and nuns, and it puts into John’s mouth a prophecy of the coming of Henry VIII., a hero

“Whose arm shall reach unto the gates of Rome,
And with his feet tread down the strumpet pride
That sits upon the chair of Babylon”

All this disappears from the play of *King John*, as Shakespeare recast it Mr Simpson truly remarks, “Every sentence in the old play which reflected upon any Catholic doctrine, or misrepresented any Catholic practice, he has swept out” I may observe, in passing, that the anti-Catholic bitterness which informs *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, abundantly appears in the works of the English dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare This surely renders the absence from his writings of abuse and ridicule of the ancient faith all the more remarkable and significant

The next proof of Shakespeare’s Protestantism which we have to examine, is derived from his picture of Cardinal Beaufort, in *Henry VI*, and of Cardinal Wolsey, in *Henry VIII* First, as to Cardinal Beaufort I put aside the question how far the First Part of *Henry VI* is really Shakespeare’s work, and will assume, for my present purpose, that he is fully responsible for it Cardinal Beaufort, then, is represented in the play—not unjustly, though with many errors of detail—as a wicked and worldly prelate, and is in one passage taunted by Gloucester, who threatens to trample on his Cardinal’s hat, with having given to courtesans “indulgences to sin” The phrase, naturally enough, suggests to the Protestant mind the scandals which led to Luther’s revolt, but, as a matter of fact, Cardinal Beaufort’s “indulgences” were not ecclesiastical documents at all, they were merely licenses of immunity to certain privileged houses of ill-fame within his jurisdiction They were not licenses to commit sin, as the documents vended by Tetzel are popularly, but erroneously, supposed to have been There is no trace of Protestantism here

As little is there in the line in *Henry VIII* referring to the story that Cardinal Wolsey was, upon one occasion, surprised *in flagrante delicto*, with “a brown wench” But here let me quote a vigorous passage, in which Mr Simpson deals with the charges against the two prelates

The charges are all personal there is only one line which seems to give countenance to the prejudice that Catholicism gave indulgences to sin

But this line refers, absolutely and wholly, to certain dens of infamy in Southwark, from licensing which the Bishops of Winchester drew some small part of their income, to the scandal of the age. For Shakespeare to put this reproach into Gloucester's mouth was both historically probable and morally right, even though he were a professed Catholic. For every one must own that it is one thing for a secular government to tolerate, and even to regulate such dens, as Shakespeare might be supposed to recommend by implication, in *Measure for Measure*, and another for them to be a source of income to a bishop.

With regard to Wolsey, his faults were really those which English Catholics had most reason to curse, and which they did curse accordingly. It is nonsense to suppose that Shakespeare's feelings must have been opposed to Catholicism because he refers to Wolsey's "brown wench," for it was an allusion which all the Catholics of his day permitted themselves to make. What religion do most of the writers profess who give us the scandalous stories about Mazarin, Richelieu, Retz, and Dubois? Of what religion were the people of France when they drew up the famous supplication against Boniface VIII, wherein they call the Pope by an opprobrious name that a witness in a police court would refuse to utter? What religion did Cardinal Fisher profess when he granted that the lives of Popes and Cardinals were, possibly, more than diametrically opposed to that of Christ, in their eagerness for money, their vain glory, their luxury and lust, by which the name of Christ is everywhere blasphemed? "But this," says he, "only confirms our argument" (Fisher, Opp p 1370 Ed Wiceburg, 1597), or More, when he wrote his epigram on Bishop Posthumus

Præsul es, et merito præfectus, Posthume, sacris,
Quo magis in toto non fuit orbe sacer,

or Petrarch, when he wrote his famous letter about the French Babylon (Avignon), with its scandalous stories of *Pontificalis lascivia*, and of the *hircina libido* of Cardinals? (Epist sine tit XVI), or Campion when he spoke of Wolsey as "a man undoubtedly born to honour, I think some prince's bastard, no butcher's son, exceeding wise, fair-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, *vicious of his body*, lofty to his enemies, thrall to affections, brought to bed with flattery, insatiable to get and more prince-like in bestowing, never happy till his overthrow (Hist of Ireland, Bk 2 c 9, printed in Holinshed's Chronicles), or as "vir magnificentissimus, iracundus, confidens, *scortator*, simulator"?

Another proof of Shakespeare's sympathy with the new order in religion, an evidence of his orthodox Protestantism at one time much relied on, is derived from the Fifth Act of *King Henry VIII*, where Cranmer is made to prophesy, at the baptism of Elizabeth

"In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
God shall be truly known——"

This, as Mr Simpson correctly observes, "is the only piece of unquestionable Protestantism in Shakespeare's plays." But there is a general consensus of the most authoritative critics—Mr Churton Collins is, I think, the only considerable dissentient—that the Fifth Act of *Henry VIII*, with the exception of Scene I, is not

Shakespeare's at all, that it is an addition of Fletcher's Lord Mahon, indeed, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, lays it down, that the addition "must have been made with Shakespeare's full sanction," that "not a line could have been inserted without Shakespeare's assent." But why? Here Lord Mahon is "most ignorant of what he's most assured." There is no sort of evidence for the proposition which he so confidently affirms. The presumption is strongly the other way, if we consider that—as has been pointed out in an earlier page—Shakespeare seems not to have troubled himself at all about the fate of his plays, when they had once been produced,¹ and that Fletcher would have no more scruple in altering his work, than he had displayed in altering the work of other playwrights. The genuineness of this Act is rejected on the grounds of its metre, style, and evident disconnection with the four preceding Acts. Only the last-mentioned of these grounds can be glanced at here and, in my judgment, it alone is quite conclusive. Pope justly remarks in his Preface, "To the life and variety of character which we find in Shakespeare must be added the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe we might have supplied them with certainty to every speech." Now the Fifth Act of *Henry VIII* is informed by a perfectly different ethos from the rest of the play. In the first four Acts, the afflictions, the virtues, and the patience of Queen Katharine, one of Shakespeare's noblest and most touching types of womanhood, are, as Mr Spedding observes, "elaborately exhibited." "Our whole sympathy," Father Sebastian Bowden truly points out, "is evoked exclusively on behalf of the deposed Queen, and our indignation is aroused at the shameless wrong done her. Yet Henry, the perpetrator of this iniquity, the ruthless sacrificer of a fine and noble wife for a licentious caprice, euphemistically termed his conscience, Anne, his accomplice in the evil deed, 'a spleeny Lutheran,' and Cranmer, the servile minister of their passions, under the cloak of religion, are all three, without explanation, repentance, or any justifying cause, crowned in the Fifth Act with the full blaze of early glory and the promise of happiness." "It is"—to quote again Mr Spedding—"as though Nathan's rebuke to David had ended not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a promise of the felicities of Solomon." I add that Henry VIII, in the first four Acts, is a very different person from the monarch held up to veneration, in the pulpits of the Established Church, by the Book

(1) Moreover, the probability is that he had parted with all his theatrical property to Alleyn in April 1612—a year previously to the representation of *Henry VIII* before King James I.

of Homilies, "the faithful and true minister of God," endowed with "knowledge of His word and an earnest affection to seek His glory" He is, in Father Sebastian Bowden's well-chosen language, "a melodramatic, arrogant, oily hypocrite, and his perpetual cry almost serves to characterise him."

"Conscience, conscience,
Oh, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her!"

Mr Simpson writes "Dr Dollinger once told me that he thought the play of *Henry VIII* to be a striking evidence of the Catholic opinions of Shakespeare. This, I think, will appear to be a just view to any one who takes the trouble to reflect what kind of a thing Decker, Munday, or Marlowe, or the author of the *Troublesome Reign*, would have made of it. Any one of them would have made the Reformation the heroic act of his reign, would have made Katharine and her daughter Mary pale before Anne Boleyn and her daughter Elizabeth, would have glorified the Seymours, and would have made the drama as tall a bully to the Catholics as the monument on Fish Hill was before its lying inscription was hacked out."

Mr Simpson, then, does not seem to speak too strongly in maintaining that the passages commonly adduced as proofs of Shakespeare's Protestant sympathies "are rather signs to the contrary." It should be noted, too, that his treatment of the Protestant clergy of his time is by no means respectful, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at. But on this subject let us hear Mr Thornbury—a very strong Protestant—who, in *Shakespeare's England* writes as follows —

The Elizabethan chaplain held an anomalous position. He was respected in the parlour for his mission, and despised in the servants' hall for his slovenliness. He was often drunken and frequently quarrelsome, now the butler broke his head in a drinking bout, and now the abigail pinned cards and coney-tails to his cassock. To judge from Sir Oliver Martext and Sir Hugh Evans, the parish priests of Shakespeare's day were no very shining lights, and the poet seems to fall back, as in *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, on the ideal priest of an earlier age. It is indeed true that he always mentions the Old Faith with a certain yearning fondness.¹

Yes, it is true that Shakespeare "always mentions the Old Faith with a certain yearning fondness" the expression is well chosen. In *Henry V* he gives us a well-nigh perfect type of a

(1) Vol I, p 211. There can be no doubt that the Lollard "martyr," Oldcastle, is satirised in the character of Falstaff, whose name seems to have been substituted, Mr Courthorpe writes, "in consequence of the protests of the living descendants of Oldcastle, backed, no doubt, by the Puritan faction", *History of English Poetry*, Vol IV, p 113.

Catholic hero, all whose public acts bear a religious impress, "who believes in Purgatory", in alms-deed, prayer, fasting, pious foundations, as satisfactory works for the souls detained there," and "whose Catholic faith and worship appear like the flowers of true devotion, not the weeds of superstition" In Friar Lawrence, we have "one of his kindest creations" "In *Much Ado About Nothing*," writes Mr Knight, "it is the Friar who, when Hero is accused, vindicates her reputation with as much sagacity as charitable zeal" In *Measure for Measure* the whole plot is carried on by the Duke assuming the reverend manners and professing the active benevolence of a Friar In an age when the prejudices of the multitude were flattered and stimulated by abuse and ridicule of the ancient ecclesiastical character, Shakespeare always exhibits it so as to command respect and affection"¹ In *As You Like It*, "an old religious man," a hermit, it is, by whom the usurping Duke

"was converted,
Both from his enterprise, and from the world"

In *All's Well that Ends Well*,² we find—more daring still—a tribute to one of the most beautiful and touching doctrines of Catholicism in the recognition of the power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession

"What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice"

"Whose prayers are these?" Mr Simpson asks, and he well replies, "Not those of Helen, but of one greater than an angel whose prayers God delights to hear and loves to grant This is exactly the way in which Catholics speak of the Blessed Virgin, and the lines will not apply to any but her The testimony is brief but decisive, Shakespeare in these lines affirms distinctly, if not intentionally, one of the most characteristic doctrines that distinguishes the Catholic from the Protestant community"

Again In *Measure for Measure*, the ethos of the play is strikingly Catholic The whole fable is informed by an idea quite alien from the Protestant mind, that idea of the surpassing excellence and sacrosanct character of virginal chastity, which Mr John Morley calls "the medieval superstition about purity"³

(1) *Biography of Shakespeare*, p 183

(2) It is notable, as Mr Simpson has pointed out, that Shakespeare has with perfect propriety put into the mouth of the Clown—designated by his mistress "a foul mouthed and calumnious knave"—a few anti Catholic scurrilities which

are found in this play

(3) *Voltaire*, p 152

Isabella, the votarist or postulant of St Clare, is Shakespeare's noblest type of womanhood, commanding the reverence even of the dissolute Lucio, as "a thing ensky'd and sainted," and imposing a bridle on his undisciplined tongue. Though he follows the worse things, he knows and respects the better. Not so that accomplished critic, Hazlitt, looking at the matter from the ordinary Protestant standpoint. His comment is that he is not "greatly enamoured of Isabella's rigid chastity", that he has not "much confidence in the virtue that is sublimely good at another's expense." And it must be confessed that if judged by the latest—and presumably the most perfect—system of Protestant morals, Isabella's virginal constancy is indefensible. "Totality of life in self, in offspring and in fellow men," is Mr Herbert Spencer's criterion of most highly evolved conduct, of conduct superlatively ethical. Such totality Isabella would certainly have achieved by compliance with Angelo's desire, and therefore, I suppose, her non-compliance stands condemned by the Spencerian rule of right and wrong. In Angelo, I observe, we have a striking example of the type of character too frequently engendered by Puritanism, which is merely Protestantism turned sour, of that repulsive amalgam of prudery and profligacy exhibited, from time to time, by chosen vessels of what is now called "the Nonconformist Conscience."

But to catalogue the evidence of Shakespeare's "yearning fondness for the Old Faith," scattered throughout his works, would require a volume. And indeed the task has been excellently accomplished by Mr Simpson, as may be seen from the pages of Father Sebastian Bowden's volume. It well warrants him in saying — "The readiness and aptitude with which Shakespeare avails himself of Catholic imagery are manifested again and again, he puts before us temples, altars, priests, friars, nuns, the Mass, sacrifices, patens of gold, chalices, incense, relics, holy crosses, the invocation of Saints and Angels, the sign of the Cross, the sacraments of Baptism, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction, details of the ritual, as, for instance, the *Benedictio Thalami*. All these, and many other Catholic rites and usages, are introduced with a delicacy and fitness possible only for a mind habituated to the Church's tone of thought."¹ And here would seem to be the proper place for remarking upon a passage which many writers have held to be evidence to the contrary among them Lord Mahon, and a far weightier critic, Edmond Scherer. I mean the line in *Romeo and Juliet*, where mention is made of evening Mass

"Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?"

(1) Page 12

"Evening Mass!" says Lord Mahon; "it is as absurd as to talk of evening breakfast" Well, the answer is, that here again Lord Mahon's assurance sprang from ignorance Evening Mass is now practically unknown in the Catholic Church In Shakespeare's time it was common enough To live is to change, and Catholicism, which has been very much alive during the nineteen centuries of its existence, has given evidence of its vitality by changing a great deal To mention only two instances The most popular devotion among Catholics, after the *Our Father*, is the *Hail, Mary* Now, the second part of the *Hail, Mary*, as it is at present universally said in the Western Church—the precatory part—was added to the Angelic Salutation in the sixteenth century The rite of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which, next to the Mass, is the most popular service, dates from the same period As to evening Mass, I will quote Father Sebastian Bowden, who, founding himself on Mr Simpson's learned observations, and supplementing them, writes as follows —

According to Liturgical writers, there was great latitude in ancient times as to the hour of Mass The time for celebration changed, Strabo¹ says, with the character of the feast It might be before noon, about None, sometime at Vespers, and sometimes at night And Martene² gives notice of solemn Masses said on fast days at three o'clock, in Lent in the evening, and at night at Christmas, Easter Eve, St John Baptist, and days of Ordination As for low Masses, he says, "we think they were said at any hour that did not interfere with the high Mass" Of this he gives several examples, and then concludes "This shows that low Mass might be said at any hour—dawn, 8 a m, noon, after None (3 p m), evening, and after Compline (night) Even to this day (1699), in the church of St Denis, the Bishop says the solemn Mass for the Kings of France in the evening, and in the Church of Rouen, on Ascension Day, Mass is often said in the evening

St Pius V (1566—72) discountenanced and prohibited afternoon and evening Masses But the isolation of the English clergy, owing to the then difficulty of communication, might have withheld from them the knowledge of this law for some considerable time³ It was so slow in penetrating Germany, that it had to be enforced by various councils, e g, Prague in 1605, Constance in 1609, Salzburg in 1616 Cardinal Bona (1672) seems to say that in his time high Mass was sung in Lent, and on Vigils at 3 p m instead of sunset, the ancient time⁴ And the remarkable thing is this, that according to the testimony of the Liturgical writer, Friedrich Brenner⁵ Verona was one of the places in which the forbidden custom lingered even to our own century After quoting the precepts against it, he says, "Notwithstanding, evening Masses are still said in several Italian churches, as at Vercelli on Christmas Eve by the Lateran Canons, at Venice by the same, moreover, in the *Cathedral of Verona*, and

(1) *De rebus ecclesiasticis*, c 23

(2) *De antiquis Ecclesiae ritibus*, I, c III, Art III

(3) Navarr *Lib de Orat*, c 21, n 31, et *Enchirid Confess*, c 25, n 85

(4) *Rer Liturg*, lib II, 182 186 Paris, 1672

(5) *Geschichtliche Darstellung der Verrichtung der Eucharistie* (Bamberg, 1824), Vol III, 346

even in the Papal Chapel at Rome" Since, then, notwithstanding the Papal prohibition, the custom of having evening Masses lingered in Verona for nearly three centuries after Shakespeare's day, it becomes most probable that in his time it was a usual occurrence in England But whether it were a usual occurrence in England or not, it was certainly so in Verona "To assert then, as so many have done, that Shakespeare's mention of an evening Mass argues in him an ignorance of Catholic customs, is to convict oneself of the very ignorance falsely ascribed to the poet Afternoon and evening Masses were, as we have seen, frequently celebrated It is, however, a remarkable coincidence that in Verona, the scene of Shakespeare's evening Mass, the custom of celebrating late Masses lasted longer than in any other city "

I think I have said enough in support of my contention that Shakespeare's sympathies were with the old religion of England, not with the new Heine's keen intellect does not seem to have been at fault when he reckoned it "a piece of good fortune that Shakespeare came just at the right time," before "the Puritans succeeded in rooting up, flower by flower, the religion of the past", when "the popular belief of the Middle Ages, Catholicism, destroyed in theory, yet existed in all its enchantment in the feeling (*im Gemüthe*) of men, and upheld itself in their manners, fashions and intuitions" ¹ So Carlyle appears to have been well warranted in accounting Shakespeare "the noblest product of Middle-Age Catholicism" ² It was of course on its æsthetic side that the old religion chiefly appealed to him What Mr Courthorpe has truly said of Pope, applies equally to him, that "he shunned the disputatious element in the region of faith" Still, he manifests—as is shown clearly in the volume compiled by Father Sebastian Bowden—a very considerable acquaintance with the philosophy of the Catholic school, nay, not only an acquaintance with it but a predilection for it "He is distinctly Thomist," Father Sebastian Bowden points out, "on the following points, his doctrine of the genesis of knowledge and its strictly objective character, the power of reflection as distinctive of rational creatures, the formation of habits, intellectual and moral, the whole operation of the imaginative faculty" ³ But more That deep and vivid apprehension of the supremacy of law, which we may call the basis of the philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas, and which, I may observe, dominated the mind of St Augustine, is the underlying thought of Shakespeare's dramas Mr Churton Collins is assuredly well warranted in attributing to him "the recognition of Universal Law, divinely appointed, immutable, inexorable, and ubiquitous, controlling the physical world, controlling the moral world, vin-

(1) Shakespeare's *Mädchen und Frauen* Einleitung

(2) *Lectures on Heroes*, Lec III

(3) P 34 I must refer my readers to Father Sebastian Bowden's work for instances

dicating itself in the smallest facts of life, as in the most stupendous convulsions of nature and of society "

And now, if from Shakespeare's works we turn to the little that we know of his life, what does it tell us about his religion? Not much It is certain that his youth was passed amid Catholic influences, for there seems no room for reasonable doubt that his father was "a Popish recusant," and suffered many things as such ¹ In Mr Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary*, mention is made of a very ancient Catholic tradition that he was "reared up" by an old Benedictine monk, Dom Thomas Combe, or Coombes, from 1572 This is the more probable as it would account for the knowledge which he possessed of things Catholic, and especially of Catholic philosophy That he was married in a Protestant Church, that his children were baptised in a Protestant Church, and that he was buried in a Protestant Church, proves nothing about his religious opinions or practices There can be no question that those who welcomed the change in religion and those who detested it, earnest Protestants and zealous Catholics, resorted alike to the clergy of the Anglican Establishment, during many years after the accession of Elizabeth, for baptism, marriage, and burial ² Nor is this surprising Baptism is held by Catholics to be valid, if the matter and form are duly applied, whether administered by lay or cleric, Protestant or Papist In marriage, the parties themselves are the ministers of the Sacrament The Burial of the Dead is one of the corporal works of mercy, which may be performed by any one There is no evidence that Shakespeare practised the Catholic religion during his lifetime Whatever may have been his private leanings towards it, I think it probable that he occasionally attended the Protestant services prescribed by law "There was in his days," writes Mr Simpson, "a recognised class of Catholics called by Anglicans 'Church Papists,' and by their stricter brethren, 'schismatic Catholics,' who were faithful to the Catholic creed, but would not risk absenting themselves from Protestant worship" We must remember, however, that, as Mr Simpson quaintly puts it, "the vagabond Bohemian life of the actor removed him from the sphere of ecclesiastical inspection It was labour in vain to look after his religion The companies of players were chartered libertines, tolerated panders to sinful cravings, men whose absence from Church was rather

(1) As to this, see Chapter II of Father Sebastian Bowden's work

(2) Dr A W Ward seems, therefore, ill founded when he writes (*Hist of English Dramatic Literature*, Vol II, p 41, note 2nd, Ed) "Inasmuch as all Shakespeare's children were baptised at the Parish Church, there is at least no doubt as to which form of faith he professed," unless we take the word "professed" in a very restricted sense Of course, none of Elizabeth's subjects dared openly to practise the rites of the Catholic religion

desired than disliked. Such was the official view of the stage common to Puritanical beadledom and the Anglican dignitary. The social status of actors at that period was certainly very low. It is notable that Shakespeare, when obtaining a grant of arms, caused it to be made to his father instead of to himself, although he was by far the richer man. "No prosperity," writes Mr Simpson, "could wash out the taint of the motley, the actor-grown gentleman was still a monstrosity, something unnatural, undefined, outside the beaten track of law and custom."

The only positive statement as to Shakespeare's religion that has come down to us is a note added by the Rev Richard Davies, Rector of Saperton, in Gloucestershire, till 1708, to the biographical notice of Shakespeare in the collection of the Rev William Fullman, "He dyed a Papist." The precise date of this note we do not know, but it was written subsequently to 1688—more than seventy years after Shakespeare's death. Nor do we know where Davies obtained the information. All we do know is that he had access to some trustworthy traditions, since he was the first to mention the connection between Shakespeare's clodpate Justice and Sir Thomas Lucy. Davies' entry is probably what Mr Halliwell Phillipps has called it, "the casual note of a provincial hearsay." But Mr Simpson's contention that Shakespeare's opinions were Catholic, and "that, with such opinions, he probably would, if he had the opportunity, die a Papist," does not seem excessive. More than that we cannot say. It is to me satisfactory that we can say so much. It is pleasant that there is, at all events, some reason for thinking that he did not set out on his journey to the "undiscovered country," "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd", that the ancient faith, whose sweetness and power he had felt and confessed in a day of trouble and of rebuke and of blasphemy, was the minister of God to him for good in his supreme hour, and brought him peace at the last.

W S LILLY

HERBERT SPENCER HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

THE merits of Herbert Spencer's autobiography stand, of course,* in no necessary relation to the merits of Herbert Spencer himself. Good autobiographies have been produced in about equal proportions by worthy and unworthy men. The case of Rousseau is balanced by that of Gibbon, the case of Benvenuto Cellini by that of John Stuart Mill. For English readers, we may take it, the standard is set by Gibbon, and Gibbon's work had the advantage of being pruned and edited by a nobleman whose taste was polished, and a young woman whose sense of humour was keen. Herbert Spencer's work badly needed a similar posthumous attention. Lord Sheffield, who substituted the epithet "select," for the epithet "mixed," in the historian's characterisation of the company at the Lausanne *pension*, would never have passed the unchivalrous references to George Eliot's lack of "physical beauty," and Maria Holroyd would have thrown at least half the book into the waste-paper basket as tedious. Then there would have remained an autobiography as good as Gibbon's, though of a different kind of excellence—lacking its subdued melancholy, and its classic beauty of form, but rising to sublimer heights in its confrontation of the graver problems. As it is, the reader has himself to edit as he reads, and to lay bare the work of genius by much stripping off of extraneous matter.

This duly done, however, the autobiography of genius will be found, and the contrast between Herbert Spencer's and Gibbon's points of view will be interesting to remark. There is there all the difference between the methods of the historian and the man of science brought to bear upon a subject of which the interest is not, strictly speaking, either scientific or historical. Gibbon writes of himself as he might have written of a Roman Emperor, Herbert Spencer writes of himself as he might have written of a specimen in a museum. Each method alike results in a very definite picture of a very remarkable man, the genius made that inevitable. But the reader's feelings towards the two men are necessarily much affected by these methods. If he likes Gibbon, it is in spite of the fact that Gibbon deliberately keeps him at a distance. If he likes Herbert Spencer, it is in spite of the fact that the familiarity which breeds contempt has been invited. And the majority of readers, when they have got to the end of the two volumes, will

certainly feel that, much as they may be interested in Herbert Spencer, much as they may esteem him, and much as they may pity him, their affections are left cold.

In the case of many readers, no doubt, a prejudice against the man arises out of a prejudice against the philosophy. Those who are prejudiced against the system are unquestionably more numerous than those who have taken the trouble to understand it, and the unreasoned prejudice may well be the reflection of a healthy instinct. That is a branch of the subject on which it will be necessary to say something presently. But the sentiment is really, in a larger measure, the result of Herbert Spencer's very candid, but also very self-complacent, self-analysis, though, here again, the difficulty in regarding him with affection lies not in any particular confession which he makes, but in the general impression which he conveys.

He was deficient in tact. That is the worst formal admission that he makes, and there is no reason to suppose that any graver admission ought to have been made, but was suppressed. Tact is a valuable quality, but men who have lacked it have sometimes been forgiven—as the leading case of Carlyle may be cited to show. Moreover, tact apart, Herbert Spencer does seem to have possessed all the major, and most of the minor, virtues. He was diligent, he was reasonable, he was sociable. His integrity was conspicuous even in his smallest transactions. In controversy he was scrupulously fair, aiming at truth, and not at the barren victories of dialectics. He did his duty to his parents and his neighbours. He took part in useful public movements. He never swore, except once in middle age, when he was fishing, and something went wrong with his tackle. In short, he was just the sort of man upon whom, except for the theological difficulty, which shall be dealt with in due course, a clergyman might have pronounced a glowing funeral panegyric. And yet——

The meaning of that "and yet" is a little difficult to define, since it expresses a feeling rather than an idea. Probably its significance is that the average man cannot bring himself to believe that Herbert Spencer was a human being of like passions with himself. The average man always had a feeling of that kind about Herbert Spencer, even when he only knew him by vague report. There were floating legends which engendered it—the famous legend of the philosopher's rebuke to the young man who beat him at billiards, for example, and the feeling derives from the autobiography a confirmation which may almost be called pathetic. The picture there presented is of a philosopher pursuing pleasure, not because he is conscious of particular desires demanding particular gratification—not because youth must have its way or

middle-age its indulgences, but because he has convinced himself that a certain measure of egoistic hedonism is essential to efficient fulfilment of function. To this end he fishes, and rows, and plays rackets and billiards, and dines out, and pays calls, and takes George Eliot to concerts; and he perpetually expresses surprise that philosophers should be expected to display indifference to recreation. Nothing, perhaps, could be more sane, but nothing, at the same time, could make the average man, who enjoys the amenities of society without reference to first principles, more conscious of the great gulf fixed between the philosopher and himself. He is chilled not only by the philosopher's superiority but by his egotism.

The egotism is the more chilling because it is so little emotional, so purely intellectual, so deliberate. The man who was always unbending on principle could never (except on the one occasion when something went wrong with the fishing-tackle) unbend under the strain of impulse. And to say that is much the same as saying that he never really unbent at all. In his most genial hours he continued to be critical both of himself and of others. He cannot even make a joke without generalising as to the conditions in which facetiousness is possible to him. It was only the sudden access of moderately good health, he remarks, that enabled him to point out to George Henry Lewes that the Isle of Wight produced very large chops for so small an island. The same cause, he has noticed, produced similar results on previous and subsequent occasions. All the laughter seems to die out of a joke which is thus analytically and synthetically treated, and one feels that all the emotion must have died out of friendships which were so constantly the occasion of the critical balancing of "traits."

One useful way of realising the nature of Herbert Spencer's egotism is to compare it with Carlyle's. The sage and the philosopher had many points in common. Neither of them suffered fools gladly. Each of them was more than a little disposed to talk as if he were the judge of all the earth. They both had the sort of egotism that despises the distinctions and decorations which kings and other rulers patronisingly bestow upon men who are greater than themselves, and they both spoke their minds frankly about the people whom they met. The difference was that Carlyle loved and hated, whereas Herbert Spencer only judged, and it is a difference that comes out clearly in the comments that they passed upon each other. Carlyle said curtly that Herbert Spencer was "an immeasurable ass." Herbert Spencer reasons about Carlyle through several pages, working temperately up to the conclusion that "his nature was one which lacked co-ordination, both intellectually and morally." It was, it must

be admitted, Herbert Spencer who spoke justly, and Carlyle who spoke unjustly. But Carlyle spoke more like a human being, following those truant guides, the feelings, just as the rest of us do, and leaving us with the certainty that, when he does meet a man whom he likes, he will let his heart go out to him without requiring it to wait upon his judgment.

Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, always requires his heart to wait upon his judgment, with the result that in nearly every case—one might almost say, in absolutely every case—it has to wait indefinitely. The impression given, in the most favourable cases, is that he approves rather than likes, and his view of the comparative importance of various "traits"—to use his own favourite word—is often calculated to astonish people who have not risen to his philosophical height. His characterisation of his father is a case in point. He describes an eccentric and crusty old gentleman, who refused, on principle, to take off his hat to a lady, or to address any one, on a letter, as "Reverend," or "Esquire", who declined to wear mourning when his parents died, who behaved like a boor to his wife, even when she was ill, and who was quite unable to control his temper. And then, having set forth all these faults at length, he concludes "On looking round among those I have known, I cannot find any one of higher type", not meaning, of course, that he frequented a society in which bad manners and discourteous marital relations were the rule, but that such traits seemed of inferior significance when examined in the light of the development hypothesis. Very likely as a philosopher he was right. The view would at any rate have the merit of consistency with his appeal to his readers, in a certain famous essay, to dress for dinner in frock coats, brown trousers, and many-coloured ties, in order to resist the tyranny of etiquette, promote heterogeneity, and facilitate differentiation. But the average man is not conciliated by the consistency. He either laughs, or gets angry, as Carlyle did, with a disposition to make use of the same form of words.

Not, of course, that Carlyle's form of words expresses the truth or anything approaching to the truth. It is merely the language of revolt—the revolt of instinct against syllogisms. What is almost uncanny about Herbert Spencer is his triumphant superiority to natural instincts. They seem to cease to exist for him when he has investigated their origin and satisfied himself that they fulfil no useful function. This very superiority puts him out of touch with his fellows—the more so because his reasonableness is not sweet but arrogant. The impression is that evolution has done more for him than for the rest of us—that he represents the future rather than the present of the race. Consequently he in-

spires awe rather than affection, even when he condescends. It seems as impossible to get into any real human relation with him as with Mr H G Wells' over-educated Martians.

No doubt the impression made by the autobiography somewhat exaggerates the impression made by the man. No doubt he really was quite human at certain hours—when the accident happened to the fishing tackle on the loch, and when Henry George accused him of having revised his philosophy to improve his social status, and when he analysed the "favourable terms" on which certain publishers proposed to issue his works. His ebullitions on these occasions belong to the touches of nature that make the whole world kin. But such recorded touches are few and far between. In the main, he suggests abstract intellect performing in a morality play, exhibiting no emotion but intellectual pride. He tramples with cold, contemptuous arrogance upon our habits, our institutions, and our hasty generalisations. It would be hard to say whether he is most disdainful of the Christian religion, of the classical curriculum at the universities, or of "the manners and tone of good society." He does not rush to the assault, swinging a rhetorical battle-axe, as Carlyle did. He is not a crusader but a builder, clearing away rubbish, as he conceives it to be, in order to make room for the erection of a System of Synthetic Philosophy.

What repels us here is probably not so much the philosophy as the egotism of the philosopher. The philosophy itself is not without its attractions for a certain order of mind. It is intelligible, and it is plausible. It is orderly, and it is architectonic. What one finds wanting in it (without pausing to examine it in detail) is the moral—or perhaps one should say the emotional—impetus which is always discernible in the teaching of Carlyle, even when it is most cantankerous and chaotic. No end appears to be in view except that the philosopher may demonstrate his efficiency by the co-ordination of phenomena. No doubt he does co-ordinate the phenomena, and does demonstrate his efficiency. He proves that we are "mostly fools," whereas Carlyle only said so in his haste. But by the mere act of doing so, he shuts himself off from human sympathy. The natural man would rather be passionately denounced than treated as a phenomenon to be co-ordinated. His disposition, when so treated, is to leave the philosopher who so treats him severely alone upon the pinnacle to which he has made out his title.

In later years, indeed, Herbert Spencer became pathetically conscious of the isolation to which his egotism had condemned him. The final chapter—which is also the most human chapter—of the *Autobiography* contains the reluctant admission. He deplores "the attitude of antagonism, the alienation of feeling, the under-

mining of the affections, and the consequent weakening of the influence that should be exercised through them a diminished activity of sympathy being also an accompaniment " His "fault-finding spirit," he avows, has led to "more or less disagreeableness in social intercourse," and has also debarred him from "the pleasures of admiration " When he went to the opera with George Eliot, he discovered "how much analysis of the effects produced deducts from enjoyment of the effects " Worst of all, his egotism had made it impossible for him to fall in love The critical faculty was never in abeyance No emotion ever overwhelmed it. It was reported that he was in love with George Eliot, with whom he used often to be seen, walking and conversing, in a garden by the Thames, but this was not the case "Physical beauty is a *sine qua non* with me, as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest "

Truly, all these are very melancholy admissions In every walk of life, it seems, some *sine qua non* stood like an angel with a flaming sword between Herbert Spencer and his emotions It is no wonder that, when he was old and ill and lonely, and looked back over the long road that he had travelled, he asked himself, Was it all worth while?

Was it? The question itself is pathetic, but the answer is more pathetic still For the most comforting thing that Herbert Spencer can find to say about himself is that, being the egotist that he was, he would have been tortured by a constant irritation if he had not followed the course which egotism dictated "The perpetual consciousness of a large aim unachieved " would have been more than he could bear Yet to another proposing to follow his example he would give "deterrent advice," unless "the prompting motive " were "the high one of doing something to benefit mankind " This, he confesses, was only one of his own motives, and not the chief one The other "prompters" were the architectonic instinct and "the desire for achievement and the honour which achievement brings", and these latter rewards, though he conquered them in full measure, did not yield him the gratification that he had looked for "Of literary distinction, as of so many other things which men pursue, it may be truly said that the game is not worth the candle As contrasted with the aggregate of preceding pains the achieved pleasure is insignificant " With much more to the same effect—all of which is the melancholy acknowledgment that, though he might have been still more miserable if he had continued to live his life as a sub-editor or a civil engineer, he has been an egotist and has paid the price

But that is not all. Some philosophers have found that the philosophy to which they have thought their way is itself a sufficient reward for the sacrifices necessitated by the task. Kant and Hegel may have felt that. Herbert Spencer cannot possibly have felt it, and, to do him justice, does not affect to have done so. All that he can and does claim is that he enjoyed the exercise of co-ordinating phenomena, and was pleased with himself for his great skill in co-ordinating them. "'Tis well, 'tis something." But from the contemplation of the co-ordinated phenomena there is no satisfaction to be derived, and he does not pretend to have derived any therefrom. His system, after all, amounts to little more than the finding of a formula—the formula which describes the whole course of the evolution of the objects of consciousness from the nebulous gas to the philosopher. But it leaves the real riddles of life unsolved, starting from the Unknowable, and coming back to it after a long and weary pilgrimage. No man can feel "calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained" by such a system of philosophy as that.

And Herbert Spencer knows this and feels it poignantly. He enumerates many mysteries that seem insoluble, and adds —

Then behind these mysteries lies the all embracing mystery—whence this all embracing transformation which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity, and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity? And along with this rises the paralysing thought—what if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no comprehension anywhere? No wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma!

And he concludes —

Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more it seeks, I have come to regard with sympathy based on community of need, feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solution offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found.

These striking passages suggest nothing so much as a bankrupt philosopher filing his petition and asking that a Receiver may be appointed. They will probably be more widely quoted than any other passages in the *Autobiography*, and it will be interesting to see how they will be taken by those whom they concern—by the men of science on the one hand, and by the theologians on the other.

The natural tendency of the theologians—or of some of them—will be to gloat. "This," one pictures them saying, "is the wretched end of the most intellectual man who ever tried to steer by the light of intellect alone. If only he had had faith——"

Precisely. Faith is the word we want—the word that is essential to the discussion. Only we must not fling it about loosely and

'rhetorically, as some theologians do, but must try to feel our way to a definition as accurate as the circumstances of the case allow. Herbert Spencer should have had faith, we are told. Faith in what? That is the crux, and he who can resolve it will bring a very valuable quota to the interminable, or, at any rate, untermiated, controversy as to the alleged antagonism between science and religion. There are those who affirm this antagonism, and there are those who deny it. But the question, as ordinarily propounded, is rather one of words than of facts, and the facts, not being at issue, can easily be stated.

Historically the antagonism has unquestionably existed. One has only to quote the attitude of the churches towards Galileo and Bishop Colenso to prove that fact to demonstration. Nowadays, however, the views of Galileo and Bishop Colenso are not seriously disputed by the churches. Their contention now is not that these and similar thinkers were wrong, but that nothing in the conclusions which science has established is necessarily antagonistic to Christian dogma. A dialectician might remark that, if the antagonism was unnecessary, then the churches stand self-convicted of having been grautously quarrelsome, but a dialectical point of this kind is not worth making. The real point at issue is whether there exists, or need exist, antagonism at the present time, and the answer to that question depends upon the answers to two other questions. Does the man of science claim that, when all the phenomena are co-ordinated, all the ground is covered? Does the theologian maintain that he is entitled to judge different classes of phenomena by different laws of evidence, and to ascribe merit to the acceptance, without reference to the evidence, of certain statements as to phenomena? If both these questions can be answered in the negative, then religion and science are not in the least antagonistic. If either of them be answered in the affirmative, then to deny the antagonism is to juggle idly with words.

Let us consider the theologians first. We have pictured them—and they will hardly repudiate the picture—as desiderating "faith" for persons in Herbert Spencer's position. Shall we try to carry the picture a little further, and imagine the theologians in the character of missionaries delivering their message to the philosopher himself? He has not "hardened his heart." On the contrary he has expressed his desire to be convinced. How then can the theologians help him? They demand "faith." But faith does not, even to a theologian, mean believing anything that anybody chooses to tell you. Once more then "Faith in what"? The antagonism, if any, between religion and science must appear in the answer to that question.

It is clear, to begin with, that the theologians can make no headway with a disappointed philosopher of the stamp of Herbert Spencer by proposing for belief some statement concerning phenomena which is inherently improbable and inadequately supported by evidence. Still less can they make headway by the representation that the entertaining of such a belief is a test of moral worth. Having found something "astonishing" in "the supposition that the Cause, from which have arisen thirty millions of suns with their attendant planets, made a bargain with Abraham to give him territory in exchange for allegiance," the scientific thinker will go on to say "Either this statement can be proved or it cannot. If it can be proved, there is no merit in believing that it is true, and if it cannot be proved, there is no reason for believing that it is true." That is a logical dilemma from which there is no way of escape. For the statement in question—which is typical of a good many theological affirmations—is a statement of alleged historical fact in the phenomenal world, and its truth or falsity can only be gauged by the ordinary methods of historical inquiry. To present them "on authority" is idle, for this is only to demand that the inquiry shall be begun at an earlier stage. What man, or body of men, has the authority to make inherently improbable statements without reference to the evidence? That, at any rate, is a question which can only be settled by examination of evidence, and the theologians are very far from being agreed among themselves as to the answer that should be given to it. As a test, therefore, of the truth of historical statements, authority—except in so far as it represents the recorded results of inquiry, which theological authority does not—is absolutely valueless, while it obviously cannot be maintained that a knowledge of the truth of disputed historical statements is either intuitive or deducible from the facts of consciousness.

Evidently, then, the man of science can get no help from the theologians here. Nor is his case appreciably more hopeful when he is met with a demand for faith in those quasi-metaphysical statements of the theologians which alternate with their historical statements, and are most typically exemplified in the Athanasian Creed. Here the Spencerian thinker asks not "What is your evidence? but, What is your meaning?" The theologians ask him to believe in Mysteries, whereas he has already avowed his belief in the Unknowable. What, he asks, is the difference between the two mental attitudes? Above all, how can he believe in definite statements concerning Mysteries? The statements are definite only in form. Though the definite form is used, no corresponding definite idea is present to the mind. The statement, therefore, as Herbert Spencer would put it, "does not constitute a proposi-

tion " Consequently, there can be no question of either believing or disbelieving it We think in propositions, and believing is a kind of thinking Where there is no proposition, there can be no belief.

So far, therefore, we see that, whatever may be the case with religion, theology, at all events, is antagonistic to science, and science has the best of the argument We had a striking example of the antagonism only the other day, when the Bishop of Worcester, who is not usually accused of narrow-mindedness, admonished and punished one of his clergy for scepticism as to the " virgin birth " Very likely, as a matter of church discipline, the Bishop was right An agreement is an agreement, and, as things stand, a sceptical clergyman may perhaps be accused of obtaining money by false pretences But there was nothing in the Bishop's attitude to conciliate the earnest seeker after truth For the earnest seeker after truth has only to say " What is at issue is a matter of historical fact That is to say, it is a matter of evidence Nothing but evidence can settle it It is unnecessary to insist if the evidence is conclusive, and it is unscientific to insist if the evidence is inconclusive " All the antagonism between theology and science is there, and theology has very clearly been trespassing on scientific territory

But science (or philosophy, if the term be preferred) has trespassed also Or shall we say—to make the metaphor fit the case of Herbert Spencer—that it has overtraded and gone into voluntary liquidation?

The trouble is this. that Herbert Spencer, setting out to apply his famous formula of evolution to all branches of knowledge and all phases of existence, got on tolerably well, though not quite without exposing himself to criticism, until he came to ethics, and there broke down A great gulf barred his path—the gulf between " is " and " ought " Let it be granted—since it would be a long matter to argue—that he has successfully described the historical origin and gradual evolution of the sense of moral obligation That sense has—and no one need be concerned to deny that it has—certain physical or material conditions, just as has the instinct of self-preservation, or the sense of hunger and thirst It is a phenomenon, and studied *qua* phenomenon will be found to be governed by laws in the same way as other phenomena But at this point the difficulty occurs, owing to the fact that man is not only conscious, but self-conscious Supposing that the sense of moral obligation is to be explained in this way (and supposing also, that the explanation so presented is accepted as the complete and only explanation), then what becomes of the obligation itself? Obviously it ceases to exist The answer to the

question, "How have I come to feel that such and such actions are right?" may, from the Spencerian stand-point, be clear To the further question, "Why should I trouble to perform such actions if I do not wish to?" it supplies no answer whatsoever

That, of course, is the vice of all Utilitarian systems of ethics, whether modified by the adoption of the evolution hypothesis or not The man who is told that virtue consists in attending to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, replies that the greatest number is number one He who is urged to consider the future interest of the race, asks "What has posterity done for me?" And there is absolutely no rejoinder possible from the scientist's point of view According to him, morality is only a habit, and the moral sense only an illusion of consciousness But habits can be broken, and there is no reason why illusions, when known to be illusions, should influence conduct

Only, by an apparent paradox, the "ought" remains and continues to be recognised as an "ought" after it has been most carefully explained away The reality of obligation in general—as distinct from certain obligations in particular—persists in the consciousness of the very philosophers who profess to have traced its genesis in the same way in which they have traced the genesis of, say, the sense of smell They let it appear, not only in their table-talk, but in the very writings in which they expound its natural history Herbert Spencer is no further advanced in this respect than Mill The fallacy of Mill's qualitative distinctions between pleasures is a commonplace of the lecture-room Herbert Spencer, in this Autobiography, talks of "the high aim of doing something to benefit mankind" Why "high"? The word certainly is not used in the ordinary scientific sense in which it is employed to distinguish a thoroughly differentiated from an imperfectly differentiated organism It implies not merely morality, but "morality touched by emotion"—which is Matthew Arnold's tentative definition of religion

Here, then, we see the exact nature of Herbert Spencer's philosophical bankruptcy We have seen that he was aware of it and lamented it, and we have also seen that the theologians do not ordinarily conduct their business in a manner which entitles them to the Receivership We find, in fact, a certain "terrain vague" which neither evolutionary science nor dogmatic theology is strong enough to occupy the one because its explanations fail to explain anything, the other because its explanations, in so far as they have any meaning, consist of statements of fact which it is the province of science to investigate and for which science finds the evidence inadequate It seems to follow that the starting point of the inquiry must necessarily be the human consciousness

'itself We assuredly shall not find therein any definite propositions such as the theologians propound as to the collocation of phenomena Nor can we expect to find therein any definite moral propositions equally true at all times, and in all circumstances But we as certainly shall find there the vague but very emphatic "ought", for this is deducible from the whole mental life even of those who analyse it into its component parts, and those who disregard its precepts Evolutional philosophers, as we have seen, pass moral judgments, and rascals, as we all know, expect to find honour among thieves "

We are brought back, in fact, to those despised metaphysics which Herbert Spencer was supposed to have cleared out of the whole world, from Germany to Japan Science is no substitute for them, and dogmatic theology is only a kind of science—or rather of sciolism Statements about the Infinite obviously cannot be presented to a finite intelligence in the form of comprehensible propositions That follows from the meaning of words and the conditions of thought But it also follows from the meaning of words and the conditions of thought that the finite is itself a part of the Infinite Apprehension of the Infinite may then be possible not from without, but from within—may be a first fact of our nature, not the less a metaphysical reality because it is materially conditioned Modern theology—a certain school of modern theology, at all events—does seem to be tending to build more and more upon that foundation, and to be using what were once the hard, stereotyped dogmas of the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the like, "not as arguments, but as illustrations" Doing this joining hands with the metaphysicians, and working with them harmoniously, the theologians may even yet prove themselves acceptable as Receivers in the philosophical bankruptcy above referred to But they will not be acceptable so long as, like the Bishop of Worcester, they give out that the root of the matter lies in believing statements inherently improbable, without reference to the evidence This sort of thing is not religion at all, but only bad science, and it certainly was not with bad science that Herbert Spencer meant to express "a sympathy based on community of need "

FRANCIS GRIBBLE

LORD ACTON'S LETTERS TO MARY GLADSTONE

(MRS DREW)

THESE letters have come as a revelation to the public in general. Lord Acton was a man of the world in the best sense of that phrase. He was probably the most learned layman of his generation. But he was no bookworm. His gift of rapid reading and retaining what he read was portentous, and enabled him to mingle more freely in society, without encroachment on his hours of study, than would have been possible for a man less gifted. And he not only read methodically. He had the faculty of taking up a book at night, when on a visit to a friend, and picking its brains, so to speak, before he went to bed. And the knowledge thus acquired was, from long habit, automatically labelled and pigeon-holed in his mind, so that it was ready for use when required. He possessed in a rare degree the two great secrets of accumulating and assimilating knowledge—concentration of thought and diligent and systematic use of time, gathering up the fragments, so that nothing was lost. It would be instructive if one could sum up at the end of the year the amount of time lost in this neglect of fragments. I once asked Mr Gladstone how he managed to get through so much reading. "I suppose," I said, "that you run rapidly through a book and master its contents by a glance at each page." "On the contrary," he answered, "I am rather a slow reader, but I read methodically, and waste no time." A distinguished diplomatist published an interesting book some years ago, which he told a friend that he had written during the odd moments that his wife used to keep him waiting for dinner. Lord Acton was an adept in gathering up fragments of time in his insatiable hunger for knowledge.

But to the general public this man of profound and varied erudition, brilliant intellect, and sound judgment, was unknown. To even the mass of educated people Lord Acton was nothing more than a name, if so much. He was for the most part a silent member of Parliament in both Houses, and most of what he published was anonymous, and was scattered over reviews, magazines, and newspapers. The selection from his letters to Mrs Drew, now published, discloses what his intimate friends always knew, that Lord Acton was not only a prodigy of learning, but also one of the ablest men of his time.

The letters are written with great ease, but almost every page contains something worth remembering. They deal with a great variety of subjects, but chiefly with politics, religion, and ethics. His criticisms are always acute and generally sound, though not always free from prejudice. He was a devoted, but by no means indiscriminating Gladstonian. Burke and Gladstone he placed on an eminence above all other British statesmen, and he put Gladstone first. "It is impossible," he writes to Mrs. Drew, "not to be struck by the many points of resemblance between Burke and your father—the only two men of that stature in our political history." The following is worth quoting. His correspondent "wished that she might disengage her mind from its surroundings, and learn the judgment of posterity" on contemporary events and statesmen. Lord Acton answers —

The generation you consult will be more democratic and better instructed than our own, for the progress of democracy, though not constant, is certain, and the progress of knowledge is both constant and certain. It will be more severe in literary judgments, and more generous in political. With this prospect before me I ought to have answered that hereafter, when our descendants shall stand before the slab that is not yet laid among the monuments of famous Englishmen, they will say that Chatham knew how to inspire a nation with his energy, but was poorly furnished with knowledge and ideas, that the capacity of Fox was never proved in office, though he was the first of debaters, that Pitt, the strongest of ministers, was among the weakest of legislators, that no foreign secretary has equalled Canning, but that he showed no other administrative ability, that Peel, who excelled as an administrator, a debater, and a tactician, fell everywhere short of genius, and that the highest merits of the five without their drawbacks were united in your father. Possibly they may remember that his only rival in depth, and wealth, and force of mind was neither admitted to the Cabinet, nor buried in the Abbey. They will not say of him as of Burke that his writing equalled his speaking, or surpassed it like Macaulay's.

Apropos of the last sentence in this quotation, I remember an opposite opinion expressed to me by the late Lord Selborne in the year 1878. "How wonderfully Mr. Gladstone's style has improved," he said, "he now writes quite as well as he speaks." But let us pursue Lord Acton's comparison of Burke and Gladstone. "In your father," he writes to Mrs. Drew, "there is all the resource and policy of the heroes of Carlyle's worship, and yet he moves scrupulously along the lines of the science of statesmanship. Those who deem that Burke was the first political genius until now, must at this point admit his inferiority. In the three elements of greatness combined, the man, the power, and the result—character, genius, and success—none reached his [Mr. Gladstone's] level." This high estimate of Mr. Gladstone, which is amplified later in a long passage of splendid eloquence, is

all the more striking from Lord Acton's admiration of Burke, as in the following passage —

You can hardly imagine what Burke is for all of us who think about politics, and are not wrapped in the blaze and the whirlwind of Rousseau. Systems of scientific thought have been built up by famous scholars on the fragments that fell from his table. Great literary fortunes have been made by men who traded on the hundredth part of him. Brougham and Lowe lived by the vitality of his ideas. Mackintosh and Macaulay are only Burke trimmed and stripped of all that touched the skies. Montalembert, borrowing a hint from Dollinger, says that Burke and Shakespeare were the two greatest Englishmen.

Will posterity confirm Lord Acton's judgment on Mr Gladstone? My own belief is that it will, and Lord Salisbury's fine panegyric on Mr Gladstone at the time of his death implies a similar belief. It is often the fate of great men to pass under an eclipse for some time after their death, and then to emerge into the light, and to go on rising in fame as the generations pass, just as, on the other hand, there is a kind of popularity which shines brightly for a decade or two after the statesman's death, and then gradually wanes and vanishes. Of the latter, Palmerston is an example. Nothing survives of him now but a pale memory of what Lord Beaconsfield once called "a turbulent foreign policy." Burke is an example of the former. Who that knows anything of him would believe that the following could be written of him by a distinguished author not many years after his death? —

It has always been with me a test of the sense and candour of any one belonging to the opposite party whether he allowed Burke to be a great man. Of all the persons of this description that I have ever known I never met with above one or two who would make this concession. Whether it was that party feelings ran too high to admit of any real candour, or whether it was owing to an essential vulgarity in their habits of thinking, they all seemed to be of opinion that he was a wild enthusiast, or a hollow sophist, who was to be answered by bits of facts, by smart logic, by shrewd questions, and idle songs. I cannot discover that he was much better understood by those of his own party, if we may judge from the little affinity there is between his mode of reasoning and theirs.

The writer goes on to rebut the accusation against Burke of being a "verbose" speaker and writer. "If he sometimes multiplies words," he pleads, "it is not for want of ideas, but because there are no words that fully express his ideas, and he has to do as well as he can by different ones." Lord Acton was certainly right in thinking that Burke and Gladstone stood apart among and above British statesmen, and history will probably ratify his preference for Gladstone as the greater man of the two. By universal consent Mr Gladstone has no rival in the region of finance, not merely in his fertility of resource, grasp of principles,

and mastery of details, but in the skill and eloquence with which he expounded his schemes, combining, as Montalembert said, "the grandeur of Berryer with the subtlety of Thiers." No other orator in the annals of the British Parliament could hold his audience spellbound for more than five hours over a financial statement. Foreign policy is supposed to have been Mr Gladstone's weak point, yet, as a matter of fact, he exercised more influence of an enduring and a beneficent kind on foreign politics than any British statesman since Canning. Italians, irrespective of party, have declared that next to Cavour, Mr Gladstone had most to do with the liberation and unity of Italy. The Treaty of Berlin embodied his policy, shorn of provisions which would have given peace and prosperity to Armenia and Macedonia, and the Alabama Treaty not only paved the way for our happy relations with the United States, but, in addition, initiated the movement in favour of international arbitration that has resulted in The Hague Tribunal, which, it may be hoped, will eventually substitute the reign of reason and law for that of brute force. Lord Acton thought that "Burke would have made the peace with the Africanders, which is the noblest work of the Ministry" of 1880, and it may be that before many years are over even the South African policy of Mr Gladstone will justify the eulogy of his judicial admirer. What made Acton so sound and far-sighted a critic of political affairs was his possession in an eminent degree of the quality which he found lacking in Seeley and other writers. "The great object," he wrote, *apropos* of Seeley's "Expansion of England," "in trying to understand history, political, religious, literary, or scientific, is to get behind men, and to grasp ideas. Ideas have a radiation and development, an ancestry and posterity of their own, in which men play the part of godfathers and godmothers more than that of legitimate parents." Seeley overlooked this.

He discerns no Whiggism, but only Whigs. And he wonders at the mistakes of the Whigs when he ought to be following up the growth and modification of their doctrine, and its influence on the Church, on toleration, on European politics, on the English monarchy, the Colonies, finance, local Government, justice, Scotland, and Ireland. So you may read in Alison of the profligacy of Mirabeau, the ferocity of Marat, the weakness of Louis, the sombre fanaticism of Robespierre. But what we want to know is why the old world that had lasted so long went to ruin, how the doctrine of equality sprang into omnipotence, how it changed the principles of administration, justice, international law, taxation, representation, property, and religion.

This power of going below the surface of things, and tracing events to causes which propelled men, sometimes unconsciously, towards predestined ends, Acton himself possessed in a singular

degree, and his native aptitude for such analyses had, in his well-stored mind, an immense range of facts to draw upon for purposes of comparison and correction. To this he refers playfully immediately after the passage just quoted "See H of L [History of Liberty] p 50,000." A monumental work which Lord Acton intended to write, and for which he collected a fine library and an immense accumulation of materials, but which, alas! never passed beyond that stage. His vast and varied and well-digested knowledge, therefore, makes his judgments on men and things singularly penetrating and luminous. A paragraph, a sentence, sometimes a phrase, sums up the case, and makes an end of it.

His two great passions were love of liberty, in its widest sense, and loyalty to truth and justice. The nearest approach to anger with Mr Gladstone in these letters was caused by Mr Gladstone's proposal to give a public funeral to Lord Beaconsfield, and his qualified eulogy of that statesman in making the proposal. That Mr Gladstone, who had so often denounced Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and believed his influence on public affairs to be injurious, could, with sincerity, declare Lord Beaconsfield "worthy of a reward that was not paid to Fox or Canning," seemed to him incredible, and he imagined Mr Gladstone saying in self-defence "I do it because I am not the leader of the nation, but the appointed minister of its will, because it is my office to be the mouthpiece of opinions I disapprove, to obey an impulse I condemn, to execute the popular wishes when they contradict my own."

Lord Acton's criticism here, though natural, is unfounded. Mr Gladstone received the news of Lord Beaconsfield's death at Hawarden, where I chanced to be staying at the time, and I know that he immediately telegraphed to Lord Rowton that he intended, with the assent of those entitled to decide the matter, to propose funeral honours to Lord Beaconsfield. It was a spontaneous impulse, without any of the *arrière pensée* which Lord Acton suggests. Indeed, Lord Acton himself answers his own criticism unconsciously in another letter. Mr Gladstone, he says, "hardly ever judges other men too severely. Sometimes, I am persuaded, he judges with an exceeding generosity, and I fancy it is because he will not charge his mind with uncharitableness." I remember Mr Gladstone telling me, in 1878, that I did some injustice to Lord Beaconsfield in an article which I had written upon him. "You think him governed by political animosity," he said, "I have sat opposite him a good many years, and my belief is that Lord Beaconsfield has no political animosities. So long as I was leader of the Liberal Party he would scruple at few things in order to damage me. But now

‘that I am no longer leader of the Party, I don’t believe that Lord Beaconsfield has the slightest animosity against me And there are three things for which I shall always admire him his devotion to his wife, his gallant defence of his persecuted race, and his splendid Parliamentary pluck ’ His eulogy of Lord Beaconsfield was discriminating, but was perfectly sincere as far as it went But Lord Acton was a precisian in all that concerned the interests of truth and liberty It was the immorality of the Papal system, more than its theological aberrations, that revolted him He strongly condemned the policy of invoking the aid of the Pope in counteracting the influence of Parnell and the Land League in Ireland, regarding the remedy as fraught with greater danger than the evil —

We may get embarrassed if we prompt and promote the political influence of the Pope, whose principles are necessarily, whose interests are generally opposed to our own It is as dangerous for us that his political authority should be obeyed in Irish confessionals as that, in this instance, it should be defied Having morally supported the movement which upset his sovereignty, being prepared to oppose any movement to restore it, we come with a bad grace to ask him to prop and protect our authority in our dominions Long ago I remember writing to headquarters [i.e., Mr Gladstone] that it would be impossible—impossible for Liberals—to govern Ireland after the [Vatican] Council, and although I am avowedly the worst of prophets, this prophecy has had a good deal of confirmation It was an interesting question, whether the Pope would definitely and unconditionally condemn murder, whether from religious or political motives It would have borne untold consequences, as a direct revocation of the Vatican system, which stands or falls with the doctrine that one may murder a Protestant But I don’t believe that so audacious a change of front would have moved a single priest in Ireland

Lord Acton’s forecast was more than justified by the result of the Pope’s intervention against Parnell in Ireland He sternly prohibited the proposal to present Parnell with a testimonial of £20,000, and the effect was to double the amount

But although it may be accurate to say that the “Vatican system stands or falls with the doctrine that one may murder a Protestant,” inasmuch as the dogma of infallibility covers retrospectively all the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of the Popes, which include the doctrine that it is justifiable to murder a Protestant, it is not accurate to suggest that agrarian murders in Ireland were prompted by religious motives The murderers made no distinction whatever between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and the great majority of the victims belonged, in fact, to the latter

Lord Acton was a devout member of the Roman Church, but a passionate and irreconcilable adversary of the Papacy His attitude on that subject is stated with so much fulness and power in one of these letters, and is expressed with such startling frank-

ness, that I will venture to quote it at length. An English translation of Rosmini's "Five Wounds of the Church," had just been published, with a commendatory introduction by Dr Liddon. Rosmini was a moderate Ultramontane, but his little book is a trenchant exposure of some of the corruptions of the Church of Rome. While the book was still in the press Acton wrote to Mrs Drew —

Liddon, I see, is busy with Rosmini, in the intervals of Pusey. Rosmini will interest you if the book ripens. He had much of Newman, and nearly reformed the papacy. But I am troubled with a doubt. His book was answered by Passaglia, Thenier, Curci, and others, and it was condemned by the Index. Rosmini wrote a long and curious defence of it, which he printed, but did not publish, so as not to defy his censors. Liddon ought to have this defence before him, to strengthen his text withal. Perhaps Lockhart, and the other English Rosminians, may scruple to give it to him, lest they break the measured silence of their chief. It may be worth while to ask the eloquent and impulsive Canon, whenever you see him, whether he knows of it.

Mrs Drew sent Lord Acton's message to Dr Liddon, whose answer may be inferred from the following passage in a subsequent letter from Lord Acton —

Liddon's objection to saying what may damage a very meritorious body of surviving friends of Rosmini is practically reasonable, but it is rather a reason for not writing at all on the subject. Rosmini made a vigorous attempt to reform the Church of Rome. He was vehemently attacked, repelled, censured, and he defended himself in a work more important, argumentatively, than the first. If this dramatic incident is left untold, if his stronger statements are omitted from his case, we shall get an imperfect notion of a memorable transaction, and of an interesting, if not a great, divine.

In a later letter he says "I will even confess to you alone that that affair of Rosmini leaves a bad taste in one's mouth" about Dr Liddon, although he is careful to add, "But one might pick holes in any man, even in the new Bishop of Chester," Dr Stubbs. Yet he returns to the subject, and cannot get rid of the bad taste left on his mental palate by Dr Liddon's favourable opinion of Rosmini. What was the cause of Acton's antipathy to Rosmini—a priest of good moral character and ability, who had incurred the hostility of extreme Ultramontanes by his exposure of what he believed to be the most glaring evils in his Church? The antipathy was so strong that Acton says "My real difficulty [as regards Liddon] is that he speaks of his author with great respect, and evidently thinks his doctrine sound and profitable." Then follows the remarkable passage to which I have referred above, and which I now proceed to quote —

Now Rosmini, allowing for some superficial proposals of reform, was a thorough believer in the Holy See. His book itself, by the nature of the

reforms proposed, implies that no other defects of equal magnitude remain to be remedied. Apart from the five points he accepts the papacy as it stands, and he has no great objection to it, five points included.

He was what we vulgarly call an Ultramontane—a reluctant Ultramontane, like Lacordaire. An Anglican who views with satisfaction, with admiration, the moral character and spiritual condition of an Ultramontane priest, appears to me to have got over the principal obstacle on the way to Rome—the moral obstacle. The moral obstacle, to put it compendiously, is the Inquisition.

The Inquisition is peculiarly the weapon and peculiarly the work of the Popes. It stands out from all those things in which they co-operated, followed, or assented as the distinctive feature of papal Rome. It was set up, renewed, and perfected by a long series of acts emanating from the supreme authority in the Church. No other institution, no doctrine, no ceremony is so distinctly the individual creation of the papacy, except the dispensing power. It is the principal thing with which the papacy is identified, and by which it must be judged.

The principle of the Inquisition is the Pope's sovereign power over life and death. Whoever disobeys him should be tried and tortured and burnt. If that cannot be done, formality may be dispensed with, and the culprit may be killed like an outlaw.

That is to say, the principle of the Inquisition is murderous, and a man's opinion of the papacy is regulated and determined by his opinion about religious assassination.

If he honestly looks on it as an abomination, he can only accept the Primacy¹ with a drawback, with precaution, suspicion, and aversion for its acts.

If he accepts the Primacy¹ with confidence, admiration, unconditional obedience, he must have made terms with murder.

Therefore, the most awful imputation in the catalogue of crimes rests, according to the measure of their knowledge and their zeal, upon those whom we call Ultramontanes. The controversy, primarily, is not about problems of theology—it is about the spiritual state of a man's soul, who is the defender, the promoter, the accomplice of murder. Every limitation of papal credit and authority which effectually dissociates it from that reproach, which breaks off its solidarity with assassins, and washes away the guilt of blood, will solve most other problems. At least, it is enough for my present purpose to say, that blot is so large and foul that it pre-cedes and eclipses the rest, and claims the first attention.

I will show you what Ultramontanism makes of good men by an example very near home. Saint Charles Borromeo, when he was the Pope's nephew and minister, wrote a letter requiring Protestants to be murdered, and complaining that no heretical heads were forwarded to Rome, in spite of the reward that was offered for them. His editor, with perfect consistency, published the letter with a note of approval. Cardinal Manning not only holds up to the general veneration of mankind the authority that canonised this murderer, but makes him in a special manner his own patron, joins the congregation of oblates of St. Charles, and devotes himself to the study of his acts and the propagation of his renown.

Yet I dare say I could find Anglican divines who would speak of the Cardinal as a good man, unhappily divided from the Church of which he was an ornament, and living in error, but yet not leading a life of sin. I should gather from such language that the speaker was not altogether averse from the distinctive characteristic of Ultramontanism, and had swallowed far the largest obstacle on the road to Rome.

(1) Liddon, like most of the great Anglican divines, was willing to recognise the Pope as Primate of Christendom while rejecting his claim to supremacy.

The case of Rosmini is not so glaring, but it is substantially the same language implying that an able and initiated Italian priest accepting the papacy, with its inventory of systematic crime, incurs no guilt, that he is an innocent, virtuous, edifying Christian, seems to me open to grave suspicion. If it was used by one of whom I knew nothing else, I should think ill of him. If I knew him to be an able and in many ways an admirable man, I should feel much perplexity, and if I heard on the best authority that he deserved entire confidence, I should persuade myself that it is true, and should try to quiet my uneasiness.

That is what I have done in the case of Liddon. When he speaks of an eminent and conspicuous Ultramontane divine with the respect he might show to Andrewes or Leighton, or to Grotius or Baxter, he ignores or is ignorant of the moral objection, and he surrenders so much that he has hardly a citadel to shelter him. I dare say he would give me a very good answer, and I do not hesitate to utter his praises. But I have no idea what the answer would be, and so must leave room for a doubt.

I should hardly have resolved to say all this to anybody but yourself, relying on you not to misunderstand the exact and restricted meaning of my letter. I should like my reason for misgiving to be understood. But I care much more to be understood as an admirer, not an accuser, of Canon Liddon. My explanation is worthless if it fails to justify me there.

This is a tremendous indictment against the Papacy by a devout and orthodox member of the Roman communion, whose wide and accurate learning in the sphere of ecclesiastical history is unquestionable. But does not Lord Acton push his indictment too far, in fixing a moral taint on all who accept the Papal system? Rosmini accepted that system, while he condemned some of the crying evils which grew up under its shadow, and his own life was admittedly blameless. But he suppressed, in the interest of the system, a triumphant vindication of his own exposure of some of its demoralising influences. Therefore, in using "language implying that" Rosmini "was an innocent, virtuous, edifying Christian," Dr Liddon was, in Acton's opinion, "open to grave suspicion," which could only be allayed by evidence "on the best authority" to the contrary. St Charles Borromeo was an avowed persecutor, and as "the Pope's nephew and minister wrote a letter requiring Protestants to be murdered, and complaining that no heretical heads were forwarded to Rome in spite of the reward that was offered for them" Borromeo was, therefore, a "murderer," and Cardinal Manning, in defending the system under which such a man could be canonised, and making Borromeo, "in a special manner his own patron," became partaker of Borromeo's sin. It would, therefore, be wrong to "speak of the Cardinal as a good man," or to say that while "living in error" he was nevertheless "not leading a life of sin."

Was Lord Acton justified in pushing his argument against the Papacy as far as this? Before answering that question, let us look at it from Lord Acton's point of view. Always a lover of truth and liberty, and a hater of all and every form of tyranny that

invaded the sanctuary of the conscience, his moral sense received a terrible shock from the Vatican Council and its consequences. He was in Rome during the Council, and was in the counsels of the minority who opposed the dogma of Infallibility. In intellect and learning their superiority over the majority was so great as to put comparison out of the question. Their representative character was even more conspicuous, for they presided over the principal sees in the Roman communion. And they opposed the dogma not only as a matter of policy, but on its merits, alike on theological and historical grounds. Three months after the close of the Council, Lord Acton published a pamphlet in German, in the form of a letter to a friend, in which he gave a scathing summary of the speeches of the leading opponents of Infallibility. Here are a few specimens. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, America, said —

The doctrine is not *de fide*, and cannot be made so even by the definition of an Œcumenical Council. We are the guardians of the deposit of faith, not its lords.

Another said —

Foreseeing the grievous ruin which threatened souls, he would rather die than sanction the synodal clause on Infallibility.

Another said that "the definition of infallibility would be the ruin of the Church."

Another

trembled, foreseeing that very many of the faithful would not be able to endure the great scandal of the new dogma, and would consequently be exposed to the danger of making shipwreck of their faith altogether.

Another called it "an unheard-of novelty," implying that "the doctrine of the Church had been changed, and, therefore, depraved." Other bishops dwelt on the absence of such a doctrine from the catechisms and formularies of the Church. American bishops declared that it would be almost impossible for them to return to their dioceses with such a dogma.

I give these as samples of the posy of declarations against Papal Infallibility, which Lord Acton culled from the speeches and publications of the minority in the Vatican Council. He summed up the whole case in these words —

This is the picture of the Vatican Council and of its work which we get from men like Schwarzenberg, Rauscher, Haynald, Ketteler, Clifford, Purcell, Conolly, Dupanloup, Darboy, Hefele, Strossmayer, and Kenrick. And so the Council stands self-condemned by the mouths of its ablest members. They represent it as a conspiracy against Divine truth and right. They declare that the new dogmas were neither taught by the Apostles nor

believed by the Fathers, that they are soul-destroying errors, contrary to the true doctrines of the Church, based on deceit, and are a scandal to Catholics. Surely no judgment could be less ambiguous, no language more open, no testimony more sufficient or decisive for the consciences of the faithful.

Lord Acton wished to make it difficult for the minority to eat their own words and proclaim as a divine truth, held and taught by the Church from the beginning, what they had just denounced in the terms which he thus put publicly on record. The Commune saved Archbishop Darboy from the hard dilemma of choosing between loyalty to his conscience and a breach with Rome. The rest, one by one, yielded, as Dollinger assured me at the time they must do, as the alternative of resigning their sees. For the bishops of the Roman communion are so completely in the power of the Vatican that obedience or resignation confronts them at last in any controversy with the Pope. For instance, the Pope grants them, every five years, faculties that empower them to give certain dispensations which would otherwise be invalid. To give a case, the quinquennial faculties of the most learned prelate in the Council, Hefele, expired soon after the Council. The Pope refused to renew them until Hefele proclaimed the dogma of Infallibility. He resisted for a time, but he found it impossible to administer his diocese without the usual faculties. All marriages within the prohibited degrees are impossible without a dispensation. Within a year of the Council, there were nineteen such cases in Hefele's diocese, most of them in the upper ranks of society. The marriages could not take place without the bishop's dispensation, and he could not grant a dispensation without a renewal of his quinquennial faculties. In the end he yielded, and proclaimed the dogma, as did all the rest. One of the saddest documents I ever read was a long letter to Lord Acton from one of the most distinguished bishops of the minority. He had published a powerful and unanswerable argument against the dogma, but yielded soon after his return to his diocese. Lord Acton, who was on terms of intimacy with him, asked for an explanation, and the letter which I read was the answer. It was to the effect that he found the administration of his diocese impossible against the machinery of the Vatican, which was arrayed against him, and he was thus confronted by the alternative of obedience to the Pope or breach of communion with Rome. After a severe mental struggle he chose the former as the less of two evils, but remained as firm as ever in the conviction that the dogma of Infallibility was false. It was a melancholy confession.

That Lord Acton should denounce in language of stern reprobation a system which led to moral catastrophes like this is intelligible. But to brand as wicked all who accept such a system is

surely going too far Take the case of persecution Some Popes sanctioned and ordered the death of heretics, both by a judicial process and by private assassination, and it is no answer to say that other Christian communions and religious leaders have done the same Undoubtedly they have But there is a fundamental difference, especially since the dogma of Infallibility, which, if true at all, is true retrospectively, and endows all past Popes with the prerogative of inerrancy Every Ultramontane is, therefore, bound logically to admit that the Popes who persecuted heretics to death, whether by public sentence or private assassination, were right whenever they acted thus in their official capacity He who accepts the Vatican system cannot escape that conclusion

So far, Lord Acton is right But does it follow that individual persecutors are therefore reprobates, although in other respects admirable types of Christian character? Charles Borromeo "wrote a letter for the purpose of causing a few Protestants to be murdered," and "Pope Pius the Fifth held that it was sound Catholic doctrine that any man may stab a heretic condemned by Rome, and that every man is a heretic who attacks the Papal prerogatives Newman is an avowed admirer of Saint Pius and Saint Charles, and of the Pontiffs who canonised them " For this Newman incurred Lord Acton's "deep aversion," and for the same reason he refused to admit that Manning was "a good man " "Are you aware," he once asked, "that Borromeo was a party to a scheme of assassinations?" "But," said some one, "must we not make allowance for the morality of the time?" "I make no allowance for that sort of thing," was the emphatic answer

Surely, no doctrine, either of theology or of ethics, obliges us to accept that position Aristotle taught us long ago the vital difference between "sinning ignorantly," and "sinning through ignorance " The former does not excuse The latter does Christian theology has adopted the distinction by recognising that sins done in 'invincible ignorance' entail no guilt The ignorance which excuses the offender is ignorance over which he had himself no control, and for which, therefore, he was not responsible But ignorance which might have been avoided, or for which the offender is himself responsible, does not excuse him Now, a man's environment, social, political, religious, may hide the truth from him so effectually that he may violate the moral law from a feeling of duty, as Borromeo undoubtedly did Killing is not necessarily murder It would be no murder to shoot or stab to death a man caught in the act of murdering another But the sincere persecutor believes that the heretic is the worst kind of murderer, inasmuch as he is ruining the soul, and the death of the soul is worse than that of the

body To put the heretic out of the way, therefore, he regards as a meritorious act Seeley, in his "Ecce Homo," defends persecution in principle—that is, if you were always sure of catching the real heretic Catch the man whose "too busy brain" is ruining souls, and you may be justified in reducing his brain to ashes But since this certainty is not attainable, persecution is wrong Some years ago the question of persecution was discussed at a dinner party, which included Archbishop Manning and Huxley To the surprise of everybody, Huxley defended persecution in the abstract "The only difference between your Church and me," he said, across the table, to Manning, "is that I think *you* are the people who ought to be burnt"

The question then is whether Charles Borromeo's character was necessarily vitiated by his ordering the death of heretics—so vitiated as to justify moral aversion towards any man who admires him Saint Paul was a greater persecutor than Borromeo, and a fiercer "murderer" It is his own confession that he "persecuted the Church of God and wasted it", that he "persecuted unto the death both men and women", "and being exceedingly mad against them, persecuted them even unto strange cities", "compelled them to blaspheme," and was himself "a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious" Yet this persecutor and blasphemer and "murderer" "obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief" *With his convictions* Saint Paul was morally a better man on his way to Damascus to drag "the saints," men and women, to imprisonment and death, than he would have been had he stayed in Jerusalem through indifference or indolence, or lukewarmness in religion The man who does wrong, believing it to be right, is a better man than he who does right, believing it to be wrong, better, also, than he who abstains from action intrinsically wrong, but which he believes to be right And the reason is that deliberate violation of conscience is more injurious to character than obedience, even in wrong-doing, to conscience when misinformed through innocent ignorance Saint Paul's character received no moral injury from his furious persecution of the saints, "even to the death," because he was simply fulfilling what he honestly believed to be his duty And so it was that his conversion to Christianity made no change in his character He merely devoted to the cause of Christianity the same zeal, and enthusiasm, and disinterested energy which he had previously employed against it There was nothing changed but the direction of his zeal and love, now purified and ennobled by knowledge of the truth

Lord Acton was not quite consistent on this subject He regarded the dogma of Papal Infallibility as dangerous to civil society Roman Catholics, he declared, would "at once become

'irredeemable enemies' of civil and religious liberty. They would have to profess a false system of morality, and to repudiate literary and scientific sincerity. They would be as dangerous to civil society in the school as in the State." When Mr Gladstone, four years afterwards, wrote his famous pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," Lord Acton tried to dissuade him from publishing it. He accepted Mr Gladstone's premisses, and admitted the justice of his conclusion, but pleaded that people are often better than their principles. Popes justified murder and massacre, but it did not follow that Roman Catholics who accepted the Vatican decrees were therefore potential murderers. It was a good plea, and Mr Gladstone admitted its justice when the Roman Catholics of Great Britain repudiated the conclusion which followed logically from the Vatican decrees. But then the plea was equally valid for those who, like Newman and Manning, admired Charles Borromeo, and upheld the system under which he was canonised.

I have called Lord Acton "an orthodox member of the Roman communion." He was so in the sense of holding all the articles of faith which were accepted as such by Christendom while it remained united. He refused to be bound, as matters *de fide*, by additions made since then, and he did not exclude the Tridentine decrees from that category. For him no authority and no tribunal could dispense a man from strict loyalty to historic truth, and his accurate knowledge of history made it impossible for him to believe, as of religious obligation, what he knew to be untrue. But these accretions to the creed of Christendom he believed to be foreign to the life of the Church, and that the true Churchman was he who frankly acknowledged the errors and crimes of the Church, and did his best to expose them. His attitude to his own Church, and to Christianity in general, is admirably summed up in the following passage. Admitting all the faults and crimes for which the Papacy may justly be held responsible, he could still declare "Communion with Rome is dearer to me than life." Rome was his spiritual mother, and her faults did not destroy the relationship, or vitiate the validity of her sacraments, or cancel her splendid services to the cause of religion and civilisation —

It would be well if men had never fallen into the temptation of suppressing truth, and encouraging error for the better security of religion. Our Church stands, and our faith should stand, not on the virtues of men, but on the surer ground of an institution and a guidance that are divine. I should dishonour and betray the Church if I entertained a suspicion that the evidence of religion could be weakened or the authority of Councils sapped by a knowledge of the facts with which I have been dealing, or of others which are not less grievous or less certain because they remain untold.

The book is edited by Mr Herbert Paul, who has also prefaced

the Letters with a most interesting and instructive Memoir of Lord Acton. But is it not a slip to say that "Lord Acton wrote frequent reports of the Vatican Council, and its proceedings, chiefly to Mr Gladstone and Professor Dollinger, some of which were afterwards collected and published as the "Letters of Quirinus," in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*? Certainly Lord Acton wrote frequent reports to his two illustrious friends, and a good many of the letters of "Quirinus" probably received much inspiration and information from him. But I believe that "Quirinus," was the *nom de plume* of Dr Reinkens, who attended Cardinal Hohenlohe (a strong opponent of Infallibility) at the Council as official theologian, and afterwards became the first Bishop of the Old Catholics. A learned and able man, and in the confidence of the Cardinal, he was in a position to get first-hand knowledge of the facts. On page 11 there is a misleading note, that "Mr Lowe on hearing one of Mr Herbert Gladstone's speeches during the Middlesex election declared that in the pure gift of eloquence there was nothing to choose between him and his father." Add "at that age," viz 26, and Mr Lowe's opinion will be accurately reported. In one of his Letters Lord Acton says "A corporation, according to a profound saying, has neither a body to kick, nor soul to save." The correct saying, I believe, is that "a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned," and I think it was Daniel O'Connell who said it of the Dublin Corporation, one of whose members challenged him to the duel in which the agitator killed his antagonist, a crack shot, while O'Connell had scarcely ever handled a pistol before.

It is to be hoped that this is the precursor of one or more volumes of Lord Acton's letters. The present volume closes with the year 1885, and Lord Acton kept up his correspondence with Mrs Drew till his death. This first instalment makes one long for the remainder, and also for a selection, at least, from his letters to her father, to Dollinger, and to other intimate friends. The pity is that a mind so vigorous, so full, so original and honest, did not manage to leave behind him a more accessible and enduring monument of his genius and learning than articles in reviews and newspapers, and letters not written for publication. His insatiable hunger for fresh knowledge left him no time to write the *magnum opus* for the sake of which he collected his fine library and accumulated his stores of knowledge, and posterity is the poorer for his failure. It may be added that the frequent and fervent compliments to Mrs Drew's gifts as a letter-writer were hardly needed, for none but a highly gifted correspondent could entice such letters from such a man.

VASSILY VERESTSCHAGIN WAR-PAINTER

On the morning of April 12th, the Russian flagship, *Petropavlovsk*, struck a mine at the entrance to the harbour of Port Arthur, and foundered, ⁱⁿ sight of her companion vessels in less than two minutes ^{after} the first explosion was heard. With the ill-fated battleship perished not only the intrepid Makaroff, Admiral of the Russian Fleet, but one of the most remarkable figures in the whole world of art, the greatest of war-painters, Vassily Vassilievich Verestschagin.

Those who take up the sword shall perish by it, therefore, the death of the soldier or sailor in action, however tragic the circumstances, seems in accordance with the accepted order of things. But there is something peculiarly—almost ironically—calamitous in the fact that this man, who was one of the most zealous evangelists of peace, should fall a victim to the latest refinements of modern warfare. His fate evokes the resentful and pathetic regret we feel for a doctor who succumbs to the very malady against which he is contending. Verestschagin was indeed like the surgeon who handles with consummate skill the morbid growth he loathes and desires to exterminate. Trained in habits of war, yet without a soldier's ardour or ambition, he was always prepared to lay down his life for his convictions, as will be seen from the following particulars of his career. Verestschagin was born on October 26th, 1842, at Lioubets, in the Government of Novgorod, where his father owned large estates. From his mother's side, the artist inherited Tartar blood, his great-grandmother, a very beautiful woman, having been a native of the Caucasus. While still in the nursery he showed a passion for drawing, and his little sketches were the admiration of his parents and relatives, but the former would have considered it quite beneath the dignity of their position as landowners to bring up their son as an artist. Following the traditions of so many Novgorodian families they sent him to the School for Naval Cadets in St Petersburg. Here, Verestschagin remained until 1860, when he passed out at the head of the list. During part of this time he had attended a school of art and made considerable progress in drawing. On leaving the Naval College he declared his determination to devote himself exclusively to art. Naturally, he met with some opposition from his parents, who hoped that shortness of means might bring him to reason. Verestschagin, however, entered the Academy of Arts, where he

stayed about two years, and won a silver medal for an oil painting, 'Ulysses slaying the Lovers of Penelope'

At that time the young generation was beginning to be agitated by the progressive ideas which were finding their way into Russian literature and journalism. Protest against classicism in art was already in the air, and then, as throughout his career, the liberal spirit appealed to Verestschagin's temperament. We hear of his reading many Western books on political and social questions, including Buckle's "History of Civilisation in England," and being regarded as a dangerous radical in consequence. His was not the nature to endure for long the fetters of academic tradition, and in 1863, although his technical equipment was far from complete, he started for a prolonged journey in the Caucasus.

Verestschagin first visited Tiflis, where, in order to maintain himself, he accepted a situation as drawing-master to the family of General Kartsiev, military governor of the district. He was also obliged to teach in schools and private families. "It would be difficult to describe how hard I worked, and how I made use of every spare moment to fill my sketch-books," he said in later years. "Only my youth and complete independence prevented my being entirely crushed by the number of lessons I gave." He succeeded in making a prodigious quantity of sketches from life and nature, many of which were afterwards reproduced in a French publication "Le Tour du Monde," with letterpress by Verestschagin himself.

In 1864 his father relented, and sent him the means to visit Paris, where he went direct to the studio of the celebrated painter Gérôme. "Who sent you to me?" inquired the Master. "No one, I came simply because I admire your work," replied Verestschagin. Gérôme was impressed by the young man's outdoor sketches, and accepted him as a pupil. At the same time, Verestschagin entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he worked under Bida, who was then engaged upon his famous illustrations for the Gospels. In the summer of 1865, Verestschagin again visited the Caucasus, and on his return, both Gérôme and Bida were astonished at the contents of his sketch-books. The latter urged him strongly to have recourse to colour, since as a draughtsman his workmanship was now almost perfect. "None of us can draw as you do," he is reported to have said, and it is certain he did not disdain to borrow several Oriental types from the sketches of his pupil. At this time Verestschagin seems to have experienced a kind of timidity as regards colour, or an ascetic renunciation of its beauties. He worked continually in pencil, and even his largest studies, such as "Dukhobortsı at Prayer," and "A Procession of Religious Fanatics in Shousha," were exclusively car-

ried out in this medium His drawing, somewhat hard and literal, was extraordinarily accurate in detail, and showed a penetrating observation that foreshadowed the great realist to come

Verestschagin avoided the social attractions of Paris life He led an austere, industrious existence, often working as much as sixteen hours a day Seeing how intensely Russian he was by nature, and that his was the art which develops best by independent and unremitting outdoor work, it is difficult to understand why Paris exercised so great an attraction for him Both Gérôme and Bida were free from exaggerated idealism, both saw life from a realistic standpoint, and both felt and expressed the beauty and fascination of the East In these respects Verestschagin found himself in sympathy with his masters But essentially they differed widely Neither of the French artists shared the Russian's peculiarly democratic attitude towards life and art, neither of them made it their chief aim to express the patient half-unconscious suffering of the masses

It was not merely sureness of vision and the practised hand which Verestschagin acquired during these years of apprenticeship to the pencil His sketch-books, with their innumerable studies of old people, children, priests, soldiers, and peasants, were the true education of his perception and intelligence In the sketches which appeared in "Le Tour du Monde," we can see how he strove to pierce the surface of human nature, to reproduce not only the ethnographical but the individual characteristics of every creature he drew From the first he was not attracted to conventional or merely graceful subjects Little scenes, trifling interests, sentimental inventions, lay outside his temperament Although he reached the masses through the study of the individual, he has painted few solitary figures He generally preferred a crowded canvas, being, as his friend and biographer, M Stassov, has said, "far greater in chorus than in solo"

The artist was now ripe for some great independent achievement, and his opportunity was at hand In 1867 he obtained permission to join the military expedition to Central Asia as a volunteer on the Staff of the Commander, General Kauffmann He accompanied the force from Orenburg to Tashkent, a journey which he describes as "worse than the galleys," but gladly endured for the sake of the novel experiences it afforded him Later on he took an active part in the defence of Samarkand After the first occupation of the ancient city of Tamerlane, the Russian General, with ill-placed confidence in the peaceful assurances of the Asiatic tribes, withdrew most of his men for other purposes, leaving only a small number to garrison the town When, a few days later, a horde of Uzbeks surrounded the city

and attempted to capture it Verestschagin played a hero's part in the defence of the citadel Hardly ever absent from the walls, he animated the handful of Russian soldiers by his cool courage, and fought side by side with them at critical moments When the dead bodies of the enemy, which lay in the tropical sunshine at the foot of the citadel, threatened to breed a pestilence, and the men would not venture into the open to remove them, it was Verestschagin who undertook the revolting and dangerous task On his return to Russia his services were rewarded by the distinguished Order of St George

In 1868 the artist took part in organising the Turkestan Exhibition in St Petersburg One room was set apart for his pictures, and at his express desire the public was admitted free of charge These early paintings created a considerable sensation, partly because the campaign in Central Asia was the topic of the hour, but also because Verestschagin's plain and unadorned representations of war as he had seen it were totally different to what the public had been accustomed to gaze upon in The Hermitage and other galleries What had the realism of Verestschagin in common with those vast canvases in which the triumphs of Russian arms were depicted in a conventional and decorative style by Court painters, who had never seen a field of battle? Among the exhibits on this occasion were the famous pictures, "Before the Attack," and "After the Attack" On their first visit to the exhibition the Emperor Alexander II and his wife stood long in contemplation before these works It was the first time they had come face to face with the pitiless actualities of this "game of kings," shorn of all its glamour and officialism On the closing of the exhibition, General Heinz, the owner of these pictures, presented them to the Emperor, who kept them ever after in his private apartment

Verestschagin's hatred of war and his determination to show it in its worst aspect—which happens to be also its truest—proceeds from something deeper than the ordinary humanitarian tendency which has become more common in these days His innate sympathy for the suffering masses may also have had something to do with his attitude towards war, but its true origin lay deeper still—in his nationality itself The absence of military ardour in the Russian people as a whole must have struck any one well acquainted with their art and literature It does not lie in their temperament as it lies in the Gallic, the Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic character The Russians have no genuine war-songs, old or new Their Court-poets have celebrated Russian victories in odes as bombastic and artificial as the battle-pieces of the Court painters in the Hermitage and the Imperial Palaces Poushkin, in his

celebrated poem "Poltava," produced something like a stirring military epic. But even he avoided contemporary history, and gave his poem the subdued colouring and glamour that goes with "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." If we glance at the treatment of war in the novels of Tolstoi and other writers, few in number, who have dealt with the subject in fiction, we shall not find it surrounded by any halo of romance. We shall search in vain for a parallel to such a poem as Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The spirit of "Jingoism" is commendably absent from Russian poetry, which has never produced a Campbell, a Dibdin, a Korner, or a Béranger, and will never, we venture to assert, produce a Rudyard Kipling. The folk-literature shows the same lack, not of courage, but of military enthusiasm. Even in the songs of the Cossacks, the most war-like races of Russia, it is the parting from sweetheart or wife, the chances of death on the field, the anticipation of wounds and suffering, that are dwelt upon, rather than the triumphant return of the warrior or the joy and exultation of slaughter. The Russian fights with dogged courage, and dies with fatalistic resignation, but he goes to his fate open-eyed, seeing the literal truth of warfare, and incapable of intoxicating himself with visions of glory and ambition. It is the cross upon the lonely field, not the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, that the Russian soldier keeps before him as he marches to the front. This unromantic and literal view of war finds its most striking expression in Verestschagin's pictures. Probably only a Russian could have seen and represented it with such austere truthfulness, without the least temptation to borrow from the imagination a few splendid trappings wherewith to conceal its hideous nakedness.

In 1869 Verestschagin returned to the East, and crossed the Kirghiz Steppes to the very borders of China, incurring many risks on the journey. He returned to Europe in 1871, and settled in Munich, where he remained three years, engaged upon a series of important pictures. During this period his painting underwent a curious revolution in one particular. For a long time Verestschagin entirely eschewed pigment in any form, and his first pictures of the Turkestan campaign were dry and sombre. Now he developed suddenly into a brilliant colourist. It was as though he had cast off a neutral-tinted domino and revealed himself in a dress of vivid and varied hues. At the same time he let the sunlight into his landscapes and drew altogether closer to life and nature. He had penetrated into the very soul of the East, and now, one by one, he struck all the dominant notes of Oriental life in such works as "The Opium-Eaters," "The Dervishes," "The Beggar of Samarkand," "At the Door of Tamerlane," and many

other pictures which made up a great series under the general title of "Poèmes Barbares"

In 1873 some of his pictures were shown at the Crystal Palace. They attracted a great deal of attention, although criticism was not altogether favourable. Popular art in England was the reverse of realistic at that moment. In 1874 he opened an exhibition in Petersburg, the first exhibition in Russia which can be described as popular in the fullest sense of the word. The public flocked to it in such numbers that the police had to let in small groups at a time, the rest waiting patiently in the passages, and even in the street, a scene never before witnessed in the Russian capital.

Among the pictures which created the greatest sensation were those painted, or at least sketched, during the Turkestan campaign the terrible and ironical "Apotheosis of War," dedicated "To all great Conquerors, past, present, and to come", a pyramid of human skulls, on which is perched a flock of carrion-crows. The poignant tragedy, "Left Behind," depicts a wounded soldier lying helpless on the edge of the desert, forgotten by his comrades, who have marched away beyond the distant stream. The sun is setting behind the hills in the background, and already the birds of prey are hovering over their victim. The peaceful beauty of the landscape accentuates the horror which is of man's making. It was impossible to look at this picture without being overwhelmed with pity and indignation that these things should be. Another remarkable picture belonging to this period was "The Presentation of the Trophies." The scene is laid in the Palace of Samarkand, of which the architectural details are reproduced with great exactitude. In a gallery near the throne-room the Emir stands contemplating a pile of human heads, which have been tossed on the ground as carelessly as a heap of melons. The prince is in the act of turning over one head with his foot in order to scan its features at his ease. Around him wait a group of courtiers in gorgeous attire, with impassive Oriental faces.

The exhibition had not been open many days before a few influential officers entered a protest against certain pictures which, they declared, represented the Russian Army in an unfavourable light. Verestschagin was a man of such strength of character that in an ordinary way he would have held out against these trivial attacks. Coming at a time, however, when he was overworked, in a fit of nervous irritability he destroyed three of the offending pictures, among them the famous "Left Behind." The composer Moussorgsky embodied his impressions of this picture in one of his most realistic and touching songs.

Speaking of Verestschagin's position at this period of his career, Stassov says "All he painted in 1872 and part of 1873 attained

the highest level of technique, but as regards sentiment, dramatic force, and purpose, the work of 1871 still remained unsurpassed "

Always thirsting for new adventures, Verestschagin quitted St Petersburg before his exhibition was closed, intending to travel across Asia to Japan. He ended, however, by remaining in India. Hardly had he left Russia before he was offered a professorship at the Academy of Arts which he refused on the grounds that he considered "all official positions and distinctions absolutely inimical to the interests of art." But although he was indifferent to such honours, he was by no means indifferent to the ultimate fate of his works. It was never Verestschagin's aim to paint isolated pictures. His mind and temperament were too complex to be expressed in anything less than a series of works. Between the pictures of his various periods there is always a close connection, therefore it was highly important for the true significance of his works that they should be kept together and seen in juxtaposition. The collection of 1874 was purchased by the Russian Mæcenas, M. Tretiakov, and presented by him, with many other national pictures, to the City of Moscow. Out of the sum received for these works, the artist gave 5,000 roubles to found an elementary school in the district of Novgorod. After the sale of his Indian pictures in 1880, he devoted a large sum to the establishment of an art school.

From India he corresponded frequently with his friend Vladimir Stassov, director of the Fine Arts Department of the Imperial Public Library, St Petersburg. Verestschagin's thirst for new experiences often led him into dangerous situations. Thus he writes to Stassov in February, 1875 — "I am in the heart of the Himalayas, in the little kingdom of the Sikhs. I have already bent my steps to the Residence, and exchanged with the monarch some very eloquent letters and more modest gifts. Just now I am occupying a Buddhist monastery. Before that my wife and I were nearly frozen to death at a height of 15,000ft. The snow through which we passed a few days ago in ascending Mount Kanchin (28,000ft) alarmed our fellow travellers, who declined to go on with us. The snow prevented our getting any food, it extinguished our fires, and if my guide had not persuaded some of the people to bring us up a box containing a few necessaries of life, things might have gone badly with us. It is remarkable that I lost my strength, and showed it, sooner than my dear companion, who is but a frail little woman. But afterwards, when the strain was over, she collapsed. After a few days at this altitude my face swelled enormously, and I suffered from a strange pressure at the top of my head. For two days I was nearly dying, and I had to descend before completing all the sketches I had planned. I shall make a fresh attempt at a different time of the year, and from

another locality they were so magnificent, those lofty peaks covered with ice and snow! When I leave the hills, I will send you from Agra some fifty or more sketches. Many of them are rough, but some are highly finished, and each one of them, I trust, is worth at least a Petersburg professor! What I hope to do with the help of these studies will have, I believe, not only an Anglo-Indian but a universal interest. They are not merely 'studies' and 'effects,' but the very essence of my pictures. However, don't count your chickens before they are hatched!" Some of his most interesting letters at this time relate to his observation of Indian architecture and music, in which he traced so many points of resemblance to the ornament and folk-tunes of old Russia.

In March, 1876, he returned to Europe on account of his health, and built himself a modest villa with two large studios, at Maisons-Lafitte, near Paris. "My impressions," he wrote to Stassov, "are beginning to crystallise into two series of pictures—two poems. One short series, 'A Poem in brief,' as I call it, the other extending perhaps to twenty or thirty pictures. I have a large canvas in hand, 'The Snows of the Himalayas,' the first number of my 'Poem in brief.' All my pictures are already before me as though they actually lived." Many of the "Indian Poems" were finished at Maisons-Lafitte, among them "The English Envoys Presenting Themselves to the Great Mogul in His Palace at Agra," "The Procession of English and Native Grandees at Jeypore, during the Visit of the Prince of Wales in 1875," and other pictures dealing with Anglo-Indian history. Stassov considers these the least satisfactory of all the artist's works. "Verestschagin," he says, "never showed any capacity for penetrating the past and re-incarnating historical events or the sentiments of people who lived in days and countries remote from his own. He excelled as a painter of contemporary life. What he saw with his own eyes he could reproduce with extraordinary actuality. What stirred his emotions—the visible tragedies of daily existence—awoke also the fullest measure of his power and genius."

While he was still busy with these gorgeous scenes from Oriental life, rumours of war were in the air. On the outbreak of the Turko-Bulgarian War, Verestschagin abandoned all he had in hand, and hastened to the seat of hostilities. "I have left my work," he wrote to Stassov, "not in order to see or reproduce any particular episode in the campaign, but to be near to this savage and revolting business of extermination, to see and to study these people, and to feel with them. I am prepared for death, for I fully intend to keep with the troops, to go through the whole business. I will face bayonets with the infantry, charge with the

Cossacks, and join the sailors on the torpedo-boats when they go into action. Never shall it be said that Skrydlov went through the campaign on his gunboat, and I was too lazy to take part in it. Fine victuals make fat dogs!"

Early in the war, while on board the gunboat *Shutka*, commanded by his friend, Lieutenant, now Admiral, Skrydlov, Verestschagin was wounded. It was one of the most daring episodes of the war, when Skrydlov, in broad daylight, attacked a powerful armoured cruiser in the Danube, and came off with flying colours. The artist, struck by a chance bullet, was left in hospital at Bukharest, but recovered in time to be present at the storming of Plevna at the end of August. On this occasion he had the misfortune to lose his brother Sergius, also a painter of great promise. After Plevna, Verestschagin moved on to the Balkans with the vanguard of the army under General Gourko. He corresponded frequently with his friend, Stassov, and describes with touching pathos the awful sights he witnessed during the campaign—the frequent mutilation of dead and dying Russians by the Turks, the winter hardships patiently endured, the episodes which, reproduced in his pictures and sketches, afterwards filled all Europe with compassion and horror.

He returned to Paris in 1878, and in a year and a half completed nearly twenty pictures of the Bulgarian campaign, thus outdoing all his previous feats of rapid workmanship. "These pictures, the fruit of his maturity," says Stassov, "seem to be painted with his heart's blood, and his very nerve-fibre." The freezing sentinel depicted in the triptych, "All Quiet in the Shipka Pass," "The Graves at Shipka," and "Blessing the Dead," are unsurpassable for poignant emotion and relentless realism. The tragic significance of his pictures in Turkestan, the splendour of his Indian scenes, pale before the force and fire which animate these representations of the war in Bulgaria. In 1881—1882 he exhibited these works all over Europe, and this was the period of his greatest and most sensational renown.

From the close of the Russo-Turkish campaign until the declaration of the present war with Japan—a period of about twenty-six years—Verestschagin saw no more active service. He still travelled, however, especially in Palestine and Syria, and a series of pictures, mostly dealing with Biblical subjects, was the outcome of these journeys.

Deprived of contemporary incidents from which to draw material for his chief study, Verestschagin now turned his attention to that epic period in national history, Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. Tolstoi had already made use of this dramatic chapter in Russian history in his colossal novel, "Peace and War." Verestschagin treated it from an equally original and

realistic point of view. He began by collecting all manner of new documentary evidence, and made a comprehensive study of the chief figure in the drama, carefully "excluding all inclination towards the legendary." Externally, Verestschagin represents Napoleon quite differently to any of his predecessors. The conventional grey overcoat and cocked hat in which he could not possibly have survived a Russian winter, are replaced by a long sable mantle and a cap with ear lappets. The series of fifteen pictures entitled "Napoleon in Russia" was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in London in 1898. The pictures were received with interest, but they did not carry the same conviction as those of Verestschagin's earlier periods. The same criticism seems to apply to them which Stassov delivered upon the "Indian Poems", that in spite of his care, thoughtfulness and attention to archæological detail, Verestschagin was not at ease in the past precisely because he had no imagination.

The "1812" series possesses a purely literary value, but for the most part these pictures leave us cold, and make no powerful emotional appeal, such as compels our sympathy in his first-hand experiences of the Turkestan and Bulgarian campaigns. Some falling off in his customary perfection of technique was also observable, as though the artist was at last wearing out his colossal energy and power of taking pains. With this series and some important studies—mostly of mountain scenery—in South Russia, Verestschagin's great work as an artist may be said to have terminated. What the stimulus of the Russo-Japanese War might have urged him to accomplish it is impossible to divine, but at sixty-two it is reasonable to suppose that he had probably given out the best that was in him. He himself must have felt a pang of disappointment that his life-work had failed of its object.

Comparing Verestschagin with other military painters of the nineteenth century, Charlet, Raffet, de Neuville, or Horace Vernet, we are struck by the justness of the Russian's outlook, and by the absence of all false patriotism. He holds no brief for any army, but raises his voice in protest against inhumanity and cold-blooded cruelty wherever he sees it. In his genius lies something often lacking in great artists—a profound sympathy with the needs and questions of his own day. He resembles his compatriot Tolstoi in that he accepts no traditions of art, no social conventions, no respect of nationality, and the profound contemporary feeling displayed in his pictures finds its counterpart in the works of the great novelist. "Verestschagin's pictures," said the painter Kramskói, "are a more valuable possession to Russia than any territorial acquisitions."

ROSA NEWMARCH

THE "DECAY OF GOVERNMENT" , ANOTHER VIEW

IN the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for April, Mr Hamilton Fyfe, an able and penetrating observer of public affairs, publishes a lament on the alleged decline of the Art of Government in this country That this decadence is in progress Mr Fyfe thinks is self-evident He assumes that our supreme administration is inefficient, and that our statesmen are inferior in ability and capacity to their predecessors Many people say the same thing many people have always said it In George the Second's time it was the opinion, not merely of the ignorant, but of the finer spirits of the age, men like Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke, that the British system was tottering to its fall, and that statesmanship had died with Queen Anne In the reign of George the Third they looked back to the great days of the great Walpole, and that now much-forgotten eminent person, William Pulteney, under George the Fourth everybody felt that the art of government had died with Pitt and Fox, and in the Gladstonian and Disraelian era, we pondered sadly over Sir Robert Peel and Mr Canning

As for the debasing effect of Democracy on the character and *personnel* of legislative bodies, that, too, is an old story De Tocqueville, three-quarters of a century ago, was full of it "When you enter the House of Representatives at Washington," says the author of *Democracy in America*, "you are struck by the vulgar aspect of this great assembly The eye looks often in vain for a celebrated man " That is what Mr Fyfe complains of in the Commons' Estate of Parliament His eye looks for a celebrated man, and often looks in vain He surveys the chosen of British Democracy, and finds them quite ordinary personages He would like to see more divinely-gifted leaders, more talented administrators, more deep thinkers, more men with force and character enough to mould the popular will, and "subdue it to the useful and the good " The present House of Commons is very moderately supplied with legislators of this kind So were most of its predecessors I do not think Mr Fyfe would have met many of them among the sturdy squires who cheered "the pilot that weathered the storm," or among the middle-class manufacturers and county magnates who sat behind Peel and John Russell

Mr Fyfe says that the masses follow willingly when they are

resolutely led Therefore you want leaders who know their own minds, and have a definite policy, which they intend to enforce, regardless of the turns and shifting of public opinion His illustrations are not happily chosen He takes the success of the Progressive party in the London County Council as an example When the Council came into existence, he says, the people of London had no clear ideas on municipal improvement "They showed, indeed, at the outset, they were inclined to wish for King Log, by giving majorities to the ineptly-named Moderates But as soon as they found the Progressives were the people who had minds of their own, and who did things, they changed their allegiance pretty quick" The defect in this argument is in its statement of the facts It is as valuable as a demonstration that Manchester is a great manufacturing city, because it is situated in the county of Sussex Manchester is not in Sussex, and the people of London did not return Moderate majorities "at the outset" At the *first* L C C election in January, 1889, the Progressives secured 73 seats out of 118, at the *second*, in March, 1892, 83 Progressives were returned, and only 35 of their opponents The "ineptly-named Moderates" have never had a majority at the polls They once secured the same number of seats (59) as the Progressives, but that was not till the *third* election, in 1895, when the men "with minds of their own" had been "doing things" for six years

The "lost art of Government," we are told, "will not be recovered until there arise upon the political scene men who have strong ideas of their own as to what is needful for the health of the State, who will put their ideas clearly and fearlessly before the nation, and who are ready to carry them into effect without respect of persons or personal interests! The consent of Demos will be readily given if the Best Minds ask it, and are ready to face the task without faltering" Lord Palmerston, of all people in the world, is oddly enough selected as a type of the kind of statesmanship which cares nothing for the party machine, and is not always fidgeting about the "feeling of the country" But surely no man understood better than Palmerston how to trim his sails to catch the popular breeze, or had less scruple in playing to the gallery We need not go so far back to find public men who have "strong ideas of their own," which they will put "clearly and fearlessly before the nation" There are instances of more recent date Whatever opinions may be formed as to Mr Chamberlain's fiscal policy, there can be no doubt that his action has been precisely that which is commended, with much less justification, in the case of Palmerston The ex-Colonial Secretary may be right or wrong about "Tariff Reform" But can his bitterest

opponents deny that he has "strong ideas of his own," and that he has put them boldly and clearly forward, without much concern for "the feeling of the country," and with so little regard for the "party machine," that he has very nearly wrecked it? In the personal qualities of our leading men, I cannot see that we need make disadvantageous comparisons with the mid-Victorian period, any more than I can recognise any very marked change in the composition and character of the rank and file of Parliament.

If the level of political efficiency is low, is it not because we have changed too little rather than too much? The "decay of government" is relative rather than absolute. We are governed quite as well as we have been at almost any period of our past history, but no doubt we ought to be governed much better. "Nothing ever happens in England," said that shrewdest of observers, Charles Greville, the Diarist. Everything has changed in the last sixty years, except English politics. Germany, France, Austria, Italy, have been re-fashioned during that period, Russia has undergone a social revolution, even the United States, crystallised as its forms and methods are supposed to be by the Constitution, has passed through more changes than ourselves. Who could now say, as De Tocqueville said of the Senate, that its "narrow area enclosed a large proportion of the celebrities of America," or that it was almost without exception composed of famous men—great lawyers, distinguished generals, brilliant orators, able publicists? The United States Senate, for good or evil, in 1904 is a good deal unlike the Senate of 1840. But the House of Lords is unchanged. The House of Commons is not very different. The sons and grandsons of the men who sat in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria filled the benches of the last. The new *couches sociales*, which have become prominent in the interval, have scarcely made their mark on the composition of either Chamber. A minute group of Labour members and a sprinkling of journalists, solicitors, and professors, have found their way into the House of Commons. But in the main the two Houses are drawn from the territorial, the aristocratic, and the plutocratic, elements of English society. They are permeated by the traditions of an age, when agriculture was the all-important industry of Great Britain, when a gentleman was a person who owned land and lived on it, and when urban interests were secondary. The business of Imperial government is still mainly in the hands of a wealthy and leisured class, rural in its sympathies, and very inadequately in touch with that four-fifths of the population who reside in towns and obtain their existence by mercantile pursuits and daily labour.

Mr^d Fyfe, it seems to me, lays his finger on the real difficulty when he says that "a nation can no more govern itself, in any true sense, than a garden can flourish without the aid of trained gardeners, or a complicated engine do its work in the absence of a skilled mechanic" This is perfectly true, though the writer does not quite follow out the meaning of his own observation "The spread of democracy," said the late Mr E L Godkin, the American publicist, "has been accompanied by a great increase in the complexity of human affairs" And not the spread of democracy alone "The size of all undertakings, either of production, or exchange, or transportation, is tasking the human faculty of administration to the uttermost, and leads a great many people to suppose that individuals are no longer equal to the task, and that it must hereafter be assumed by the State For success in any business now, an amount of knowledge is necessary which in the last century hardly one man in a million possessed, decisions must now be made on the moment for which, a hundred years ago, a merchant might take half a year"¹

In other words, more trained faculty is needed We get it, we must get it, in every great business, if failure is to be avoided But in the greatest business of all, that of government, we remain content with a low level of amateurish ability We are satisfied if our rulers are honest, and very moderately zealous, we do not test their intelligence, and we take no security that they shall be adequately equipped with the precise and varied knowledge demanded for successful administration under modern conditions We require some special acquaintance with the *technique* of their work from the subordinate officials, but none from the responsible chiefs A youth must pass an examination in arithmetic before he can hold a junior clerkship in the Post Office, but a Chancellor of the Exchequer may be a middle-aged man of the world, innocently anxious to know the meaning of "those damned little dots," when first confronted with Treasury accounts worked out in decimals A young officer will be refused his promotion to captain's rank, if he cannot show some acquaintance with tactics and military history, but the Minister for War may be a man of peace—we have had such—who regards all soldiering with dislike, and has sedulously abstained from getting to know anything about it

By a strange anomaly the real professional administrator, the skilled man who knows the work, is subordinated, either in place or power, to the uninstructed amateur, who decides on policy It goes through all the grades of our hierarchy The King himself may be called the first Civil Servant of the nation He is, and

(1) E L Godkin, "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy," p 38

must be, a professional politician in the best, and highest, sense *C'est mon métier d'être royaliste*, as Joseph II of Austria said when invited to sympathise with the French Revolution. The business of the Empire is his Majesty's business, it is with him day and night and always, and he cannot get away from it while he lives. But the central axiom of our constitutional theory is, that while this august expert may advise and suggest, the actual decision rests with a person, who may be a Minister to-day, a Leader of the Opposition to-morrow, and a private gentleman, absorbed in his books or his sports, six months hence.

If I want something done by a Government Department, the Board of Trade, or the Local Government Board, or the Home Office, I may indeed lay my case before an accomplished permanent official, who will have grounded himself in the details of railway administration, or mining regulation, or whatever the matter may be, but his judgment may be overridden by his Chief, perhaps a popular M P, who scarcely knew of the existence of this particular bureau till he came to draw a salary from it. Go lower down, and you have the same experience. If my local drains and lamp-posts are to be relaid or relighted, I suppose the actual work is done by men who are intimate with pipes and cables, but it would be under the direction of a Streets Committee, or a Highways Committee, whose members may be butchers, or dissenting ministers, or retired Colonels. Power without Responsibility is bad enough, but in a highly complicated modern State, it is less dangerous than Power without Knowledge.

The Art of Government is not lost. But it has not kept pace with other practical arts, for the reason that it has not been developed by the same methods. If engineering workshops were exclusively conducted by men who had picked up a little acquaintance with mechanical industry, in the intervals of other occupations, or had taken to it in the waning years of a life passed in quite different pursuits, we should scarcely have had the Forth Bridge or the electric tramway. Politics is a difficult and exacting business, and it cannot possibly be well done unless it is managed, as other businesses are, with the same kind of competence, and the same kind of steady and unremitting attention. If a politician would take as much trouble to learn his trade as a doctor, a barrister, or a house-painter, and would work at it for as many hours a day, he would no doubt be equally a master of his craft. We object to the term "professional politician", but one does not see why. In most callings and avocations it is the unprofessional practitioner we distrust. If your bones were broken you would not call in an amateur surgeon, you do not consult an amateur architect when your house is to be rebuilt, if it were

burning, you might not feel quite happy with the amateur fire brigade. Even the amateur actor and the amateur author are regarded with suspicion. No work is worth much, in these specialised days, unless it be done with professional thoroughness and professional skill.

It used to be the theory that we virtually obtained a body of professional politicians of the best sort, by inducing the able young men of the leisured, educated classes to devote themselves to public affairs at an early age. To a certain extent the theory still applies. Such men as Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, Lord Selborne, Mr. Brodrick, and Sir Edward Grey are professional politicians in this laudatory sense—that is to say, they have made politics the only serious interest of their lives, and have devoted most of their energies to it. But the number of such public men tends to decrease with the opening of so many other avenues for talent and ambition. Science, commerce, finance, the Army and Navy, literature, art, compete for the cream of the young talent of the country, they offer more immediate satisfaction, richer material rewards, and at least equal possibilities of distinction. Men go into politics after they have poured the force of their minds, and the vigour of their bodies, into professional or commercial pursuits. The art of government is too exacting an art to be pursued successfully by young men interested in other things, or by elderly men not keenly interested in anything.

The remedy for the evil of which Mr. Fyfe and other dissatisfied critics complain is to get our politics into the hands of trained and capable persons, who will work at it as if it were indeed a vocation rather than a distraction. Payment of members would not of itself do much towards this end, unless it were possible to arrange for some method of payment by results. A salary of three hundred pounds, or five hundred pounds, a year would not be enough to attract into politics a poor, ambitious man who has hopes of success in some other sphere of activity. But it is conceivable that public service might itself be allowed to offer prizes which would be awarded not as the "spoils" of party warfare, but as the reward of merit and ability. The connection between the legislative assemblies and the executive establishment might be rendered closer and more regular, and a man who had for some years worked diligently in Parliamentary and Committee work, might legitimately expect a post in the permanent Civil Service, where he could pass his life in useful administrative labour. There will be plenty of room for such arrangements in the future, for while the salaries of Cabinet Ministers and Parliamentary Under-Secretaries may be cut down, it is certain that there will be a great increase in the higher appointments of the executive

bureaucracy, with a considerable improvement in the pecuniary position of the holders. Able men—equal in capacity and independence of character to the managers of great industrial undertakings, to the leading engineers, and the successful bankers and lawyers—will be wanted, and they will not be satisfied with the income of a superior clerk. Something might be done towards making government indeed an "art," and Parliament a legitimate career, for clever men of small means, as well as for wealthy persons of leisure, by this widening of the administrative circle. It may be said that this is only a reversion to eighteenth century practice, when public appointments of all kinds were habitually conferred on politicians. But Democracy, with the Press, and the practice of public discussion, have made a difference. What was favouritism, and jobbery, and corruption, under the old oligarchy could now be guarded so carefully, that it would only be a method of selection by merit, after a severe kind of open competition.

But the greatest difficulty of all is to provide the proper training for politicians. We have some coherent notion of educating practitioners for every other calling, but not for this. It seems strange that so little systematic attention is devoted to the subject, particularly as our statesmen and members of Parliament have now less special education for their functions than their predecessors. Down to the middle of the last century, a very large proportion of our legislators in both Houses were engaged in carrying on the actual government of the rural districts, in which the majority of the population lived. But England is now a country of towns; the important local government is that of the urban districts and the borough councils, and with these, the persons who fill the two Houses have, as a rule, very little to do. I am not sure that it ought not to be made a condition precedent to the election of a member of Parliament, that the candidate should have served for a certain period on some municipal body, and should bring evidence of a satisfactory record of attendances at one or other of the principal administrative Committees. This would at least be some guarantee that, before undertaking the greater matters of government, the aspirant had endeavoured to qualify himself by knowledge of the less. We should expect a naval officer to have handled a destroyer or gun-boat before he takes over a battleship, and not even the British War Office would give an Army Corps to a soldier who had never commanded a company.

SIDNEY LOW

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL PARTY

It has become a commonplace with that sober member of society, the man in the street, who, after all, has the privilege of a vote even if he avail himself of it but little, that for principle and practical result there is now little to choose between our two English political parties. To the members of those parties, however, there is all the difference between the sunshine of office and the cold shades of opposition, victory and defeat, and so individuals ordinarily indistinguishable by birth, education, thought, and habit of life, sitting on opposite sides of the House, rarely, if their public statements are to be believed, view any question which they discuss in any but entirely different lights. The administration of the affairs of a great empire is merely a grand and exciting game which goes on merrily between two sides, with the occasional ebullitions of temper still inseparable from contests, played principally with an eye for the gallery, because with it rests the ultimate selection of the next teams. This is no exaggeration. Says the Prime Minister, drawing fresh inspiration from his recent visit to the final Cup-tie at the Crystal Palace, "we should not consent to allow their (Colonial) interests to be made the football of party politics"¹. It is unsportsmanlike and contrary to the etiquette of the game to make Foreign and Colonial questions the subject of strife. It may be asked, why is it more advantageous to the nation that domestic questions should be made so? But occasionally a captain executes a complete change of front, whether from Protection to Free Trade, Union to Home Rule, or Free Trade to Protection, with such rapidity that less agile followers cause confusion in the combination. The party machinery is momentarily thrown out of gear, and, if it cannot exactly be said that honest men come by their own, at any rate they learn who are the members in whom conviction triumphs over partisanship, and they may even look for a period of sober government from the centre, freed from extremists on either side.

The latest wreck which Mr Chamberlain has contrived appeared eminently likely to produce such a situation, and the ranks on both sides being torn by dissension, a faint hope had even arisen that from the chaos some men might be produced with courage to shake off the incubus of the caucus and to seek election merely with the object of serving the Empire, refusing to buy nomination and support with contributions to the party war-chests and pro-

(1) Address to the Primrose League Meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, May 6, 1904

mises of obedience to the party wire-puller. But if it has to be sadly conceded that it is useless to hope to see in Parliament any members subservient to no Party Whip, for Whitaker does not find it necessary to record one such in his list dating from 1832,¹ it is a matter for serious alarm that the likelihood of electors having any other choice than that of Protection or government by Mr Campbell-Bannerman, possibly with the assistance of Mr Lloyd-George, to the tune called by Mr Redmond, is growing rapidly less. The months pass by, the Protectionists capture the Unionist machinery, and marshal their forces for the coming election, whilst the scattered forces of the Opposition hope to climb into office through the divisions in the Government ranks, without having to attempt to formulate a programme which might re-open old differences amongst themselves. But what are the Unionist Free Traders doing to save themselves from being completely squeezed out? The Duke of Devonshire is satisfied with one attempt to rescue the Liberal Unionist organisation from the embrace of Protection, and failing in his object, takes no step to counteract its pernicious influence. Lord George Hamilton and Mr Ritchie are apparently more exercised at having unnecessarily sacrificed a short term of office than about saving the country from the evils with which it is threatened. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, after heroic endeavours to believe that support of the Government does not involve assistance to Protection, throws up the sponge, and repays his "special debt of gratitude to his supporters" by leaving them no other choice than Protection or Home Rule. Lord Hugh Cecil, the promised future Prime Minister, who was earning increasing respect for the apparent sincerity of his convictions, produces more and more an impression in the fiscal debates that the anxiety uppermost in his mind is that the Conservative machinery will be used in the interest of Protectionists, and not in that of Free Traders, and in his letter to the *Times*, he frankly shows his hand. "No one now doubts that Protective taxation of food is profoundly unpopular. If they (the Unionist Party) vote for Mr Black's resolution, they will be able to say, with happy effect, when the election comes on, that upon the issue of food taxation they voted for cheap food. Why should supporters of the Sheffield policy involve themselves in that very unpopularity which it was the object of Mr Balfour's speech at Sheffield to avoid? After all, it is Mr Chamberlain who shot the albatross. Why should the whole crew bear the curse?"² The cleverest and

(1) Mr Cayley sat for the North Riding of Yorkshire as an Independent some forty years ago, and neither John Stuart Mill nor Mr Joseph Cowen could be regarded as party men. No doubt other instances will occur to readers.

(2) *Times*, May 7, 1904

most promising recruit which Parliament has had for a long time is driven out of the Conservative Party, and agrees to fight in the Liberal ranks at the next election. He is unmindful of the danger of a disgusted country returning Mr Chamberlain to power after suffering a period of Radical Government if no third course be open to it. Does the Liberal side now hold out the prospect of more rapid advancement? Mr Ivor Guest is also willing to appear under the same banner, Sir Michael Foster already acts with the Liberals.

The member for the Isle of Wight resigns unnecessarily with the object of testing opinion in his constituency, he himself rightly pointing out that he has not altered those Conservative principles which gained him election, and fails in his object because he informs the local Liberal Association that he will not contest the seat as Liberal or Independent at the following election if the Liberal Association support him at this, but that otherwise he would certainly contest it at the General Election, whilst Mr Maybrick, Protectionist driver of the local Conservative engine, who should surely lose no opportunity of educating the electors in the perils which threaten their Empire, tells those who call themselves the patriotic party, "that although the conduct of Major Seely has much exercised the minds of the loyal members of our party it is thought best in the interests of the Conservative Party to reserve themselves for the next General Election, when we shall use every endeavour to return a candidate on whose principles we can safely rely, and whose party loyalty will admit of no possible doubt"—surely the sentence should read, on whose lack of principles we can safely rely for party loyalty. What are the interests of an empire in danger of disintegration and of a country drifting to decay, compared with those of a party? All that Major Seely has, therefore, gained by resignation, is that he now represents the Liberals of the Isle of Wight, and has given a rebuff to the Conservatives which would prevent their selection of him as a candidate again.

If, then, no lead is to be looked for from present politicians, must there be no course open to the Conservative Unionist elector than the support of a party tainted with Home Rule, one tainted with Protection, or effacement? Is there no alternative to government by Caucus? It is to be feared that living in an age of combines, leagues, and associations, the reply to the second question must regretfully be given in the negative, but a more hopeful reply can be made to the first if he bestir himself in time. By getting into touch with those of his neighbours of like mind with himself, and so directing their influence in unity, he may find that they are sufficiently numerous to affect appreciably the composition of the next Parliament. Existing organisations which still succeed

in maintaining their independence of the two parties are mainly directed to the furtherance of some selfish interest, whether it be Labour, "the Trade," Property Defence, or what not. The Free Food League offers no refuge to such distressed electors. There never has been any serious proposal to tax no food, and it savours too much of the cant about the big and little loaf, and of a bribe which, being addressed to the belly, must reach every voter, to attract the one under consideration. What shall they call themselves to make themselves known to one another? It is difficult to picture enthusiasm over a rally at the sign of the "Little Pig." The name Independent is too suggestive of that tone expressed in the Meredithian aphorism, "Dissent rings out finely, and approval is a feeble murmur—a poor introduction of one's self." They have little taste for self-advertisement, and seek the support of all measures calculated to promote the general welfare, without undue interference with the individual, from whatever source they come. They are debarred from the use of Imperialist as a distinctive name, partisans on all sides being eager to claim so popular a title. To adopt that of National is not very happy, Nationalist being commonly accepted in the sense of a Separatist, but until a better can be suggested it must serve. It is not unreasonable to ask, with regard to those whose aim is, not the welfare of the nation of which they form a small part, but the recognition of the existence of a separate Irish nation, that the use of the qualification which is required to describe their ideal may be observed.

It has to be admitted that the prospects of returning our truly National member to Parliament are not good, to judge from history in the United States, where, rather than see power pass from the caucuses, opponents have helped each other against those who have dared to intervene in their profitable game. But were any returned, their influence in the House should be very great, nor do the careers of the members of the Fourth Party and of the Liberal Unionists suggest that they would be permanently debarred from rendering services to their country in office. As yet, however, there is little sign that candidates are prepared to pre-empt their chances of a seat by defying the established caucuses, and few electors, save the happy inhabitants of Greenwich, who are threatened with a surfeit, seem likely to be offered a wide choice. There are still, it is true, between twenty and thirty constituencies returning more than one member, sole remainder of the attempt to preserve some opportunity for the representation of minorities. In one of these the present member is sitting on the fence hoping, so far as can be judged, to be able to come down on Mr Chamberlain's side, if Mr Balfour and the Conservative Association make up their minds to approve such a course. His

colleague, an absentee, quite the most acceptable supporter of a Government, if paired, is not seeking re-election. The candidate chosen to replace him opposes Mr Chamberlain, and, not being famous for Imperialism, Preferences, but favours a ten per cent duty on all Foreign and Colonial manufactures. These candidates support each other, and presumably are agreed to wait until they are returned to the House to learn from the Party Whip what are the convictions which they share. There are two Liberal candidates in the field. In such instances, might there not be some little chance of returning a National Unionist?

But if we may have no National Unionist members, we can at least have such voters, and they may find their influence not inconsiderable. Even in one-member constituencies, if it be found that they contain but a hundred avowed National Unionists, may not the knowledge have a wonderful effect in revealing to a Conservative candidate how little he desires to see the affairs of the Empire conducted by a Spoils Committee, or to a Liberal that he regards Home Rule as being as dead as Mr Gladstone?—and to the caucuses in time, that able candidates have their value, as well as merely rich and submissive ones?

Supposing that the General Election takes place this autumn, what would be the nature of the address which would command the active support of the National Unionist? Recognising that Free Trade v Protection must be the main issue, he would strenuously oppose that system which is the vehicle for the manipulation of a Tariff in order to benefit certain classes at the expense of others, pithily illustrated in the statement that under it the business manager must be sought, not at his office or his works, devoting his full energies to production and distribution, but in the lobbies of the House, which is recommended at Greenock on account of its power to restore the prosperity of the noble occupation of sugar-refining, the manufacture of jam and pickles being despicable, in Wales by the promise of orders for tinplates to replace those lost owing to the determination of the United States to make her own tinplates, and to shut out those dumped by a foreign nation, which works for, comparatively speaking, sweater's wages, in London by the offer to save that banking and commerce which, to so well-informed an audience, cannot, indeed, be said to be lost, but which is in jeopardy unless its direction be entrusted to those whose vocation is party politics, to the working-man "with whom the ultimate decision must rest," by cajolery, and the promise of more employment, more wages, and a smaller contribution to the National Exchequer, and to the Irish voter, being over-represented, by the omission of any tax on those imported foods which are his particular pre-

dilection, a system in short, to borrow the language of Mr Winston Churchill—

by which nobody is to suffer, everybody is to gain Employment will be regular, wages will rise The miller is to be protected The labourer will return to the land The cost of food will remain unaltered, but those who sell it are to get a better price Manufacturers will make larger profits, but the consumer will pay no more By a proposal so small as not to dislocate our trade, our industries are to be sustained, and our Empire consolidated, and without any extra charge to the taxpayer, the Exchequer will be embarrassed every year with a mighty surplus

He has seen no evidence produced of a decline in the general prosperity of the country, and having, on the contrary, seen evidences of greater prosperity about the close of the nineteenth century, in spite of a costly war, than ever before, he will not be disposed to believe that those who now warn him that the country is on the brink of decay, unless its financial policy be reversed, are more reliable judges than were those who affirmed the same things and advocated the same remedies in the years of depression in the sixties, in the eighties, before, and since, and he will decline to waste time in discussing by inductive reasoning whether England's prosperity is due to Free Trade or America's to Protection, holding that the factors in this problem are of too divergent and complicated a nature to admit of a solution being arrived at by this method¹ Believing that the British character is still sufficiently self-reliant and capable to successfully manage its own business without the interference of Governments never conspicuous for the ability wherewith they have administered such great Departments as those of Defence and Foreign Relations, which are necessarily entrusted to them, and holding that the Empire's greatness has been built up rather by the sturdy qualities of its individuals than by the fostering care of its

(1) To quote Mr Chamberlain "The more carefully the institutions and systems of other nations are studied, the more clearly it is seen that they can never afford a sure and certain guide to or warning for ourselves There is such a multitude of circumstances and details which contribute to the final result, there are so many allowances to be made for national characteristics, for particular experience, for the influence of past history, that it would be the height of presumption to say that the effect of any scheme of organisation would necessarily be exactly alike when applied to the United States and to England respectively, and the presumption is not lessened when, as in the present case the application is varied in many points of cardinal importance" The writer wishes it to be clearly understood that this passage is not quoted with a view to adding the weight of Mr Chamberlain's authority It was written without reference to the question of Protection, but it expresses so much better than he could himself the thought in the writer's mind that he could not resist the temptation to borrow it, and he has not liked to appropriate so much without acknowledgment

politicians, he will be jealous of their attempts to interfere with the free institutions of which he is proud. He will, therefore, be suspicious of the ardent desire expressed by a Ministry which imposed a tax upon corn, and entered into the Sugar Convention for a mandate from the country before modifying its fiscal arrangements, and freedom to negotiate, and that blessed word Retaliation, with its appeal to the pugnacious instincts of his race, will alike fail to tempt him into the Protectionist trap.

Recognising a desire on the part of many Colonists for preferential arrangements, and accepting their assurance that they do not desire such as would benefit themselves at the expense of the Mother Country, he would welcome a representative conference to discuss the possibilities, believing that the value of the discussion of the question outside the arena of party politics, and the better understanding of each other which it should produce, would be well worth the attempt, although not disguising from himself the probability that practical difficulties would prevent the unanimous recommendation of any far-reaching scheme being agreed upon. He would expect to see pointed out in such a conference that England's ideal lies in the direction of a Free Trade Zollverein, that she is opposed in principle to measures favouring special interests, whether at home or in the Colonies, that a preference of 33 1-3 per cent off a tariff designed to protect the home-manufacturer, whilst appreciated on account of its friendly intention, is hardly an equivalent to the benefit received, almost gratuitously, of the protection of the most powerful Navy in the world. So far from considering financial ties a desirable kind, he may hold that as in the case of the individuals of a family so in that of States, intercourse is likely to be the more cordial the more financial entanglements can be kept in the background. But should it be found that Colonial opinion was in accord in not accepting these views, he would not be obstinate in refusing to defer to it to the extent of entering into an arrangement which appeared to be equally advantageous to all the parties to it. In illustration of his position, it may be suggested that, whilst opposed to the removal of the Corn Duty, he might, perhaps, have been pleased at an exception being made in the case of corn imported from Colonies granting preferential treatment to British goods on account of the gratification which such a preference would cause them, without being a concession to which there are grave practical, as distinguished from theoretical, objections. But with or without preference he will have approved the re-imposition of the Corn Duty, considering it well conceived, in view of the need for widening the basis of taxation, to increase the revenue without being unjustly oppressive, and he will have held con-

temptable its withdrawal because the electioneering agent whispered that it lent itself to misrepresentation, especially after a Free Trade Chancellor of the Exchequer had incurred the odium attaching to its imposition on the understanding that it would not be repealed in the immediate future

He would oppose any candidature showing the least disposition to coquette with Home Rule, believing it to be anti-National to sacrifice industrious and loyal Irish to the clamour of the delegates of a Church which shows less concern for the advancement of the country than for temporal power over it, and of the tenants of land who hope to benefit themselves at the expense of the owners—who are content to be represented by men who have fought against their country in the service of its enemies, and who cheer its reverses

Not feeling justified, in view of the enormous public expenditure of recent years, in building free schools for all children at present taught in Church schools, to please a comparatively small number of militant Dissenters, he would have little comfort to offer the Passive Resister, accepting the Education Acts as a genuine attempt to improve education without excessive cost. Such alterations in the Acts as the disputants might be able to agree to after experience of their working would have his support

He will attach great importance to his Majesty's Ministers being selected because of their suitability, and he will discountenance the distribution of office merely as a reward for services rendered to a party. He will, therefore, have been less outraged by Lord Rosebery's suggestion that Lord Kitchener might not be an impossible Secretary for War than was the Prime Minister at a proposal to appoint to that office a man who had never craved a vote. Nor would he have felt it necessary to place the difficult duties of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in charge of a man who had been found unequal to those of the Secretary for War when there are such men as Lord Cromer in the service of their country, or those of the Chief Secretary for Ireland in charge of a succession of Englishmen when there are such Irishmen as Sir Horace Plunkett. Lest it be thought that this reference to the Foreign Secretary is ungracious after the Anglo-Japanese and Anglo-French Agreements, it may be well to recall to a public whose memory is notoriously short that there have also been a Venezuelan mess, a Bagdad Railway scheme, almost thrust upon an unwilling nation before it was aware, and last, but not least, an Alaskan Boundary Tribunal. The simplest child could have foreseen the result of appointing an English judge as the sixth member of a Tribunal, appointed to give a judicial opinion, which would be abortive unless there were a clear majority, when three mem-

bers were Americans, who could be depended upon to win, tie, or wrangle. No advantage could accrue to the Empire from such an arbitration, it could not obtain a favourable result, whilst an unfavourable result was certain to be attributed to the English member.

He would expect his representative to give a decent hearing to members of the ability of Major Seely on a subject which he had had a better opportunity of considering in its local bearings than the majority of those who prevented his being heard, in such circumstances he would himself have welcomed his assistance, although he might no doubt have eventually decided that the Chinese Labour Question was one for settlement in the Transvaal, and he would have been content, in the absence of better knowledge to the contrary, to accept the statement of such a man as Lord Milner, in the position he occupies, that its introduction was generally desired, was required, and should not be delayed. It is perhaps needless to add after what has already been said, that he would have been disgusted at the conduct of an Opposition which refused last year to raise by vote of censure the discussion on the question of Fiscal Reform, so desirable in the public interest, but which showed no reluctance in using that method when a chance occurred of currying favour with the Labour vote. He will also expect that no gross discourtesy should be shown towards any member who prefers expressing his conviction of the truth to veering with the party vane.

Once more there is a crisis in the history of the nation, and she stands at the parting of the ways. "Turn ye, turn ye, lest ye die," cries the Prophet, and the startled people look for guidance to their appointed leaders. "I wish him success," replies the foremost, a palliative must be applied—after our present term of office has expired. Well may Mr Hamilton Fyfe lament the Lost Art of Government, and the absence of a name to conjure with.¹ There is one name which raises men's enthusiasm, but that enthusiasm is the response to the appeals to their greed and to their Chauvinism. With what acclamation, then, will the statesman be received whose divine fire once again appeals to the best that is in them, whose cry is Right, not Advantage, an enthusiasm free from mafficking, in which there is no shame! What a following awaits a leader who shows his determination to lead by stating boldly his disinterested convictions on important questions of policy, not by attentive listening for the echoes of what is being said by the elector, who, being occupied in earning his living by the sweat of his brow, pays him not unhandsomely in fame and otherwise to do the thinking and advising for him!

(1) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, April, 1904

When, distracted, the people look toward other leaders, what help do they receive? Mr Augustine Birrell, President of the National Liberal Federation, directs his pretty wit to the pitiable spectacle of the Ministerial Front Bench, in the absence of its leader, less happily, it has to be confessed, than is his wont, on the text, "Have you no opinion of your own?" and concludes by expressing *his* own that, "If Liberals are wise enough, and the richer men among them generous enough, the more months the General Election is postponed, the greater will be the rout of the Protectionists"¹ What of the injury to the nation, whose pulse will beat uncertainly so long as political unsettlement overhangs it? Mr Joseph Ackland, juggling with the figures of recent elections in the *Tariff Reformer's* best manner, finds that "the slight decline in the figures" (representing Liberal votes) "as compared with the enormous total of the earlier part of 1903, appears to indicate that the English Education Acts are the best weapons the Liberal Party have in their armoury"² Is this the patriots' way of showing solicitude for the country's welfare, and their fitness to direct it—to re-open a difficult question, a moderate settlement of which has been arrived at after much trouble and discussion, and to fan into activity for party gain all the bitterness of sectarian strife, where the greatest toleration is called for? Is our ancient Parliament, which has in past days been a model for other nations, to be allowed to degenerate into a party cockpit, in which one combatant may be figured as a phalanx for recording the decisions of a Cabinet, which the other combatant strives to dislodge, deeming scarce any means too unpatriotic or too unworthy to be employed in the attempt?

Mr Markham almost shows himself a man, and worthy of acceptance by National Unionists—and spoils all by offering to resign as "the present organisation of Liberals in the Mansfield Division is, he ventures to think, second to none in the country, and no difficulty should, therefore, be experienced in ascertaining the wishes of the electors, by which he will abide"—a position difficult to reconcile with his later assertion, that "he is not a delegate to Parliament, and cannot possibly surrender convictions on a subject which he has closely studied for many years"³

Taxation for Revenue, the Union, Efficiency, above all, Parliament a deliberative assembly for the reconciliation of conflicting class interests instead of their promotion Who will rally to the standard?

S HUTCHINSON HARRIS

(1) *Contemporary Review*, March, 1904

(2) *Ibid*

(3) Letter to the Mansfield Central Liberal Council, dated April 8 1904

THE FUTURE OF BALKISTAN

ALL over the world the new century seems to be coinciding with a new era. The old familiar faces are disappearing from thrones and chanceries, the policies, the ideas, the traditions of the last generation are abruptly passing away. Nowhere, perhaps, is the change of scene more striking than in the East of Europe to-day. For there the shadow of the bear obscured the whole horizon and has suddenly been removed.

Like the frog in the fable Russia has constantly struggled for an artificial expansion, unlike those countries, whose dense population required fresh fields, she seemed to expand for the mere pleasure of expansion, to gratify the ambitions of political personages. Debt like galloping consumption, growing disaffection at home and universal mistrust abroad did not deter them. After all, it was possible that their gambling nation might win in the long run by dint of bluff and cozening. No treaties bound her, the most solemn assurances of her diplomatists were full of guile. In the restlessness of her aggressions she menaced international security as dangerously last year as Napoleonic France did a century ago. Her long arm was everywhere, from Morocco to Ethiopia, from the uttermost East to the frontiers of Ind, most grasping of all, perhaps, in the ever irredentist peninsula of Balkistan. We may have been moved to incredulity by much melodramatic romance, by many stories of the mysterious Third Section, but the fact remains that the intrigues of Russian emissaries were far stranger and far more appalling in truth than even in fiction.

But now of a sudden the long arm has been withered. Russia has thoughtlessly embarked upon a struggle, which is like to tax all her energies, exhaust all her resources and extinguish all her hopes of expansion for at least a generation. This has inspired sighs of relief throughout Asia, but for Eastern Europe it amounts to the removal of an incubus. When the Tsar declared war upon Japan, he delivered to Balkistan an ukaz of emancipation, no less complete and irrevocable than that which his predecessor bestowed upon the serfs. For years we have read in the newspapers of independent States and independent policies in the Balkan Peninsula. But all the time Russia remained a silent, implacable tyrant.

Take the recent history of Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania. Peace and prosperity have only been permitted to them so long as

they consented to remain the abject cat's-paws of the Tsar. At the outset of the Russo-Turkish war, Roumania was mistrusted for her incipient independence and her offers of help were contemptuously rejected. It was only when Russia began to fear lest the defeat of Turkey might be deferred for years, that Roumania was plied with piteous appeals to come to the rescue. These appeals were generously heard, the brave Roumanian army turned the scale in the conflict and the allies advanced to the gates of Constantinople. Roumania was then rewarded by the confiscation of her best province, and Russia endeavoured to consolidate her influence in the Balkans by the erection of a great Bulgaria.

Had the Treaty of San Stefano been ratified and a Russian puppet been placed upon the new throne, all Balkistan would have lain at the mercy of the Tsar. His policy, however, was frustrated at Berlin and the first Prince of Bulgaria displayed unexpected independence. Russia, baffled and dismayed, embarked upon her usual policy of intrigues. She provoked the Servo-Bulgarian war and instigated the kidnapping of Prince Alexander in his hour of victory. Warned that Russia would never acquiesce in his restoration and that his resistance would expose him to a worse fate than that which he had just escaped, he lost his nerve and agreed to abdicate. He has been the object of much adulation and was doubtless a well-meaning man, but courage was not his strong point. He had run away from Shlivenitsa and was far from possessing the iron resolution which could alone have enabled him to stand up against the ceaseless intrigues of his unscrupulous enemy.

The Russians then strove to set up one of their own people in his stead. The Prince of Mingrelia and other Russians were mentioned, but once again the ingenuity of Muscovite diplomacy was stultified. A few peasant statesmen ransacked Europe for an independent Prince and suddenly the world was startled by the appearance of a young Austrian lieutenant upon the vacant throne. Russia was naturally as furious as a hungry tiger suddenly bereft of its prey. No effort of diplomacy or conspiracy was neglected. For many long years pressure was brought to bear upon Turkey, so that the Suzerain withheld his recognition from Prince Ferdinand. Bulgaria was ostracised by Europe because she had ventured to choose her own ruler without consulting Russia, and diplomatists only visited the palace unofficially, almost by stealth. In 1891, when I was received by the Prince, he told me that scarcely a day passed without the discovery of some fresh plot against his life or that of his Prime Minister. Only the highest courage and the highest statesmanship could have stood out against

such persistent intrigues, and those who know the inner history of Bulgaria during this period of storm and stress must recognise Prince Ferdinand as one of the chief wonders of this age

At last the Russians, despairing of success by foul means, determined to try the wiles of pretended friendship. A blunt refusal from the Prince would merely have perpetuated persecution, and he reflected that, after all, he owed very little to the Russophobe powers, who had never stirred a finger to help him in his unequal contest. Moreover, Stambulof, the Prime Minister, a rough peasant who had begun his career as a pot-boy, was growing openly insubordinate, insulted the Prince and Princess and posed as the Bismarck of the Balkans. If the Prince was to be master in his own dominions he must rid himself of the insufferable upstart, who took Austrian pay and fleeced the Sofiotes after the approved manner of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte and Baron Haussmann. An understanding with Russia would facilitate the removal of this incubus, would terminate Russian persecution, and, with so astute a politician as Prince Ferdinand, need not mean a betrayal of Bulgarian independence.

But the dismissal of a Bismarck was no light task and required all the courage which Prince Ferdinand had already displayed so conspicuously. Even so, it would scarcely have been possible without Russian support. I was at Sofia when this State-stroke was preparing, and I can testify that it was a very exciting time. I remember one day seeing, from my windows at the Hotel Bulgarie, Stambulof drive up to the palace with the usual armed escort caracoling round his carriage. He remained a long time within. When at last he emerged Prince Ferdinand and his mother came on to the balcony and watched him depart. For a long time they gazed in silence. Then the Prince said something and they both wrung their hands.

Stambulof certainly did not resign without struggles and threats. The Prince said one day to the British Minister "Mon-sieur Stambulof is plotting my murder." Some time later the British Minister called again at the palace and the Prince asked him, "Avez vous vu mon premier ministre? qu'est-ce qu'il dit de moi?" (a favourite inquiry, which he was wont to put to many visitors). "I told him what you said, Monseigneur," was the reply. "What! you told him that?" "Yes, and he said to me, 'The Prince thinks that I am plotting his murder! Why, I would as soon think of murdering my own son. It was I who made him Prince. I placed him upon the throne, and what was far more difficult I kept him there.' " "Well," said the Prince, "even if he did put me on the throne for his own purposes, that

is no reason why he should not try to put me off again when he can no longer make me do his bidding "

Indeed, it became clear that either the Prince or the Premier must soon go, and all the energies of Russia were directed to widening the breach between them. When at last Stambulof was dismissed, Russian agents had laid their plans so astutely that his power for evil seemed to be at an end. But Russia never does things by halves and she determined to guard against any possible recrudescence of his influence. He had plenty of enemies, friends or relatives of political opponents whom he had tortured in prison with boiling oil. They had long been meditating vengeance, but it had been impossible to penetrate his barricades at home or his guards out of doors. Now that he was not in office, he could no longer claim a troop of horse around his carriage, so one day the avengers waylaid him and hacked him to pieces with their knives.

The Prince has been blamed for this unfortunate occurrence, which none deplored more bitterly than he. But if any one can be blamed beside the actual assassins, it must be the Russian intriguers, who were certainly accessories before the fact. The Russian Foreign Office doubtless had no official cognisance of the plot, but the removal of a dangerous antagonist can scarcely have inspired mourning at St. Petersburg. The coast was now clear and Prince Ferdinand could co-operate with Russia for the immediate goal of a greater Bulgaria, which each intended to use for personal ends. The Prince obtained his long-desired recognition by favour of Russia, his Turkish vassalage faded away almost beyond perception, he became the spoiled child of his former persecutors. But the friendship of Russia is even more dangerous than her animosity. The unofficial politicians who had countenanced the murder of Stambulof, now lent their support to the committees, who exacted tribute, blew up banks and organised massacre in Macedonia. The indulgence of Europe was sorely tried, for the balance of criminality lay unquestionably on the side of Bulgarians, and the Prince was perplexed by the task of discouraging an agitation which bore every promise of profit. In that task he may now be stimulated by the knowledge that his protector is paralysed, but he has tolerated the komitajs for so long and they are now so well supplied with the sinews of war, that they may refuse to hear his call. However, he has concluded a solemn engagement with Turkey, in itself a direct corollary of the Japanese war, and he may find it safer as well as easier to fulfil his obligations.

If we glance also at the secret history of Servia, we shall find that the selfish policy of Russia is no less responsible for the evils which have beset that unhappy land during the last hundred years. As

every one knows, the little swineherd State has been the field of Russian and Austrian intrigues ever since her emancipation. The only difference has been that, while Austria respected the conventions of decent diplomacy, Russia stuck at nothing. As a Servian saying sums up the situation, "Austria changes our Governments, but Russia changes our Sovereigns."

It will be remembered that when the Servians unaided had defeated the Ottoman arms, the Porte was ready to come to terms and concede independence. A man named Ichko was authorised to conclude what is known in history as the Peace of Ichko. But Russia intervened, Kara George, the Servian leader, was compelled to send Ichko away unsatisfied, and hostilities were resumed. The consequences were disastrous to Servia, the revolutions fizzled out and Russia came in as pacificator, concluding the Treaty of Bucharest, whereby the Servians were left at the mercy of Turkey. Indeed, to complete her work, Russia compelled Kara George and his principal lieutenants to leave their country. A fresh insurrection was soon organised by Milosh Obrenovich, the true liberator of Servia. The Russians forbade the return of Kara George, but he disobeyed and was immediately killed. His death is usually attributed to the orders of Milosh, though as a matter of fact it was engineered in Russia. Milosh displayed the utmost grief when he heard of his old leader's fate and erected a church at the scene of the crime.

In 1839 Milosh was compelled by Russian intrigues to abdicate and crowds of weeping subjects accompanied him to the frontier, in 1842 the same fate befel his son, Michael, though the people were perfectly satisfied with his rule. Alexander Karageorgevich ascended the throne, but he proved even less Russophil than Milosh and Michael. Accordingly, he too was deposed and old Milosh returned. When Michael succeeded he laboured for the extension of Servian influence beyond the Turkish border, in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Old Servia, he even extended his influence into Montenegro, whose Prince, Danilo, ably seconded his efforts. Russian emissaries were set to work, with the result that both Michael and Danilo were brutally murdered.

Then the hand of Russia was exposed with the utmost cynicism. Rustich, the leading man in Servia, was informed that Michael's next of kin, Milan Obrenovich, would only be permitted to ascend the throne on certain conditions, the chief of which was that Servia must immediately abandon all relations with the Servians of Turkey, otherwise a foreign prince would be imposed. Needs must when Russia drives, and accordingly for many years disaffection among the Servians of Turkey was organised under Russian supervision by committees at Bucharest.

Russian methods were again illustrated in 1876, when Servia rashly declared war against Turkey. The Russian Foreign Office thundered against the disturbance of the peace, while secret assurances of support were lavished and Russian officers were supplied galore. Having secured Ristich, who became Regent, Russia regarded Milan as her deputy. But he showed signs of independence and a campaign was inaugurated against him. A certain Pashich travelled to St. Petersburg and offered to form a Radical party, which should oppose Milan in every way, the Russians, suddenly sympathetic with Radicalism, gave him their entire support, abandoning the old Liberal party, which had always been honestly Russophil but had no great strength in the country.

Thenceforward the Radicals, bribed and supported by Russia, laboured incessantly against the Obrenovich dynasty. Their demand for reform was only intended to embarrass the King, and every liberty which they were able to extort was turned into a weapon against him. The cause of Queen Nathalie was taken up merely to discredit Milan, and she did not perceive that she was being used as an instrument, but so soon as Milan was finally expelled the Russians and Radicals ceased to take any further interest in her. The estrangement of Milan and Alexander was also made in Russia, it was Russia who facilitated the marriage of Alexander and Draga. He had been refused a Russian princess and prevented from marrying a Greek one. When he displayed a partiality for Draga Mashin, Russian agents encouraged him to raise her to the throne. The Tsar was represented at the wedding. But no sooner was the marriage accomplished than Russian arts were employed to discredit the new Queen and her family. It was quite untrue that Alexander wished to appoint Draga's brother as his successor. But the Russians knew that Servian officers would be discontented if this invention were believed. So no effort was spared to invest it with an appearance of truth. Documentary evidence was even forged for that purpose.

By his marriage, King Alexander had arrayed against himself not only his own personal enemies but all the numerous partisans of his father. The foes of the King and Queen grew in number and plots were prepared for deposition, but the conspirators were divided as to the choice of a successor. The Russians were determined that he should be one of their own people and even during Milan's lifetime they had intrigued to set up the Grand Duke Vladimir. Most of the Radicals were prepared to obey, but one group of them was for the Prince of Montenegro, another for a Republic, in which they should play prominent parts, while the malcontent officers were for Peter Karageovich.

These officers accordingly hurried on the plot and murdered Alexander before the Russians and Radicals were ready. So soon as the news reached St Petersburg, Novakovich, the Servian Minister, was sent off post-haste to Belgrade with the mission to urge the Servians to choose Cyril, the son of Vladimir, for their King. But the murderers had been too quick and had already proclaimed Peter Karageorgevich.

These facts explain the subsequent action of Russia, her displeasure against Peter and her attempts to overthrow the regicides, who are his only support. The murder, or at any rate the deposition of Alexander, had been foreseen by Russia and had aroused no thrill of horror, she was merely disappointed when she did not attain her object and reduce Servia to the position of a vassal. Accordingly, she continued her intrigues and fostered a Radical campaign against the Karageorgevich family, similar to that which she had fostered against the Obrenovich dynasty.

The future of Servia is now exceedingly obscure. Peter Karageorgevich, the accessory of regicide, has never obtained any hold upon the country, and the days of his inglorious reign are assuredly numbered. But no other claimants appear to stand a chance. Some are for setting up the youth who is alleged to be Milan's illegitimate son, but his mother has signed (for a consideration of £20,000) a document denying Milan's paternity. The Princes of Montenegro could only hope to succeed by favour of Russia, who, even if she were not now powerless in Balkistan, would still intrigue for one of her own grand dukes. The best friends of Servia can only foresee a long period of chaos and weakness. Some adventurer may make a wild bid for popularity by invading the vilayet of Kosovo, but what chance of success would he stand without arms, without money, without credit, against the combined forces of Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria? No doubt it seems hard that the little State, which behaved with scrupulous correctness while Russia and Bulgaria were organising criminal conspiracy in Macedonia, should be the loser by her moderation, but she would doubtless have fared better if she had not slaughtered all her best statesmen. It would not surprise me to see her once again under foreign tutelage.

Austria, for instance, has long been struggling for expansion towards Salonica. She has established herself in Bosnia, and her incessant intrigues in the vilayet of Kosovo have now culminated in a claim to establish herself at Uskub. This claim is admitted by the scheme of reforms, to which the Powers have given their sanction, and would probably lead to an occupation of the vilayet analogous to the administration of Bosnia. But the Turco-Bulgarian agreement will doubtless be alleged as a pretext for defer-

ring reforms, which may no longer be necessary, and the Porte's procrastination may once more succeed in deferring the evil day

Common fairness must compel us to admit that the Sultan is amply justified in making every effort to keep out foreign administrators. After all, a call for good government is only the pretext for interference, which will lead to annexation. If Austria desired good government in Turkey, she could have done much to promote it during recent years. Instead of that, she has encouraged the excesses of Albanians and the crimes of komitajis, in the hope of finding an excuse for interference. She can only be compared to a doctor who tries to create a practice by inoculating a sick man with the germs of some deadly disease. Italy and Russia have pursued a similar policy in the vilayets of Monastir and Salonica.

If Austria, Italy, and Russia are now to administer the three vilayets, which have so long been disturbed by their artifices, Turkey in Europe will be practically reduced to the vilayet of Adrianople, where the old methods of agitation will assuredly be organised by some covetous Christian State. The Porte's resistance against so-called reforms is really a struggle for existence, and if it fails I foresee the time when the Sultan may sink into the position of a Mahommedan Pope, and the prisoner of the Vatican may find a counterpart in the prisoner of Yildiz. Once it is admitted that privy conspiracy, rebellion and outrage are the passports of emancipation, every Christian subject of Turkey will seek profit in disorder. Armenians will remind Europe that their claims are as good as those of Macedonians, Syrian Christians will rise in revolt, and Arabian Moslems, already insubordinate, will snatch their independence.

No doubt this consummation would be viewed with considerable equanimity by many political tyros and sentimentalists in England, but whether our country would derive any advantage remains open to serious doubt. It must not be forgotten that we have many millions of Moslem fellow-subjects in India—all the finest fighters—and that their loyalty will be strained if we acquiesce in the spoliation of their Caliph. Moreover, the Turk has his uses in Europe, if only because he occupies territory where most of his rivals would afford a standing menace to the world's peace.

Which of them stands the best chance of success is not easy to decide. Russia has now been sterilised so far as the Balkans are concerned. Austria is ambitious, but the best observers consider her influence to be on the wane. The long reign of Francis Joseph has been marked by disasters and galloping disintegration, while at the same time, by a strange paradox, his person is generally admitted to be the one link which keeps his heterogeneous empire together. Germany, Italy, and Roumania seem likely to

acquire the provinces where their languages predominate, Russia, if she recovers from her imminent troubles, may extend her Polish frontier, Hungary and Croatia may break away, indeed it seems impossible to see for certain that any Austria will remain. Nor do her failures in Bosnia justify a hope that she will fare better further afield. Serbia is impotent and chaotic, Greece is a negligible quantity, an autonomous Macedonia is out of the question. The only serious pretenders are Bulgaria, Italy, and Roumania.

It is against Bulgaria that she has allowed her policy to be dominated by murderous desperadoes, and that she should have relied so long upon a Power whose support has ceased to be available. On the other hand, her finances are fairly stable, her population is industrious, her soldiers are well officered and well armed, and she would prove a valuable ally if it were possible to place any trust in her.

As for Italy, she has estranged confidence by her attempts to grow too fast. Adowa may perhaps be explained away, but rash expenditure, political scandals and abortive intrigues have discouraged many of her admirers. However, since her present King came to the throne with a Montenegrin Princess, Italian propaganda has made distinct advances in the Balkan peninsula. I doubt whether any foreign ruler could keep the turbulent Albanians in order, but the general impression is that Italy stands the best chance of establishing her influence in Western Macedonia.

Finally, by a process of exhaustion, I find Roumania left in as first favourite for the control of Balkan destinies. To begin with, she has a clean record. Sovereigns can sit upon her throne without fear of assassination. Her people are happy and well governed. Her army has already proved its prowess in the field. Her resources are very great, and her credit stands high. King Charles is a sober statesman of known prudence, conscientious and strong. Though he has constitutional leanings, his influence is powerful, and he probably enjoys more facilities for governing than many autocrats. Indeed, Roumania is oligarchical, by no means democratic. The peasantry have been accustomed throughout generations and generations to do the bidding of their feudal lords. In the towns all men talk politics, but only the great families control them.

There are two main parties, with groups and sub-divisions, but Liberals and Conservatives are at issue on questions of method rather than of principle, and might equally be summed up as Early Victorian Whigs. They believe that politics are the province of specialists, not the plaything of mobs, they do not proclaim in peevish falsetto that they "mean to lead" and then sit helplessly on the fence waiting for popular inspiration, but they know

their own minds and carry out a policy without looking to the right hand or to the left. Their methods of electioneering are at once simple and efficacious. Once a party is in power, it usually remains there for a protracted period. The Conservatives were in office so long that they grew arrogant and sought to strengthen their position by letting the Liberals come in and expose their incompetence. The Liberals, however, have remained in ever since, and seem likely to remain in. Nor have they shown themselves incompetent. A significant side-light is thrown upon the political atmosphere of Roumania by the fact that attention centres upon the debates in the Senate, while the Lower Chamber is comparatively ignored. The aristocracy are, and seem likely to remain, the governing class. Possessing large means, for the most part, they are exempt from the temptations which often beset politicians in small, struggling States.

A very high state of civilisation has been established, not merely big buildings, broad streets, electric lighting and the accepted stigmata of progress, but all the luxuries and conveniences which are admired in the West. Nor do the poor feel their poverty, for, like the Servians, they are mostly self-sufficing, they make all their own clothes, produce all their own food, and rarely have occasion to spend money. Endeavours are afoot to build up manufactures by means of a heavy tariff, which already presses heavily on the middle classes and is about to be extended enormously. So far, however, the peasantry are not to be deluded into abandoning their pastoral and agricultural pursuits, so that the usual consequences of Protection need arouse no immediate alarm. In considering the future of a country, it is important to insist upon material prosperity, which is the best guarantee against internal disorder and reckless foreign adventure.

The well-wishers of Roumania have, indeed, every reason to congratulate her upon the contentment and orderly temper of her people. Socialists, republicans and other political malcontents are unknown among them, while komitajis are a foreign importation, which the Government honestly endeavours to repress. Crime is also satisfactorily rare, and the model prisons are probably unique in the world. Some critics consider them too comfortable. It is no doubt surprising to find felons allowed to choose their own hard labour and receive payment for doing it. In practice, however, the system works well, for when they have served their term, they find themselves possessed of a trade and a little capital, so that honesty need not be beyond their reach in the future.

As to the army, all are agreed that it has made enormous advances since the Turkish war. I am not sure that it comes up to

modern requirements in the matter of quick-firing guns, but there is still time to remedy that defect, and there can be no question about the efficiency of the officers or the courage and endurance of the men. All Roumanians are convinced that a war with Bulgaria (the only war whose possibility they contemplate) would be a mere military promenade, and a mandate to restore order in the peninsula would be warmly welcomed. After all, if such a mandate is to be given to any one, the honourable record of Roumania confers priority upon her claim, though of course without the support of Europe or at least of Turkey, the task would tax her strength to the utmost.

From what I hear, it is not impossible that an ally might be found for her in Italy. Indeed, negotiations toward that end are said to be far advanced by favour of Austria. At any rate I know, from what Roumanian statesmen have said to me, that they now desire to stand well with Austria, who, as they believe, can do them much harm commercially or some good politically. Austria and Italy are now firm friends, or at least fellow-conspirators, and I should not be surprised to learn any day that they had joined with Roumania in the formation of a new Triple Alliance, which could soon predominate in Balkistan. If so, and admitting the sickness of Austria, there would be a strange romance about a Latin renaissance in the regions which history has so persistently associated with Greece.

Another alternative, by no means new, is to be found in the formation of a Balkan confederation. Tricoupis came very near to contriving it and was only baffled by the treachery of Stambulof. And a proposal was recently mooted by some of the leading komitajis for uniting Bulgaria, Servia and the three Macedonian vilayets under the kingship of one of Prince Ferdinand's sons. It is even alleged that Prince Ferdinand viewed the scheme with favour, but that is to repose great faith in an altruism, which he has not hitherto displayed.

After all, there is now less need than ever to credit rumours of war in Balkistan. The passive resistance of the Porte has overcome far greater dangers than any which menace the Ottoman Empire to-day. The arch-conspirator has retired hurt and must needs hibernate for many long years in the Far East, her satellites are scattered and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd, rarely has there been a more glittering opportunity for a peaceful and permanent settlement of this distressed peninsula. What a chance presents itself for a British statesman to restore an ancient alliance and a traditional influence! But where and when may he be found?

HERBERT VIVIAN

THE BULGARIANS OF MACEDONIA

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

A TRAVELLER'S first impressions of the Bulgarians of Macedonia are rarely favourable. It is a race with few external attractions, and it seldom troubles to sue for sympathy or assist the process of mutual understanding. It is neither hospitable nor articulate. The Slav peasant has no passwords to the foreigner's heart. He cannot point, like the Greek, to a great past, he cannot boast that his forbears have been your tutors in civilisation. He leaves you to form what opinion of him you please, and shows himself only in the drab of his daily costume of commonplace. He will not call on you unbidden at your hotel, or invite you to his schools, or insist that you shall visit his churches. And, perforce, you study him from the outside. You find him dull, reserved, and unfriendly, for experience has taught him to see in every member of an alien race a probable enemy. He lacks the plausibility, the grace, the quick intelligence of the Greek. He has nothing of the dignified courtesy, the defiant independence, the mediæval chivalry of the Albanian. Nor has he physical graces to recommend him, and even his women are unprepossessing. He has no sense for externals, no instinct for display. If he is wealthy he hoards his wealth. If he is poor he lives in squalor and in dirt. His national costumes are rarely picturesque, his national dances monotonous, his national songs unmusical. You may learn to respect his industry, his vast capacity for uninteresting work, but it is all the toil of the labourer, and the spirit of the artist and the craftsman is not in him. He erects against you a bulwark of deceit. He treats your every question as a snare into which he refuses to enter. Either he answers with feigned stupidity and an assumption of ignorance, or else he seeks to divine the response you expect, and proceeds forthwith to give it you with no thought of its relation to the truth. It is not exactly lying as we understand it. Rather the peasant has no conception of a frank relationship with any superior. He has been demoralised by dealing with masters who are childish and capricious as well as tyrannical. His vices are the mean habits of the down-trodden, and if in any capacity you have need of courage, or honesty, or fidelity, it is the Albanian and not the Bulgarian whom you will employ. You may learn to view these faults in a true historical perspective. You may bring yourself to think of them rather as the shameful evidence of the conqueror's wrong-doing than any proof of original

depravity in the conquered The more you learn the more you will incline to a kindly pity, but at the first you are hardly likely to admire this stolid and unprepossessing race Time and accident alone are likely to bring the clue to a different reading of its character

It came to me by chance in the silent streets of Macedonian towns—this occult and difficult clue One hears in them neither music nor laughter The peasant trudges silently in, his wife some paces behind him, and speaks only to chaffer at the bazaar The townsman is too busy in dodging spies and stepping over dogs to break the melancholy silence And yet, as the winter went on, a plaintive melody began to detach itself from the dull background of depression I hardly heeded it until one evening I heard it at the fireside of a Bulgarian house I can think of nothing in my experience more homely, more complacent, more comfortable than that family circle with the plain daughters, the shy son, and the fat parents in *deshabille* It was an atmosphere of crude materialism, and nothing seemed more distant than ideas, more remote than revolution And then, suddenly, they sang it, the plaintive air of the streets It brought a fire to their eyes, a resonance to their voices, a blush to their phlegmatic cheeks It was a song of revolt It summoned the young men to the hills, chid the old laggards who "sit in cafes," celebrated one by one the chiefs who had fought and died in the autumn, and prophesied a future of freedom From that evening onward the air was always in my ears Sometimes it was a schoolboy who whistled it in the streets, sometimes a group of young men who chanted it with all its daring words within earshot of a Turkish sentry It mingled with the tread of armed patrols and the rumble of ammunition carts It challenged the night-watchman, and insulted the Pashah's carriage Let the Turks be never so busy with their ostentatious precautions, their endless mobilisation against the coming campaign, this song of defiance was always in the air, mocking their dull wits and their useless preparations They neither heard nor understood, foreigners that they are in their own country It played about their ears unheeded, like a song of doom, sung by the land itself And here at length was the real rhythm of the Bulgarian heart Henceforward the lies and the silences mattered little One could overhear this inarticulate people talking to itself I was amid a race that was organising itself for freedom It leads a double life, caring little for the ugly, unimportant present in which it suffers, intrigues and compromises, postponing its greater qualities for the future it has resolved to conquer

The insurgent movement is in reality a genuine Macedonian movement, prepared by Macedonians, led by Macedonians,

and assisted by the passionate sympathy of the vast majority of the Slav population. There is hardly a village that has not joined the organisation. In the larger towns, like Monastir, there are few individual Bulgarians who are not active and willing members. Ten and twenty years ago the children in Macedonian schools trained to render the Sultan's hymn for the benefit of official visitors, were taught in secret a pathetic song, "to the honour of him, whosoever he may be, who shall be our liberator." To-day that song has given place to ballads of achievement which tell how Delcheff, or Svetkoff, gave their lives in open fight for an unfurled banner. This slow and sullen race, which seems too degraded by oppression to have any care beyond comfort and safety, preoccupied to all appearance in its grinding struggle with poverty, leads all the while some ideal life of aspiration under that veil of reserve.

The first surprise was that this population rose at all, and rose *en masse*. The second surprise, to my thinking more startling than the first, is that all the sufferings of the autumn have produced no reaction whatever against the Committee or its leaders. Over one hundred villages, some of them relatively prosperous, have been burned to the ground. Sixty thousand families have lost not merely their homes but virtually all they contained. I doubt if they have saved one-tenth of their cattle and sheep, their plough oxen, and their horses. And there was massacre as well as devastation. Neocasi, Armensko, Mokreni, Kruchevo, Smerdesh, Dymbeni, and Kossenetz are the names of some villages that count their dead non-combatants by hundreds, or eighties, or sixties. No village escaped entirely. Even when the flight to the hills was carried out skilfully and betimes, there were always stragglers—five, or ten, or twenty—mostly the aged or the sick, who paid for the rising with their lives. In many a village one may still meet some wretched creature whose brain has been turned by fear. And yet, with this object-lesson before it, the peasantry remains loyal to the organisation which plunged it in all this misery. Among the ashes of comfortable villages, or in the wards of the hospitals where the Relief Society had gathered the wounded women and children, there were moments when one felt tempted to curse the whole idea of insurrection, to think that no provocation could justify a population in facing such risks, to doubt whether any gain in freedom could warrant the mere physical pain involved in winning it. But these were an outsider's reflections. They seldom entered the heads of the Macedonians themselves. One heard no recriminations, no blame of the Committee, no regrets for an apparently wasted effort. In the hospital in Castoria the patients in the men's ward, recovering slowly from diseases induced by hardship and exposure, would talk almost gaily

of their future plans and of the struggle they meant to renew so soon as health and springtime should bring the opportunity. In Ochrida, where abject poverty and the tyranny of the Albanians has made the Bulgarian villagers peculiarly spiritless, ignorant, and degraded, I have known even old men declare that should the Committee give the order to march once more this summer they will unhesitatingly obey. Nor was this attitude altogether difficult to explain. Centuries of oppression have schooled the Bulgarians to suffer. They scarcely discuss the motives of their oppressors. The idea that the Turk is naturally savage and that their own lot is to suffer is engraved on their minds. Women would speak with as much indignation about the death of their men-folk killed in battle as about any murder of non-combatants. They have given up all attempt to understand the Turks. Each fresh loss, provoked though it may have been by their own act, is simply added to the long memory of age-long miseries. They have ceased to reason or reflect. They can only suffer and resent. The rift between the two races is so profound that I doubt whether even a whole-hearted and intelligent attempt at conciliation on the Turkish side, were such a thing possible, could bring the smallest improvement.

The more one learned to know of the Bulgarians of Macedonia, the more one came to respect their patriotism and courage. These are no flamboyant or picturesque virtues, they have grown up in a soil of serfdom among a reserved and unimaginative race. They are consistent with compromise and with prudence. There is something almost furtive in their manifestations. And yet when the Bulgarian seems most an opportunist and a time-server, he still cherishes his faith in the future of his people, and still works for its realisation. He has no great past to boast of, no glorious present to give him courage. He does not flaunt his nationality like the Greek, or claim an imagined superiority. He will risk no needless persecution for the pure joy of calling himself by the name of his ancestors. I knew one energetic organiser of revolt who posed before the authorities as a Greek, made a pilgrimage to Athens to give colour to his professions, and returned with lithographs of the Hellenic Royal Family with which he decorated his walls. Villages will shift their allegiance from the Greek to the Bulgarian church twice or thrice in a year—"one must watch how the wind blows," to quote their saying—but under every disguise they remain obstinately Bulgarian at heart. I have even heard a Bulgarian bishop explaining that he had advised certain villages to transfer themselves to the Greek (Patriarchist) Church in order to distract the suspicions of the authorities.

The same strain of prudence was evident in the military conduct of the revolt. Although the number of men under arms was

considerable—some estimates make it 32,000—the leaders rarely challenged a general engagement, and accepted battle only when forced. Their early successes—the capture of the three towns Kruchevo, Neveska, and Klissoura—were all surprises in which large bands of insurgents overpowered much smaller detachments of regulars. When a battle did take place—as, for example, in the mountains of Peristeri in October—Turkish officers who were present bear witness to the splendid obstinacy of the Bulgarians. But their tactics were seldom aggressive. They never attempted to storm a bridge against cannon, for example, as the Albanian tribesmen did last spring at Mitrovitza. They waged a guerilla warfare, enduring immense fatigues and great privations, content to weary and baffle the Turks in an endless pursuit. I have often asked ex-insurgents what they thought of their chiefs. The answer was always the same. They gave the palm to Tchakalaroff for the significant reason that during the whole campaign he only lost ten of his men. And yet these men, when the occasion came to throw their lives away for any definite purpose, were capable of an utterly reckless heroism. The Committee never found a difficulty in obtaining volunteers for such work as mining, bridge-wrecking, or bomb-throwing, which involved almost certain death. Education among the Bulgarians, so far from weakening the primitive tribal instinct of self-sacrifice, seems only to intensify it, instead of softening it with humanitarian scruples. In estimating their courage it is not enough to measure their military achievements. The real proof of courage is that they rise at all—these peasants accustomed to cringe before the meanest Turk, schooled to endure insults and floggings without a prospect of revenge, with no tradition of revolt to inspire them, no military knowledge, no soldierly past to give them confidence. The measure of their courage is the risk they ran. There is short shrift for the wounded on a Turkish battlefield, and few exiles return from banishment. Nor do the older men who confine themselves to the work of organising the revolt, from the towns, expose themselves less readily. Their work is, perhaps, more dangerous than fighting. And yet it is significant that the real leaders and brains of the movement are not broken men with nothing to lose, outlaws and adventurers with everything to gain. They are, as a rule, wealthy and respected “notables,” merchants, and professional men.

Without this steadfast and resolute capacity for suffering, this plodding, if furtive, patriotism, this somewhat passive courage, the Bulgarians could never have made their Committee. Yet another quality was necessary—loyalty—and this, too, they possess. They have no highly-developed sense of personal honour, as the Alba-

nians have—for that, a race must have carried arms and known no master. They neither love truth for its own sake nor scorn a meanness from self-respect. But some fellow-feeling, some sense of brotherhood, keeps them true. There are few secrets in the intimate common life of the village. Every one knows who is the Committee's agent, who harbours the wandering outlaws, who has a store of dynamite or of rifles buried in his yard. Most amazing of all is the ease with which the leaders of the revolution can travel unscathed from end to end of Macedonia. The villager who has grasped Sarafof's hand will tell afterwards of his great experience, as a Scottish clansman might have boasted that he had seen Prince Charlie. All through last winter, Damian Gruyeff, the President of the Supreme Macedonian Committee, the real chief of the movement, and the organiser of last autumn's campaign, hibernated in a village not many miles from Monastir. The secret must have been the common property of thousands, and not one of them seems to have thought of selling it. Early in March M. Gruyeff actually entered Monastir itself, lodged in a Bulgarian house, and moved freely about in streets that swarm with soldiers, police, and spies. His presence was generally known to the Bulgarians of the place, but despite the fact that a price of £10,000 had been placed on his head, not a man among them was found to prefer riches to loyalty. Nor was this an isolated occurrence. The insurgent chiefs constantly venture not only into Monastir but even into Salonica, but no single instance of treason has ever been known to occur. When one compares this uniform immunity from treason with the history of Irish conspiracies, from the days of Wolf Tone to the Phoenix Park murders, one is forced to admit that somewhere beneath the awkward reserve of the Bulgarian character there lies a fund of loyalty and steadfast faith more reliable than any picturesque or feudal chivalry.

The psychology of the Bulgar is an important factor in the success of the Committee, that of the Turk is at least as important. "Odysseus" points out in one of the most brilliant passages of "Turkey in Europe," that the Turk remains to this day what he was at the conquest—a nomad who occupies a country, grazes, as it were, upon it, but founds no permanent home. Save in two or three isolated districts of Macedonia, there is no true Turkish population. There are soldiers brought over from Asia, and officials who have left Constantinople with reluctance. These local governors are seldom allowed to stay for many months in one post. They rarely quit their offices, they know less of the country and its languages than many a European traveller. They remain to the last foreigners and aliens with no thought of impressing

themselves upon the people whom they govern The insane centralisation of the Turkish administration leaves no scope to any energy or intelligence they may possess They are the mere agents of their superiors, who, in their turn, are the puppets of Yıldız Palace Turkish tyranny is obstructive and negative It has its outbursts of savage and wasteful energy But it does not meddle consistently in the daily life of the villages Off the beaten track of the main roads one may wander for two or three days without seeing a uniform or hearing a word of Turkish A Bulgarian village, unless it stands near the high road, leads its own life in its own way, so far as its armed Moslem neighbours and the Albanian gentry of the district will allow it, disturbed only by the occasional raids of the tithe-gatherers and the chance visits of military patrols Armed bands may spend weeks in a village, and the Turks be none the wiser, and march from one centre to another—provided they avoid the roads—without meeting a loyal pair of eyes But, indeed, outside the towns, and away from the main thoroughfares, the ruins of burned villages are almost the only signs of Turkish authority

It is in this desert governed by a hurricane, that the Committee has grown up It is a government within an anarchy, and in the villages it wields a power more penetrating, more persistent, more steady in its pressure than that of the Turks It is a complete military organisation with its permanent cadres of officers, its reserves called out only on great occasions, and its active army, in which every able-bodied young man is expected to undergo forty days' training in the year Even in times of peace, like last winter, its bands are never completely dispersed They perambulate each district, a very mobile and vigilant force, strong enough to enforce any decree, to levy the assessments which fill its war-chest, or to punish treason The basis of it all is force, no doubt It arrogates to itself the rights of a legitimate government It has no scruples about compelling a reluctant village to rise It supplements the volunteers in its bands by a species of conscription The risk of assassination lies behind its demands for money But, whatever we may think of this machinery of terrorism, it undoubtedly rests on a democratic foundation Each district elects its administrative committee Each village band elects its fighting chief, and each permanent band its officers The policy of the whole movement is fixed at conferences of delegates, who also elect the supreme chiefs, and seem to find no difficulty, such is the amazing carelessness of the Turks, in meeting undisturbed in the very heart of Macedonia If the Committee has constantly exercised an immoral and brutalising rigour, at least one must admit that this discipline is a burden which the majority has freely

imposed upon itself It is but one of the many sacrifices which this much-enduring race patiently accepts in its struggle for liberty

It would be no easy task to balance the good and the evil for which the Committee is responsible, but this at least one may say, that the evil should be temporary, while the good may be permanent In the meantime, the evil is sufficiently obvious The doctrine that any traitor may be murdered with clean hands is a terrible principle to preach among a race of ignorant peasants Sentences are passed by vote of the majority with no sort of judicial procedure, and often against the advice of the more educated chiefs Any whisper is enough to mark an unpopular man as a suspect, and private malice must play no small part in setting suspicion at work The Greeks believe that their leading men are marked down for assassination simply *quâ* Greeks That is an exaggerated charge Ever since the Patriarch issued an encyclical to his clergy, exhorting them to act against the Bulgarians as so many unpaid spies in the Turkish service, the Greek partisans in Macedonia have waged an incessant warfare against the Committee, using denunciation as their engine and the Turkish police as their tool The Greek priests who have been murdered by the Committee were in all probability the instruments of this disloyal policy They were murdered as spies and not as Greeks But, whatever the explanation and excuse—and both parties have some partial and miserable right on their side—this conflict of ambitions in which espionage is met by assassination has resulted in the poisoning of every human relationship between men of different races Suspicion leads to intrigue, and treason justifies suspicion

And yet, despite all the discreditable past, the amazing thing is that the Committee behaved so relatively well during the past insurrection The stimulus of fighting at last for a great ideal certainly influenced its conduct The young men who flung away the fez and shouldered a rifle were tasting freedom for the first time, and the experience not seldom exalted them The bands were in possession of no less than three towns of the Greek faction, and carefully refrained from any act of outrage or provocation In all the course of the insurrection I only heard of one act of violence towards women—two Turkish ladies were killed during the taking of Kruchewo When one remembers that over one hundred Bulgarian villages were burned, it seems to me to prove considerable self-restraint that only five Turkish villages were destroyed in revenge The Bulgarians often took prisoners and released them unharmed, and I heard of only three instances—bad instances, no doubt—where they refused to give quarter They

certainly had it in their power to do much worse, and they had precedents enough before them to corrupt their canons of civilised warfare. In the main, the Committee is really fighting, as honourably as the deplorable circumstances of the country allow and the ignorance of its adherents permit, for an ideal of liberty and civilisation. It stands for something more than a protest against economic misery and gross physical oppression. The untravelled Macedonian villagers are, of all peasants, perhaps the most brutalised and unenlightened. But their very miseries have driven them abroad. In the naked district of Malesia, on the Albanian borderland, you will find in every village five or six men who can speak German, and have learnt in Austria what order and civilisation mean. Florina is leavened by emigrants who have returned from America, while the comparative wealth of the southern districts has been earned by migratory labour in Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece. These travelled peasants return alert and open-eyed. They have lived for a few years under freedom. They leave the country Orientals and return Europeans. It is they who are the backbone of the insurrection, and the liberty for which they are striving is no remote or unfamiliar ideal.

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The general political situation remains unaltered by the rising of last autumn. The Turks made no effort to use the respite which the winter gave them to restore confidence or reform their administration. The financial conditions afford the best test of the general attitude. There is still some money in the country, for every little town has its small capitalists, Vlachs and Jews for the most part, who make exorbitant gains by lending to the peasants. Had there been the smallest prospect of security these men would have plied a brisk trade after the insurrection. Twelve thousand families must somehow rebuild their cottages and replace their looted flocks and their stolen plough-oxen. But everywhere one heard the same complaint. No one is willing to lend. The risk of another rising is too great. The creditor of to-day may be the insurgent of to-morrow, and even if no disturbance on a great scale should occur, the roads are unsafe, the Albanians restive, and the authorities as inert and listless as ever. There is only one purpose for which a usurer will lend at present. He will always assist a Macedonian to emigrate, knowing very well that money invested in this way in America, Austria, or Bulgaria, even if he has no legal machinery at his disposal for the recovery of his debt, is safer than money sunk under his very eyes in Turkey.

Massacres had entirely ceased in October, and my impression was that the authorities were really anxious to keep the peace and avoid excesses of severity. And yet the normal anarchy went on

Villages on the high roads were in the worst case—they see so many robbers in uniform. Few of the burned villages near main roads are yet inhabited. The peasants dared not return to them, and spent the winter scattered in centres which had escaped devastation. One can conceive no more significant evidence of the malignity of the forces which elsewhere make for order—in Macedonia safety is to be sought only beyond the beaten track of soldiers, officials, and gendarmes. I once watched a highwayman levying blackmail on all who passed on a main road at midday within sight of a town. A popular Albanian servant in our employment murdered a soldier in the street of a town, and he was not so much as arrested—the soldier was a friendless stranger. One case only came to my knowledge in which the authorities showed energy. An Albanian villager fired into the cottage of a Bulgarian neighbour, wounding two women and a baby. To have him arrested the Kaimakam (Prefect) had to go in person with a strong military escort to the village, and before his arrest could be effected no less than fifty men of the village had to be arrested also. Under such conditions one can hardly wonder that malefactors are usually left in peace. Every petty crime is an incident in the war of races, which spreads panic on the one side and awakens fanaticism on the other, and the simplest police operation is apt to develop into a punitive expedition. Under these conditions, the Bulgarians naturally feel that they can have very little to lose by rising again.

The new Austro-Russian reforms have been condemned with a unanimity so unbroken by every Englishman who can claim a right to speak from personal knowledge that it is hardly worth while to discuss them in detail. The two “interested” Powers are sincere only in safeguarding their own future claims. Both were content to allow the Porte to spend the critical winter months in haggling over their programme, although they know very well that unless the Bulgarians have some immediate proof that Europe is in earnest they will assuredly rise again. They delayed the scheme for months until their own spheres of influence had been delimited, as though they were more anxious to acquire a claim to certain districts in the event of a military occupation than to make a catastrophe improbable by applying reforms betimes. The whole machinery of the reforms does but aggravate the arch-vice of Turkish administration—its unparalleled centralisation. Where before, each Vali with consuls at his elbow was responsible for his province, there is now a single Inspector-General, Hilmi Pashah, with two European assessors to sit on his right hand and his left. The assessors have no power more ample than a consul’s, while Hilmi Pashah, in constant telegraphic communication with the Palace, only represents a further concentration of authority in the

hands of one man who takes his orders from Constantinople. Half the reforms promised in the two Austro-Russian schemes have been forgotten altogether—for example, the tithes will still be sold by auction to the highest bidder, and the tax-farmer will make his unconscionable profits, as usual. As for the gendarmerie scheme, it has little interest save as a record of defeat. The Powers proposed a valuable plan, which aimed at creating a genuine international police for Macedonia, under the supreme command of an Italian general, with sixty European officers in executive command, and a multitude of European non-commissioned officers to represent them in every considerable village. To carry out that scheme would have been to make Europeans directly responsible for the maintenance of order. But Austria and Russia have been content to allow the Sultan to transform and emasculate this programme. The Macedonian gendarmerie remains under the direct command of a Turkish Pashah and of Turkish officers. The twenty-five Europeans will constitute a corps of inspectors outside the force itself, with no personal responsibility and no power to give a direct order to a Turk. They may achieve a little locally by their personal influence, but the battle has been lost in Constantinople, and the defeat which diplomacy has quietly accepted there will have its consequences in the provinces. Turkey has succeeded in evading any approach to direct European control.

At the moment of writing, the insurgents are holding a conference somewhere in the heart of Macedonia, to decide whether or not they will raise the standard of rebellion once more. Europe has done nothing to convince them that they may safely confide the future to diplomacy. Few of them have anything to lose by tempting fortune again, and the chances are that they will fight. Europe, they argue, is quite indifferent to their normal sufferings, and only moves in response to some bloody and sensational stimulus. It is true that their funds are low and that the Turks are well prepared. But they are quite strong enough to turn the present disorder into downright chaos. Once more the blazing spectacle of ruined villages, exiled populations, and massacred peasants will be unrolled to convince us all of what is so clear already—the futility of half-measures. The only tolerable solution is that which Lord Lansdowne has twice propounded—the nomination of a European governor independent of Constantinople. The original false step was taken when Europe confided the destiny of Macedonia to the two interested Powers. There seems but one feasible way of retracing that step and reopening the question under the auspices of the whole Concert, and that is to summon a general European Conference.

H N BRAILSFORD

THE PROLOGUE OF ARCTURUS

IMITATED FROM THE "RUDENS" OF PLAUTUS

BEHOLD me, of the race that rules the sky!—
Not Jupiter a verier God than I,
A sparkling star, compact of dew and flame,
I roll, and from the Bear I take my name
High overhead, a god, I blaze all night,—
But spend with mortal men the hours of light
In this I emulate an endless line
Of deities, immortal and divine,
Since Jove himself paternally decrees
That Gods should wander over lands and seas,
Should put Man's worship to a private test,
And each investigate what each knows best

Some rogues, litigious without right or cause,
Suborn false witness and defy the laws,
Declare themselves in court, devoid of shame,
Brazen, but back to Heaven we bear each name
From us the Father learns who weeps for rage,
Powerless to grasp the ravished heritage,
Who, crushed and shattered by a lie on oath,
Curses the lawyer, or the law, or both

Back to his house he creeps, and little dreams
Of Jove's deep knowledge of these desperate schemes
But still the guilty wonder, twice or thrice
Earning no boon from costly sacrifice,
With clamorous hymns and fat of many a bull,
They call Jove just and wise and bountiful,
With no suspicion that from us he wins
A perfect knowledge of their secret sins,
For, taught by us, the Father from the sky
Lets drop no blessing upon perjury

If ye are humble, poor and weak, but true,
Honour and happiness shall rain on you,
But lies and shameful greed, though loud in prayer,
Shall find no echo in the empty air

We watch you still, unseen, in street and mart,
We watch you, and we know you, pure in heart
Stars all night long, at dawn we fade away,
And put on manhood, and are yours all day,
But of these god-stars gliding from the sky,
Most wild and most tempestuous star am I,
Wild am I when I rise, but when I set
More turbulent and more tempestuous yet

Now listen, for of elfin storms we sing,
Of waves that on the rocks their burdens fling,
Of homes unroofed, of ships that strike and sink,
Of maidens maddening at death's icy brink,
A father to his child restored at last,
And, on the shore of Love, a lover cast

These things regard, and with your hands applaud
Invincible Arcturus, foe to fraud

EDMUND GOSSE

BEHIND THE SCENES OF EMPIRE

(SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH SETTLER IN THE TRANSVAAL)

A LONG file of ox-wagons loaded with camp-equipment, farming implements, fodder, and tinned foods, slowly trekking across a treeless desert of bare, undulating veldt, patchworked in alternate colours of the yellow grass dried up by sun and frost, and black stretches, burnt by the wasteful fire, used as handmaid to labour by a careless husbandry, an unostentatious procession this, whose trumpeting herald is probably only a half-clad Kaffir-boy, with a long ream-whip, running by the side and urging on the weary cattle, oxen or mules, as the case may be. But upon this tableau the curtain of British-Empire-Drama may now not unfrequently be seen rising in the Transvaal, and it has a significance which is historical. For it means just this, that the colonising instinct which has always been the keynote to the power of Britain is once more asserting itself, and that already—in obedience to that inner law for which the explanation lies beneath the surface of commonplace expediency—small groups of Englishmen from the Mother Isle, as well as from the daughter-lands of New Zealand and Australia, &c, are boldly as individuals, on their own initiative, settling the question of how to give effect and permanence to the conquest of a territory, in which the conditions of existence are at the moment strangely difficult and complicated.

It is now getting on for two years since the Declaration of Peace was signed at Vereenigen, and people at home may, by this time, be comfortably re-establishing themselves, after the excitement caused by a peculiarly critical war, with the complacent assurance that things in the Transvaal are settling down all right. It may be of interest to Britain-bound readers to hear, from personal experience, a short description of some of the actualities of life obtaining for the "settler" in this new Imperial domain. And it can at once be said that there is nothing of the commonplace about this process of "settling", everything is entirely picturesque, primitive, and, above all, experimental. Yet there seems no doubt that it is upon the success or failure of these first experimental farming ventures that the ultimate prosperity of the Colony as a whole will depend, so that this brief sketch of English emigrant experiences in the Eastern Transvaal may have some justification.

For, important as quick factors of progress, through their power

of attracting capital and supplying markets, as are the mines of the Transvaal, reasonable, too, as are, to a certain extent, the old stock arguments concerning the necessary predominance of the mining interest in the country, it is with the land itself, and not with the earth beneath, that will rest the ultimate decision as to whether the country, as a country, is to become a sound and healthy body politic, with a self-sustaining and freely working vascular system, or is to remain in its present deformed condition, humped into one large tumular growth, physiologically useless to the body. The glamour of romance and heroic adventure cast, first by the Jameson Raid, and later by a three years' war, with its sacrificial expenditure of men and money, upon the gold-seekers of the Transvaal, will never deify the doings of the *land-seekers* of this El Dorado, but even Cinderella's pumpkin proved in the end susceptible to a magic touch, and now the question would seem to be, is the fairy-godmother of the farming Cinderellas of the Transvaal within hail? That is a question which Time and the British Imperial Government will some day answer. In the meantime, the commonplace British settler, unmindful of glass slippers and golden palaces, but in a more or less blind obedience to the "fighting" instinct of his race, boldly treks to the bare veldt of his adoption.

Having arrived at his most convenient base of supplies, where there is a repatriation camp to render him assistance with his transport, at a distance, say, of a hundred miles from his destination, he will trek with his household, camping, and farming chattels, on the wagons, over tracks which, at their best and worst, are wheel-scratches or boggy ruts, across a barren wilderness of virgin veldt, passing occasional "pans" or small, flat-shored lakes of bright-blue, shallow, and brackish water, stumbling through, or sticking in, as it may chance, spruets that in blissful ignorance of bridges are, even in winter, wheel-high, and in the wet season must afford plenty of incidental variety. Day after day, as he journeys between sunrise and sunset—on an average six hours of trekking and six hours of outspanning—he will see no fences or hedges to indicate proprietorship, no trees except where here and there an occasional little clump of black wattle or blue gum, planted with the idea of keeping off the lightning round a Boer farmstead, relieves the monotony of desert, and marks the spot where a morgen or two of mealie patches testifies to the limitations of Boer agriculture, though as an exception, and as it were to confirm suspicions of what the land could do if it were given the chance, a prosperous orchard of peaches, apples, and figs, and various crops, may at rare intervals be seen. He will journey thus for days without meeting a human being, and the

only moving creatures his eyes will rest upon will be probably the great white ibis from Egypt, the solemn secretary-bird, the unwieldy pou, and other strange-winged serious animals of weird and unfamiliar nature, whilst the "Quark, quark" of the Koran (which is like a glorified pheasant at close quarters, but resembles an uncanny-sized duck when in flight), and the agitated "Pit, pit, pirrywit" of the plover, will be the only sounds to indicate that in this sub-tropical land creation did not stop short at the fifth day. The emigrant fresh from the overstocked garden of England might indeed imagine himself the first white man to cross the land, for if it be during the winter months that he is trekking, he will never even see the horizon broken by the forms of animals, unless it were by a group of wild buck, of which the country still boasts many varieties, for such cows and sheep as may have been salvaged from the ravages of war will all, in accordance with Boer custom, be grazing down in the low veldt, where, owing to the warmer climate, green grass is available in winter, and sheds for shelter are unnecessary. Whether this custom of breaking up the high-veldt farm for three or four months in the year, and leaving it rigorously unworked whilst wintering the stock where Nature needs no assistance, is economical, desirable, or even, as the Boers say, essential, is a point of some interest which "brer" Boer will probably find disputed by his new British neighbours. So, also, with that literally "burning" question, which deals with the desirability of firing the veldt in spring to obviate the necessity of cutting the grass grown during the previous summer. It is, however, when at the end of his five, six, or seven days' trek, the new settler, as the emigrant farmer is termed, makes his final outspan on the confines of his new domain, that he will need a brave heart, in addition to a full purse, to face with courage the prospect that lies before him. The crimson glow of a cloudless sunset and the magic light of an African moon, may for that first night poeticise his thoughts, but the glare of the next morning's sunrise will lay bare a few crude facts. For there, as in the case of the "settler" who now writes, lies the farm, *alas* six thousand acres of bare and untouched veldt, stretching away "as it was in the beginning," in its undulating, blackened and yellow patches, towards the horizon all around. There is no stick, no stone of shelter, only at intervals the eye catches what looks from the distance like a clump of rocks, and nearer seems to be a nest of beehives, but is a Kaffir kraal, or collection of half a dozen to a dozen doorless huts made of turfs and osiers, into which the natives, who may be either Zulus or Swazis, creep on all fours through a small opening near the ground. Otherwise there is nothing to disturb the monotony of desert, the treeless

wilderness which, under the pseudonym of a Government farm, the settler now calls his home For, though on the farm, concerning which these lines are particularly written, the river Umpulusi, with its otters and its yellow fish, winds its snake-like course, it does so in a *sotto voce* manner, stagnantly, and concealing its tortuous wriggings between beds of thickly-growing rushes and tall grasses, only breaking into large refreshing pools of bright blue, natural-looking water, round some unexpected corner, when at once a foreshadowing of the fairyland there might be is vouchsafed For, in a narrow gorge or kloof of rugged rocks, tree-ferns will spread their feathery branches to the sunshine, and maidenhair ferns and flowers presaging every variety of exotic—lilies, heliotrope, rare ericas, will bring home the cheering thought that energetic work is perhaps all that is needed to transform the desert into paradise

But for such work, as well as for fortitude and patience, there will have to be an unlimited supply, for the barren wilderness has to be reclaimed, fenced at an average cost—owing chiefly to the difficulties of transport—of forty pounds a mile, stocked, morass land drained, trees planted, and crops sown There is every variety of soil, light, heavy, sandy, red, black, brown, good, bad and indifferent, and as the Boers have never aspired to the cultivation of anything more than a few mealies, or, what is called in English, maize or Indian corn, the staple food of the Dutchman as of the natives, the settler has no handy Tree of Knowledge from which he can shake down ripe fruits of information, but must experiment for himself as to whether this soil is suitable for barley, that for lucerne, and the other for manna, which no longer drops from heaven in ethereal showers, but requires, together with every other crop, a vast amount of material assistance Then, again, how is the first settler on the land to learn, except through experience, whether his grasses and local conditions of climate and soil, which vary incredibly within small areas, will poison his stock, breed the deadly horse-sickness, or best suit the varying requirements of sheep or cows, pigs, goats, horses, mules, or donkeys? How is he to know, until one after the other his sheep have dropped down dead, that the beautiful little yellow tulip flower he has so much admired is a poisonous weed, or will he guess, before it is too late, that the tempting-looking river upon which he has placed a fine flock of ducks, is swarming with hungry otters, and that he must therefore confine his waterfowl to the smaller spruits? But in this land of giant potentialities, good and evil, there is no time for gloomy thoughts, and morbid soliloquy will be, as a rule, ousted at its birth, and rudely dispersed to the veldt breezes, by robust incident, as the following experience will show

Having, as before-mentioned, outspanned the wagons with their hundred Repatriation mules, the last night of the trek, on the confines of the new home territory, the family rose with the sun, saddled their ponies, and leaving the convoy to cook the coffee over a m'longa or dung fire, and prepare for the final inspan, galloped off to choose a site for the encampment which was to be home quarters for who could tell how many months, until a house of some sort could be built. A site was soon found on a slope, above the forget-me-not-blue waters of the Umpulusi at its broadest, and facing towards the mountain-peaks of Swaziland. Another gallop back to the hot coffee, and soon the whole entanglement of kicking mules, wagons, and shouting Kaffirs was assorted and in train for single file procession across the untrodden veldt. Favoured by fortune, not more than one "stick-fast"—necessitating the stoppage of the whole caravan whilst all mules were unharnessed and put to the rescue of the stuck wagon—delayed the progress, and before many hours were passed, the wagons were unloaded and a dozen bell-tents and a marquee to serve as mess-room, all arranged in a rough circle, were flapping in gentle greeting to their new surroundings. At that moment of supreme business there suddenly floated into the centre of the scene a strange apparition. Silently three black and naked figures of men, adorned, but not covered, at irregular intervals with small scraps of buckskin, stalked into the middle of the camp, and raised long sticks in their right hands, towards the sky, in solemn salutation. They were three native chiefs from the kraals upon the farm, who had come promptly to pay their respects and to ascertain the conditions of labour upon which they would be allowed to remain upon the land. Of course, everybody knows before coming to South Africa, that in their own haunts the native treats dress as a disfigurement to nature, it was, therefore, psychologically interesting to notice the sensation of shock which, reason notwithstanding, thrilled even the determined settler prepared for anything, at this first actual contact with primitive nature. But shocks of a more substantial order were in store, for a little later, whilst the chiefs had retired behind the shelter of a rock, to talk over the wages offered to their umfanas (or boys over fourteen years of age), and terms of service, which included, in addition to wages, food and lodging, the promise that their mealie patches should be ploughed for them, and whilst the inmates of the camp were busily storing away into tents, by the barrow-load, tins of bully beef and ideal milk, &c, the chiefs suddenly sprang up, excitedly pointing to the far horizon, where, over a high ridge, a line of smoke was dimly discernible. Then they rushed down to the river's bank, and cutting twigs from some small shrubs of juniper,

dashed off at full tilt in the direction of the smoke Through the long grass, into bogs and over rocks, they ran at a pace that only natives can achieve, and the new settlers, seeing something urgent was on foot, were soon following, helter-skelter in their wake, stumbling and splashing over rocks and through morass, in vain effort to keep up with the human greyhounds, for about a mile and a half Then, as suddenly as they had started, the chiefs stopped, gazed for a moment anxiously at the still distant line of smoke, then, with a cry of "Umlilo, umlilo," which, being duplicated, meant that it was a *big* "fire, fire," turned tail and tore back, evidently to try and save, not the new-born encampment, with its accumulation of six months' stores, and household and agricultural effects, &c, but their own kraals! Remonstrance was useless, they were out of hearing, and looking about them, the settlers realised quickly that they were, in their inexperience, face to face with that most dangerous of enemies, a veldt fire This side of the summit of the ridge, the line of smoke no longer concealed the flaming belt of fire, which, like a growing tidal wave, rolled steadily on before the driving wind, towards its rich goal—the camp There was nothing for it but to try to beat the conflagration at its own game, so, left to their own resources, the settler family promptly themselves set fire to long stretches of the dry tinder-like grass, to bar the further progress of the enemy when he should draw near

But it was no easy task to furrow the eager flames in the desired direction, and though for two hours the work continued, of beating, beating, beating, with the ridiculously inadequate juniper twigs, the rushing flames of the fire of defence, these were rapidly getting beyond control, whilst steadily onward, licking up everything within a mile's breadth, that came before it, blotting out earth and sky behind, a great moving inferno of furious flame and smothering smoke, suggestive of old pictures of the ending of the world, the big veldt fire rolled near The chiefs, having completed the defences of their kraals, had now returned, and with old bits of sacks hastily snatched up in their flight, and with newly-cut junipers, as well as with their *bare feet*, they helped to fight the common enemy But the time-allowance was too short, and it was apparent that the flames of the big fire, which had always been beyond all hope of control, would sweep past before the ring of protection was completed Obviously, then, the only course was to rush back in front of the fire to camp, and in the short space available, snatch the greatest valuables and hurl them into the less destructive river Tents, bedding, furniture, clothes, &c, to the value of many hundreds of pounds, must go by the board And, left exposed without protection, to the cold

frosts of night, upon the high veldt in winter, their farming where-withal destroyed, the new settlers—what of them?

But it is not only in melodrama or penny-a-line romance that the miraculous befalls. At that critical moment, when the decision to fly, as a last resource, back to the camp had just been made, the wind suddenly changed its course, and, in prompt obedience to its suggestion, the flames swiftly swerved away from the direction of the camp, and rushing blindly towards the river, were there cut off, and the cantonment of the new settlers was fatefully preserved for subsequent adventures. The chiefs, without a word of warning, then promptly removed any remnants of decoration that may have adorned, but had at no time covered, their bodies, and plunged into the river, and subsequently came back for bully beef and coffee to the tents. And so ended the first morning of the new life.

It is, however, now time to supplement this brief sketch of incidental conditions, with a few words concerning the general prospects of success likely to await the pioneer farmer in the Transvaal. With the best intentions of avoiding controversial topics, or the discussion of questions, for which a more intimate knowledge of the country than that possessed by the writer should be a *sine quâ non*, the already thread-worn "labour question" must yet form the pivot of all prognostications concerning the future, since labour is, like the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, that upon which the sequence of the whole South African story is dependent. The report of the Native Labour Commission as to whether there is or is not sufficient black labour for the requirements of the country, is at the moment of writing not yet published. The verdict is, however, a foregone conclusion. The demands of the mine-owners for Chinese labour will be granted, and it now remains for English people to consider the significance of the concession.

The demand is plausible. The prosperity of the mines is essential for the prosperity of the country, there is not enough native labour forthcoming to keep the mines in working order, therefore alien labour must be introduced. Were this measure but a temporary stop-gap for the exigency of a moment, whilst a broader policy was in preparation, it might be difficult, apart from sentiment, to counterbalance the arguments in its favour. But it must be remembered that deep down in the minds, not of this individual, or of that, but of the unassorted conglomerate South African consciousness, remaining over as an inherited legacy of African tradition, there lurks, disguised under specious aspirations for the prosperity of the country, the primitive but determined desire of the stronger animal for possession of unlimited control.

over the inferior, for—in plain words—the continuance of slavery Exeter Hall may roar, and the Church of England preach, eloquently and earnestly, the doctrines of twentieth-century freedom, but, unleashed from the fetters of civilisation, separated by six thousand miles of ocean from the restraints of the home sanctuaries, face to face, too—and here lies to some extent the condonation—with life that is made up all day long of naked realities and not theories, of facts and not disguises, and that has to deal with human and natural conditions that are still purely primitive, modern Man, from whom advanced European thinkers expect as yet too much, stands appraised at his true standard of evolution, which, though it may possibly have reached that of the “beyond-animal,” has still not yet attained to the “beyond-man” of the poets. And it is difficult to avoid the conviction, which has, in the case of the settler now writing, been photographed as a first impression upon the film of an unbiassed mind, that the feverish cry for the cheap labour of the Chinese is not unconnected, unconsciously though it may be, with an inherited antipathy to free labour. Black labour is not more difficult to procure now than it was before the war, but the opportunity the war afforded the natives of gauging the true value of their work has not been lost upon them, and they now demand the market price of their services. This budding independence, first sign of a civilised instinct on the part of the black workman, would of course be nipped by the flooding of the market with the cheapest possible form of labour, contracted for in terms that are practically those of slavery.

But the introduction of a cheap alien labour supply is fraught with evils extending beyond the sphere of mere sentiment for the progress of the black races. It is connected with the future prosperity of the colony as a whole. Upon this sign-post of the labour question is indicated the parting of the ways. If the Transvaal is to flourish as a united self-supporting whole, if the produce and results of land industries are to supply the towns, and these in their turn are to react healthfully for the benefit of the land, with their capital and their markets, there must be all over the country, railways, roads, schools, churches, all the paraphernalia of civilised and commercial life, and for all this, in addition to the exorbitant demands of the mines, indigenous labour is undoubtedly insufficient. No one could deny this, and the new settler-farmer, not content, as the Boers have been, with growing a few crops of mealies, but ambitious to work the soil to the limit of its resources, feels the pinch as much as anybody. For, at the crucial period when the time has come to plough and sow his “broad acres,” he will probably find his “boys” all trekking

off to their various kraals to dig or plough their own mealie patches, and he will be left high and dry with perhaps only a chance "piccannin" to help him in the multitudinous labours of an uncultivated farm. There is undoubtedly a dearth of labour, but there is a hiatus in the argument which flies at once to the conclusion that the yellow immigrant is therefore a necessity. If white men and their children are going to use the railways and the roads, the schools and churches, why will not white men labour at the construction of their own means of civilisation? Chiefly, it must be said, because of the ineradicable superstition, which Boer rule has done nothing to diminish, that in a country where there is coloured labour, the white man loses caste if he, too, works with his own hands. This is exemplified at the first railway station, town, or hotel, at which the observer may land in South Africa. "Is that a white man's work in this country?" inquired the "boots" at an hotel, when asked to carry the writer's Gladstone bag to the bedroom from the front door.

But, it will be contended, the white man starves at a wage which, to the black, is opulence, and that the cost of living is in the towns prohibitive, except at a wage which would spell ruin to the employer. These arguments are, however, to their full extent applicable only to a time that is now past. For already black boys are, since the war, earning, as farm labourers, house-boys, cooks, and in Government departments, wages amounting to £6 and £8 a month, in addition to lodging and food, the latter being no longer confined to mealie-pap, but including meat, white bread, and coffee, &c. Now, are there not hundreds of English boys and men, who, if it were not considered an indignity to drive mules or plough, or carry pails beside a black man, would be willing to work for such wages, taken in conjunction with the life of freedom, and the glorious climate? Just as there are swarms of English gills, who, discontented in their homes of idleness, could be happily employed doing the work in house, garden, dairy, and poultry yard, which now falls to the share of incompetent black boys, to the distraction of the unfortunate farmer's wife, who, without any feminine assistance, is a drudge of all work, and is alone, of all people and classes in South Africa, not ashamed to work with her own hands. As regards the argument that the cost of living in the towns is prohibitive to the introduction of white labour, it must be remembered that the *country* of the Transvaal is now open, and if English men and women, brought up to regard work as the guerdon rather of free men than of slaves, and accustomed, too, to English, rather than Colonial, habits of thought, will only come out and work with their own hands, using black labour as a *supplement* to their own, and if,

putting away Arabian Nights notions of gold and diamond palaces, they will be content to earn a wholesome living, the future of the land of the Transvaal, and of the Transvaal as a vital portion of the British Empire, is assured. Once, however, let it be established as an axiom that all labour is to be in the hands of those who have no interest in the country, the result will be, not a general access of prosperity and progress, but an exaggeration of monopolies. Mines, land, commerce, all will fall into the hands of the exploiters of what would be, if it were all coloured, practically slave-labour, and as a white man's country, in the extensive sense of the term, the Transvaal will be doomed. The present is a psychological moment in the history of this colony and a great opportunity is before the English people. Two courses are open for adoption — (1) To allow labour, which is the real life of the land, to be in the hands of those who have no interest in the prosperity and advancement of the country, with the result that all the varied requirements of a budding civilisation will be stunted. Or (2) to refuse, even at a sacrifice, thus deliberately to put back the clock of civilisation, but to take care instead, that the influx of labourers shall be of a standard that is *above*, and not below, that which was obtaining in the country when our predecessors in possession had control. There are already in the Transvaal an overwhelming number of mixed and complicated elements and interests, English, Boer, Hollander, Afrikander, foreigners, Colonials, Joiners (as the national scouts who have now been excommunicated from the Dutch Church are called by their bitter brother Boers), in addition to those of the various native races, and coolies, and it does seem, to the inexperienced onlooker, at least, that if the country is to be brought into line with British, as apart from African, ideas of civilisation, the consolidation of these varying interests should be sought, not by swamping free labour in the dead sea of an enforced alien slavery, rendering the performance of real and progressive work by white men more than ever impossible, but by seizing, before it is too late, the opportunity of stocking the country with workmen and women who, high and low through all the grades of life, will have permanent interests in the land of their adoption, and in the people amongst whom their lot is cast.

To this end a certain amount of sacrifice on the part of the Government as regards emigration and "first aid," and on the part of individuals, who must at first forego the accustomed comforts of a hyper-civilised English life, would undeniably be necessary. But the resulting Utopia would be based on strictly commercial principles. Where there are masses of white workmen and women, must there not be churches, schools, and general indus-

tries established, with the inevitable interchange between the produce of country and of town, which, with a coloured population, would be scarcely required? It is as well, then, for commercial, as well as for sentimental, interests, to be on the alert, lest the coming of the Chinese, harmless it may be as a temporary expedient, should become a means of permanently depositing the riches of a wealthy country in the hands of a few plutocrats, while the general development of the land is neglected. The soil of the Transvaal and its possibilities, apart from its still untold mineral resources, are on both high and low veldt, magnificent, and, as far as can be judged from the experiments already made, it would seem that a fine future may be in store—when once a knowledge of the individualities of the soil has been acquired—for those who stake their prospects on the land. The two conditions, however, essential for success, are —(1) That there shall be a regular supply of reliable labour, (2) that there shall be established, and that speedily, before the early settlers have had time to lose heart, some system of transport. Wagons drawn by oxen or mules, with transport riders, who charge rates that are prohibitive to the farmer, adding unreasonably to the natural cost of living, are at the moment the sole means of conveyance for goods or foodstuffs. This is of importance not only for the prosperity of the individual settler, but to enable the land to do its full share of public work by reducing the cost of living in the towns, through the introduction of indigenous food and the elimination of the present ubiquitous and ruinously expensive tinned provisions which are now almost the only form of diet procurable.

An effective network of railways is at present impossible on account of the difficulty of procuring labour, but it only Mr H G Wells' prophecy in his "Anticipations" could be realised, and the cumbersome iron railway train be replaced by a system of *road* trains or motors, the arterial communication between the head, limbs, and trunk of the whole body would be established, and the greatest hindrance to profitable cultivation of the land and the encouragement of a *good* class of settlers would be removed. It is not, as a rule, to the first pioneers of any movement that the harvest of success falls, and in the case of land settlers in the Transvaal they will probably have to be content, though not by any means necessarily so, with acquiring at a price experiences by which their successors are to benefit. But any settler, however new and inexperienced, who is zealous for the advancement, not only of his own interests, but of those of the Empire under whose flag his tent-pole stands, can safely prophesy that the success of the Transvaal with its illimitable

possibilities, as a colony, will be dependent not upon an influx of alien labour from *below* the present standard of human value—an influx of labourers whose presence in the country will do less than nothing to forward the higher interests of civilisation and of freedom—but by the admission of a stream of free labourers from *above*, who will introduce the true spirit of a progressive democracy, in accordance with which it shall no longer be deemed an offence against accepted canons for a white man to work with his own hands, if he so chooses. The introduction of the Chinese must be regarded as an indication that there is something unsound in the condition of a society which requires this kind of artificial economic nutriment. It rests with the political physicians of the British Empire to see to it that a temporary expedient of emergency shall be superseded, as quickly as may be, by some more wholesome and natural method of sustenance.

M A STOBART

THE NIECE OF NAPOLEON

HER brow was formed to wear the diadem Her features, pure as those of an antique cameo, her shoulders, her magnificent arms, her hands—the hands of the Bonapartes all denoted an illustrious race, and by her regal bearing one recognised the niece of Cæsar

Never, perhaps, has been seen a more perfect, more attractive, more majestic type of classical beauty in woman Old age had little dominion over her, up to her last day her features preserved their purity of line, and her figure remained erect and noble Her well-formed eyes reflected the purpose or the action of her mind, with those whom She honoured by her friendship, her glance, quick, ardent, went out to meet their thoughts, as if to tell them “Fear nothing, trust yourselves to me in all security”

Her admirable physique, of which no detail was incomplete, was the exact counterpart of her moral nature In her, dignity was allied with strength, kindness with intelligence, uprightness with ardour Her character was a perfect whole, simple and open, any one who conversed with her for a quarter of an hour could know her

It was impossible for her to conceal her impressions, her enthusiasms, or her antipathies A woman of action, going straight to the point, She emitted her thoughts without reserve in their entirety, careless of shocking people She greeted a duchess who had come to call, and whom She knew to have expressed distaste for her society, with the question —“Why do you come to see me if you don't want to?” She was enamoured of everything great, noble, and honest, duplicity or cunning, indecision or want of frankness, drove her beside herself She rebelled against all that appeared to her neither loyal nor just, anything done in the dark, in hiding In her eyes one should never act save in broad daylight Thus politics were always distasteful to her, She could never grasp the compromises and bargainings involved “One should always think out loud, and never ally one's self with people one dislikes or despises”

* * * * *

This woman, who could form for herself an intimate circle which included all the great minds of nineteenth-century France, was in that respect self-made She was born in exile, at Trieste, on May 27th, 1820, a year after the death of Napoleon Her father, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was the last of the Emperor's brothers, and her mother was the daughter of the King of Wür-

temberg Her father's almost sole pre-occupation was how to get money for the maintenance of his numerous mistresses Her mother was hopelessly in love with her husband, and the more he deceived her, the more she pursued him with her affection "I would give all my children for Fifi's little finger" (Fifi was her husband), she would say, before her sons and her daughter The Princess's parents, therefore, troubled themselves little about her education, fortunately, however, her mother had as lady-in-waiting the Baroness Reding, a woman of as much devotion as good sense, who became tenderly attached to Princess Mathilde, and who, not leaving her until her marriage, developed all her natural good qualities

Older by two years than Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde had lessons with him from a rather odd Savoyard professor named Tapasse He was very ill-dressed, never wore a waistcoat, and, attired in jacket and trousers of nankeen, used to deliver his lessons seated in an armchair with his feet on the table at which his two pupils were writing His morals were not above reproach, and one evening he went so far as surreptitiously to enter the Princess's sleeping apartment, but the noise he made attracted the attention of Baroness Reding, who got him dismissed from the house

Princess Mathilde's earliest recollection was of seeing Pius VII, who had consecrated Napoleon She may have been about three years old She was driving with her father and mother and Prince Napoleon in the Roman Campagna, when Pius VII's carriage came by According to custom, the King and Queen and their children alighted from their carriage, and, seeing them, the Pope, who had made his own carriage stop, invited the Queen and her children to get in with him This made a great scandal in Rome, because the Queen was a Protestant

She also remembered the mother of Napoleon I, and this is the portrait She drew of her She was very old, and spoke very little, appearing always absorbed in thought She had retained the Corsican accent, and always spoke of "Napolione" She spent nearly the whole day on the sofa, for she was no longer able to walk She had fine regular features, almost entirely fleshless, she was, indeed, so thin that one could almost see through the parchment skin of her hands, which were very beautifully formed, though her right forefinger had been broken and badly set She wore a white cap, and her gowns were always either black or puce-coloured Beside her stood her *chevalier d'honneur*, a Colonna, who still wore a powdered perruque, and who claimed to have visions of the Virgin In her chamber there was a fine bust of Napoleon, by Canova, its white marble profile standing out against the red damask hangings of the salon On Sundays, after the

déjeûner, her grandchildren were brought to kiss her hand, and to recite a fable Princess Mathilde came willingly, but Prince Napoleon grumbled a good deal "I don't want to kiss that old woman," he would say, "and I don't want her to kiss me" Sometimes, when the fable had been well said, Mme Mere would call old Saveria, who had been in her service when Napoleon I was born, and tell her to give the children some cakes "And how nasty they were!" Princess Mathilde would add, laughing

Queen Catherine showed small affection for her daughter, she reserved all her favour for the youngest of her children, that Prince Napoleon who was always called Plon-plon She spoiled him utterly; and till he was fourteen years old she invariably went herself to get him up in the morning, and put on his stockings The Prince was consequently very disagreeable and bad-mannered, and, sure of not being scolded, he never failed to report everything to his mother

When the Princess was thirteen her grandfather, the King of Wurtemberg, wished to see her Queen Catherine, jealous of her daughter, who was growing very pretty, while she herself was expanding in figure, and becoming so wrinkled that she was often taken for her husband's mother, began by resisting, but was at last obliged to yield to the old King's desire However, she brought Princess Mathilde dressed like a very little girl, with frilled drawers showing below her short skirt, so that the King cried out on seeing her "Oh, what a fright you have made of her! I must really dress her myself"

The King of Bavaria was an excellent man, full of wit and good humour, but so fat, said Princess Mathilde, that a piece had had to be cut out of the table at which he ate, as otherwise the size of his stomach would have prevented him from sitting within reach of his plate

The Princess made a great success at Munich, every one thought her pretty, unaffected, and amiable She had an exquisite complexion, and with a child's charming coquetry She would amuse herself by putting a rose-leaf against her cheek, to see whether the flower or her skin had the greater brilliance Doubtless it was here that She made her first conquest, that of the Prince of Schonburg Whatever restraint this gallant but already aged man placed upon the admiration and the strong feelings that possessed him, the Princess failed not to perceive them, and to experience at the time a lively satisfaction, which was accentuated later, when Queen Sophia of the Netherlands (born a Princess of Wurtemberg) informed her that after her departure the Prince of Schönburg had never ceased speaking of her, and that he had died suddenly with her name on his lips, at the very moment when

he was preparing for a journey to Italy in the hope of seeing her again

It was shortly after this that M and Mme Thiers and Mlle Dosne met King Jerome and Princess Mathilde in Italy. M Thiers was strongly attracted by the beauty and charm of the Princess, and two years later, when he was Minister for Foreign Affairs, he suggested her name to King Louis Philippe as a bride for the Duc d'Orleans. It was one of his political ideas to unite as far as possible the monarchy of July with Napoleonic glory.

The King approved, and the royal Prince—quite in love, no doubt, with the mere sketch M Thiers had drawn of the young Princess—set off accordingly for Lausanne, where She then was, in order to make her acquaintance.

What happened? Whether Queen Catherine, always jealous of her daughter, would not let the Duc d'Orléans even see her, whether King Jerome, in quest of money as usual, thought this a favourable opportunity for trying to borrow from Louis-Philippe, and the latter, who was no lender, refused in such a fashion as to cut short all further solicitation—whatever it was, negotiations were broken off.

What the minister had dreamed of for the younger branch, M Berryer also attempted for the elder, he wrote that Napoleon's niece would be a fitting mate for the Comte de Chambord. This scheme could not, as one can understand, be realised, but almost at the same time the Princess Lieven designated her young cousin to the Tsar Nicholas, as one of the princesses worthy to wed the Tsarevitch (afterwards Alexander II). Here, again, her mother interfered, and had her daughter's name scratched off the list which Princess Lieven was preparing.

In 1835 the Princess lost her mother, and soon after She went to Arenenberg with her father, to stay with her aunt, Queen Hortense. The latter had for long thoroughly appreciated her niece, and cherished a secret wish to see her become her daughter-in-law. "I do not want to make you vain, my dear child," she wrote to her in 1833, after a first stay at Arenenberg, "but it is to encourage you to remain always the same that I tell you how every one thought you very charming, agreeable, and natural. I myself, have enjoyed all the praises of my dear Mathilde, and do not doubt that she merits them in every case."

In the summer of 1836 the marriage was decided upon, and in the month of August, King Jerome went to arrange the terms of settlement with his sister-in-law. Both sides were soon in agreement, and King Jerome bought the Château de Gottlieb, on Lake Constance, close to Arenenberg, where the young couple were to be installed. Louis Napoleon presented his very modest engage-

ment ring, a turquoise set in gold (Princess Mathilde kept it all her life), and paid his court to his betrothed. In the daytime there were mountain walks, boating on the lake, driving excursions. In the evening every one gathered about a round table lighted by a tall lamp, in the great salon of the château, and there, beneath the eyes of David's "Napoleon passing the Great St Bernard," and of Prud'hon's portrait of the Empress Joséphine lying on a mossy bank, they drew, they chatted, they played innocent games, or perhaps they "made blots." This game consists in pouring ink in large drops on paper, and then trying so to spread each "blot" and arrange it with a pen, as to form it into some sort of picture. This little game had already been practised with a certain artistic effect by various English guests of Queen Hortense at Arenenberg—Lord Holland, Sir Robert Wilson, Colonel Bruce, and Sir Hamilton Seymour. There exists now among Princess Mathilde's papers, bequeathed by her to Count Primoli (whom She loved most among her nephews and friends, and who tended her devotedly during her illness), some of these "blots," made by her when betrothed to her cousin.

She quitted Arenenberg with her father in order to return to Rome, where her marriage was to take place in the beginning of the winter. Louis Napoleon appeared to be deeply in love, however, he was already thinking of his *coup de main* at Strasburg, which he executed six weeks later, not one of his relations having had the least suspicion of his project.

The thunderclap produced in France and Italy by the news of this abortive attempt at revolution struck especially the members of the Bonaparte family. It was not so much the imprisonment and deportation of Louis Napoleon that affected them, but the fear of disturbance to their own tranquillity, each of them cried out in reprobation of the inconsiderate evil-doer who was making trouble everywhere, Jerome being no less violent in his recriminations than Joseph or Louis Bonaparte.

Louis Napoleon, however, despite his uncles, was still thinking of his cousin, and wrote from America to her father, who, of course, gave no sign of life in return. The whole plan, consequently, vanished in smoke.

Of all Princess Mathilde's suitors, Louis Napoleon was the only one She knew personally, and although She was very fond of him, and always showed him much devotion, She was never at all in love with him. She appreciated his unfailing kindness, but saw nothing captivating in him. In the latter part of her life, when asked if She had regretted any of those proposals of marriage which had seemed to promise so much for the future "Yes," replied She, "that of the Duc d'Orleans, because I had an

irresistible longing to return to France I had been born in exile, I was still proscribed, and here was the chance offered me of entering my mother-country, and going to reside in Paris It would have been the fulfilment of my most fervent wish " It was not love that spoke here, but that sentiment of patriotism which was ever present in her, and which showed itself in so unexpected and amusing a fashion when for the first time She trod the soil of France This must have been in 1843, the Princess had crossed the bridge of Kehl in her post-chaise, when She perceived on the French bank of the river a sentinel, with tricolour cockade and red trousers "He was the first French soldier I had seen, and it was my country, hitherto unknown, that appeared to me in his form I stopped the carriage I got out, and quickly kissed the sentinel on both cheeks, then I went on my way quite happy, feeling as though it were my flag I had embraced "

Much astonished as the little soldier on sentry-go may have felt, how much more so would he not have been, could he have guessed that the beautiful woman who had just kissed him was the niece of the Great Napoleon !

For some time King Jerome had much frequented, while in Italy, the society of a very rich Russian nobleman, Prince Demidoff, of San Donato, and one fine day people learned, not without surprise, that the King was bestowing his daughter upon him Had the Princess been consulted? Did She know the man She was espousing?

In any case, this marriage, which was more like an affair of business than anything else, could not be happy, and it was soon dissolved, a journey made by the Princess to Russia the following year furnished, in fact, the occasion

On arriving in Petersburg, the Princess was in some dread as to what sort of reception would be given her by the Tsar Nicholas, who had been represented to her as a terrible autocrat He might reproach her, with some show of justice, for having preferred as a husband a simple subject rather than the heir to the throne The first words were, indeed, glacial "Why had you your name erased from the list of princesses proposed for my son?" asked the Tsar The Princess replied so naturally and simply, without in the least hiding the truth, and, besides, She was so beautiful, that the Tsar was conquered at once, and from that moment evinced an affection for her that bordered on tenderness He went about with her constantly, and to all sorts of places One day (as She used to relate), when She was walking with him in the Nevski Prospect, a regiment came marching by "Wait for me an instant," said the Tsar, "while I speak to the Colonel" Then, returning a moment after, beside himself with anger "Do

She

you know what I have just discovered? In order to save something for himself out of the equipment of his men, that Colonel makes them go without trousers in this freezing cold, those soldiers have only drawers on under their long coats!"

"I know you are not happy," he said to her one day, "when life becomes altogether intolerable, write to Orloff, and I will arrange matters." And, in fact, shortly afterwards, the Princess having communicated with the Tsar, the latter intimated to Prince Demidoff the conditions that must be imposed on him in order to ensure to the monarch's cousin an independent and honourable existence.

When the Princess went to Paris, her first visit was to King Louis-Philippe. She presented herself one evening to the family circle in the Tuileries. At the table sat Queen Marie Amelie, Mme Adelaide, the King's sister, and the Duchesse d'Orleans, reading or working, and at the end of the apartment the King was walking up and down with Count Mole. The latter, formerly one of Napoleon's ministers, on seeing the young lady enter, said to the King "I do not know this beautiful woman, but I am sure she is a Napoleon, I see it in her bearing."

Her reception was cordial, and some little time afterwards the Prince de Joinville came to visit her, in order to give her some souvenirs of Napoleon that he had brought from St Helena. The Duc d'Aumale was likewise presented to her, and did not disguise his admiration for her, an admiration which he always retained. He said once to Bonnat, who had painted her portrait "She was terribly beautiful."

The Princess then established herself in the Hôtel de Périgord, Rue St Dominique, and afterwards moved to a little hôtel in the Rue de Courcelles, where She began to gather round her a chosen circle of friends. There were, in the first place, Ingres—whom She had known in Rome—with Ary Scheffer, Amaury Duval, Ernest Hebert, and later, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Arago, Lamennais, Alexandre Dumas (who had already written a sonnet to her), Jean Reynaud, M Thiers, Count Mole, and Mignet. For some time She occupied herself with painting, especially in water-colours, Raffet had been her first master, and Eugene Giraud succeeded him. The violinist, Sauzet, gave her music lessons. She was enthusiastically interested in the exhibitions, and in all other manifestations of Art. Altogether, She thoroughly enjoyed Paris, her home, her country.

Then came 1848. She remained in France, and She had gone to the seaside, at Dieppe, in the September of that year, when her cousin, Louis Napoleon, came over from England and took up his abode in Paris at the Hôtel du Rhin, Placé Vendôme, with the

intention of offering himself to popular suffrage as a candidate for the presidency of the Republic Princess Mathilde had not seen him since 1836 She received a telegram from him begging her to come She hastened to him, they talked together of the past, and then the Prince, having expounded the situation, said to her. "I have no money, and I need it for the electoral campaign, can you get some for me?"

The Princess did not hesitate, She sent a portion of her jewellery in pledge to Hancock, the London jeweller, and thus realised 200,000 francs

After Louis Napoleon had been made, first President of the Republic, and then Emperor, it was Princess Mathilde who did the honours at the Elysée and at the Tuileries She it was, again, who introduced to him all the notabilities of France, whom he had not previously met, his life having hitherto been spent alternately in prison and in exile

When once he was on the throne, Napoleon III again wished to marry his cousin, and, sounded by him, the Pope consented to dissolve the marriage with Prince Demidoff, on the score of irregularities But when the Emperor spoke to the Princess She did not hesitate, She refused him She had now made for herself a personal position which She owed solely to her own initiative, one that would enable her to play a congenial part in the world of letters, art, and science Henceforward She was to have a court, or, rather, an intimate circle—where, without distinction of opinions, She could bring together the people whom She loved These included the elder and the younger Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, the brothers de Goncourt, Taine, Renan, Paul Bert, Merimee, Thiers, Mignet, Emile Augier, Paul Baudry, Ernest Hebert, Niewenkerque, Eugene Giraud, Gounod, and also Sainte Beuve, whose confidante She became, for to the Princess the celebrated critic would recount the smallest details of his life, the story of his domestic matters, and of his love affairs, of his successes, and of his mortifications He had been, he told her one day, madly in love with Mme Victor Hugo, and could devise no better means for gaining access to her than to dress himself in woman's clothes and introduce himself into the house as a servant, which his clean-shaven face and babyish air rendered easy He was instantly discovered, and, he added "I looked as pitiable as ridiculous"

Younger men followed in the track of their elders There were Ch Yriarte, Coppée, Lavisse, Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, Claudius Popelin, Albert Vandal, Henry Houssaye, Bonnat, Detaille, Jules Lefevre Throughout the Second Empire She used to assemble, in her delightful country house at St Gratien, on

the shores of Lake d'Enghien, the elect of her intimates the two Goncourts, Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, Paul Baudry, Eugène Giraud, and Alexandre Dumas, the younger

During the evenings Flaubert read passages from "Salamambo," which he was then writing, or Théophile Gautier his poems, Baudry and Hebert painted, as did also the Princess, who exhibited every year in the Salon. She loved to walk in the park with one or other of her friends, and then they would exchange ideas by the hour

Often, when the Princess had gone up to bed, her guests would adjourn to Théophile Gautier's room, where he, clad in a red dressing-gown and yellow slippers, and extended on his bed with a long pipe in his mouth, would preside over a gathering whence proceeded a continual firework-display of wit, anecdotes, and bons-mots

In such a company there was no shirking even of practical jokes. One day when Ernest Hebert was driving to the station in the Princess's carriage, he espied in an orchard by the way an apple blazing with colour, a perfect model of an apple for a picture of Eve's temptation. He stopped the carriage and picked the apple. The coachman, no doubt, told tales, and the story thus came to the ears of the Princess's guests, among whom that day was Chais d'Est Ange, *procureur-général* in the Court of Appeal. After consultation with him, a summons was fabricated, requiring the painter of "Malaria" and of the "Cervaroles," to attend at the police court and answer to a charge of larceny by which he had compromised the Princess, and then the next day there came an intimation that judgment had been given against him, by which he was condemned to several days' imprisonment. Though at first a little uneasy, Hebert ended by laughing as heartily as those who had played off the joke on him.

This intimacy with men already famous incited the Princess to the discovery of youthful geniuses as yet unknown, that She might help them to rise, and furnish them with means to develop their capabilities.

One day Renan came to see her. "A friend of mine," he told her, "my best friend, whose intellect is of the highest scientific power, is vegetating in an inferior position, where he cannot make the researches he dreams of. The Emperor must be induced to found a chair of organic chemistry, and give it to him." The Princess went off to the Tuileries immediately, and did not leave until She had obtained what She asked.

One of the greatest authors in her circle having married his daughter to a young poet, the Princess, with the Emperor's consent, announced to her friend that his son-in-law would receive

a pension, on the ground of his being a man of letters. But Marshal Vaillant—then Minister of Fine Arts—made difficulties. Tired of his embarrassed explanations, the Princess interrupted him. “You don’t want to pay the pension? Very well, I shall pay it myself. But, that no one may know anything about it, I shall send you the money, and you must pay it through your office.”

The man of science and the poet have now become famous, and probably both of them are ignorant of the above-related facts, for M. Renan would of course have kept silence in deference to the Princess’s wish, and Marshal Vaillant, would hardly be likely to boast of his share in the second story.

Princess Mathilde was wise enough to notice and to buy the first pictures exhibited in the Salon by Bonnat, Jules Lefèvre, Roybet, Detaille, and many other painters then unknown, who have since become acknowledged masters. These artists love to describe the delight they felt when, still young, shy, and uncertain of their future, they found themselves distinguished by the notice of an Imperial Highness, whose choice pointed them out to the public as artists with greatness before them, and who, not content with possessing their works, wished also to have themselves as friends.

“If you know any young poets in whom you discern talent, bring them to me,” She said to Theophile Gautier, and thus it was that on the day after the first performance of “*Le Passant*,” the author of “*Emaux et Camees*” took François Coppee with him to St. Gratien.

It was for the individual and his personal value alone that She cared. At her house, therefore, were to be met people of the most various origins and of all shades of thought. She often inveighed against politics, for alienating from her certain persons whom She liked, and with whom She would have desired to keep in touch. Do I not remember the pleasure which Bonnat gave her, when he was the means of renewing her acquaintance with the Duc d’Aumale, whom She had not seen since 1848? Nothing could have been more agreeable to her, a Frenchwoman and a Bonaparte, than to re-establish her intimacy with that perfect specimen of the French soldier. M. Thiers She continued to see. He often came to dine at St. Gratien, with Merimee, Mignet, the Marchesa Roccagione, and various other literary and scientific personages.

She frequently protected persons who were hostile to the Empire—among others, Charles Blanc, for whom She obtained the Legion of Honour, which at the instance of his brother, Louis Blanc, he refused, though this action on his part did not prevent his being granted shortly afterwards a subvention of 50,000 francs for the publication of his great work on the history of painting.

She was, above all, individual in her tastes, and detested blind adherence to the fashions or crazes of the day. She followed her own ideas and her own wishes in the choice of her dress as She did in the buying of her pictures, with good reason, too, and not without a certain coquetry, for She knew what became her. She loved gowns with flowing simple lines, made of rich material calculated to show off the majesty of her figure. She could not abide frills and furbelows, nor any of those arrangements of frippery that destroy harmony of contour.

"Every one is wearing that now," somebody once said to her, and She replied "What is that to me? In the first place, I am not 'every one', and in the second, I dress as it pleases myself, not as it pleases others."

And She was right, no one had better taste in such matters than herself.

When She received the Emperor Nicholas II and the Empress of Russia at the Invalides, to do the honours of her uncle's tomb, She wore a long cloak of purple velvet, a train of iridescent colouring, and a little bonnet which gave the effect of a coronet on her head. Her majestic air made a great impression on all present. Although eighty years of age, when presented to the Tsaritsa, the latter thought her appearance so youthful that she was quite taken aback, unable to imagine it to be really Princess Mathilde whom she saw before her, and, fearing some mistake, she seemed uncomfortably puzzled at finding the niece of Napoleon I still so fascinating.

For She was, above all things, a woman, loving to please, to captivate, to be admired, and with her fine sincerity she openly showed what pleasure She took in her successes and conquests.

Her desire to be of use to people of distinction did not prevent her from also doing good in general whenever She had the opportunity, and assisting the poor and unfortunate. Misery of any kind appealed to her sympathy, to make others happy was her supreme delight. She founded the Asile Mathilde, a Home for Incurables, where She gave shelter to 300 little crippled girls, whom She loved to visit, talking to them, cheering them. A month before her death four of them brought her a bouquet of artificial flowers, which they had made on purpose for her. She received them lying in her bed, which She could no longer leave, thanked them, and then said "Come and let me kiss you." The way in which the faces of those four afflicted little ones, humpbacked, lame, or deformed, lighted up at her words, showed the pleasure given by her simple kindness, and nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate manner of the dying Princess as She embraced her little protégées.

Though She ignored politics, and though her principles inclined her towards the Republican form of government, She remained none the less a Bonaparte, proud of her name, and of the incomparable glory which her uncle had given to France. On that subject She was uncompromising, and would never permit the smallest lack of respect for Napoleon's name. His memory was sacred to her, and how could one blame her for preferring to break with a friend rather than suffer a slight to her most cherished heritage?

Princess Mathilde was pre-eminently a woman of heart. The staunchness of her friendship became proverbial. Affection, in her, was instinct with the enthusiasm of force and intelligence that was at the root of her character. She trusted in her friends unreservedly, as She wished them to trust in her. None of her friends could ever appear indiscreet in her eyes. If She learned that one of them, whether through delicacy, timidity, or fear of seeming importunate, had not confided some trouble to her, or asked her help when it might have been useful, She would be really distressed. How often She has been heard to say, her face glowing with affection, "Why! how absurd you are! You could not tell me about your affairs? You know quite well that it is a pleasure to me to help those I care for. Be sure you never keep me in the dark again!"

Furthermore, if She herself had anything special to communicate, She said it directly and simply. It was only those of whom She was fondest that She ever took to task, and then with that delicacy which true affection alone can give. Edmond de Goncourt had an explanation with her at St Gratien one day, when She showed such a touching candour, that the author of "Manette Salomon" was moved to tears.

When it was an affair of the heart, She was never at a loss, according to circumstances, She knew whether to encourage, support, counsel, soothe, or console, and always with a tact and understanding which made every word and action effective.

The affection She bestowed on those She loved never failed for a single day, and during the last six months of her life, when She was entirely confined to bed, She kept herself informed about her friends, and asked constantly to see them, finding in their society alone pleasure and solace for her sufferings.

Her health had matched her physical and moral stature, and since at two years of age She had finished cutting her teeth, She had never been ill, nor even had had to spend a day in bed on account of indisposition. An unforeseen accident struck her down. She expired surrounded by her friends and old servants. And as She lay sleeping her last sleep, her face took on a striking

resemblance to the mask of Napoleon modelled at St Helena There was the same broad forehead, the same delicately arched eyebrows, the same finely chiselled nose, the same commanding expression

How much She will be missed by those who knew they could count on her at any moment, and in any circumstances, and to whom She was a counsellor and confidante full of good sense ! Her death leaves a great blank in many hearts, and I can scarcely convey the profound admiration and respectful gratitude with which her closest friends (among whom it is my pride to include myself) will preserve her memory

GERMAIN BAPST

Translated by HELEN CHISHOLM

THE PLAGUE OF NOVELS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES remarks somewhere, that every man has within him the material for at least one novel. As the greater contains the less, this must hold true of woman as well. At any rate, the excessive production of novels would seem to indicate that not only has every man and woman the material for one novel—nay, for a score of novels—but that every man and woman is bent upon putting that material inside the covers of a book. Last year no fewer than eighteen hundred and fifty-nine novels were published in this country. The figures are really astounding. Just think of it—say five novels a day! Nor is that all, for the eighteen hundred do not include new editions of old novels—the sixpenny reprints, for example, which alone represent a vast constituency of readers. Probably, too, if one were to be quite exact, a large number of foreign novels ought to be added, thus bringing the total up to a good round two thousand or more.

It will hardly be contended, even by the most ardent lover of fiction, that this enormous output of so-called "light literature" is a commendable thing. It might be a commendable thing if every one of the eighteen hundred novels were a work of art, like the novels of Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray. Nay, if every one of the eighteen hundred was even a passably good novel, one might look at the figures with a certain equanimity, though the effect upon serious literature of such a preponderance of the fiction element would still give rise to disquieting reflections. But the trouble is that the great bulk of our current fiction is so bad—so distressingly and so appallingly bad. Not more than five out of every hundred novels published are artistically satisfying, not one in every thousand has the slightest chance of immortality. Many of these novels are not even written in decent English. The plots are incoherent when they are not hackneyed, the characterisation is limp and feeble, the dialogue is imbecile and superficial, in short, the whole performance is not worth the ink and paper expended upon it. This is admitted by everybody who has any right to express an opinion at all. Reviewers are heartily sick of these miserable "romances," and say insincere things about them, having the fear of the advertisement-manager before their eyes. The public are sick of them, for they do not buy them, and the booksellers are sick of them because they cannot sell them. Why, then, are they published?

That is the puzzle. In this world most people want to make money. The average novelist certainly does. True, he may want to make fame as well, but, unless he is a person of independent means, he will want to make fortune first and fame afterwards. Now what are the chances of fortune for the writers of these eighteen hundred novels? How many of them actually find purchasers? The circulating libraries, of course, use up a large number of novels by even comparatively unknown writers. But do the comparatively unknown writers sell in the bookshops? And how does it fare with the writers who are totally unknown? There are thousands of people, regular readers of fiction, who would never dream of buying a novel, especially a six-shilling novel, even by an author of repute. "The book is no use after it is once read," they will tell you, and they save their money for works that can be put on the shelf and read again and again. In the case of the author who has still to make a name, the prime difficulty must be, not to find purchasers, but to find readers. Not long ago, according to the *Publishers' Circular*, a bookseller in a large way of business stated that he had fifteen different new six-shilling novels offered to him in one day, and that he had declined to subscribe for any of them. "I have too many of the same kind on my shelves already," he said. Shortly afterwards an evening paper reviewed these fifteen new novels in a slump notice of half-column length—not, perhaps, the identical fifteen, but what does it matter about the identical fifteen? Judging from one's experience, they would be all as like as two peas. The point is, how many copies of the fifteen were actually sold? How many of the fifteen paid for the mere cost of production? Probably less than five hundred copies of the entire lot were sold, probably not one of the fifteen paid its expenses.

And here it may be well to inquire what are the expenses of a six-shilling novel? They vary somewhat, no doubt, but one may easily get at the average cost. Speaking generally, the cost of producing a six-shilling novel is one shilling per copy. If the number be large, the average is reduced to ninepence per copy, if very small it is increased to one and threepence. The novelist who pays for his vanity—that is, who bears the expense of seeing himself in print—will have to pay anything from £50 to £100. One has heard of £150 being asked. It all depends upon the particular house to which the aspirant may carry his manuscript. A popular novelist has recounted to me a little incident in his own experience. At the outset of his career, he wrote a boy's book. He sent it to a London firm of publishers, who said they liked it, and would be glad to publish it if he paid £85 towards cost of production. Happening to know something about the

trade, the author saw at once that this was nearly double the actual cost, and he accordingly asked for the return of his manuscript. When it came, he posted it off to another firm, and in due course received an offer of £50 for the copyright, which of course he accepted. If he had not known better, he would have written a cheque for £85—supposing he had the money—and the commission firm would have put his book on the market. That is the way with three-fourths of the unknown novelists. They send their manuscripts to the publisher, the publisher says "Yes, your story is very good. I will be glad to produce it if you will contribute so much towards the cost." As a rule the "so much" is the total cost and a little over. The publisher loses nothing, the author loses the amount of his cheque, and the public—well, the public read another wretched novel for want of something better to do, and oblivion immediately scatters her poppies over the author. He gets into the "remainder" lists, at a price which represents little more than the binding alone, and if the remainder list fails to get rid of him, he goes to the butterman. And yet he continues to write! Hope springs eternal in the breast of the unappreciated novelist—the hope of finding himself some day in the front rank, to be named in literary history with the great gods of fiction whom the publisher reprints gladly.

How far the publishers are to blame for the continued appearance of these half-baked novelists it would not be easy to say. It is easy enough to say that the publisher should accept only such novels as his advisers know to be thoroughly good, that he should accept no novel upon which he would not risk his own money. But this is an unattainable ideal, and, moreover, supposing it were attainable, it would always involve the possible chance of the public's losing a good thing, whose merit had not struck the publisher's reader. Publishers' readers are but human after all, they have before now declined books which turned out a success when issued by the author at his own expense. Mr James Payn declined "John Inglesant", and there are other notorious examples of the kind. It is one of the pet contentions of the Authors' Society, that publishers should in no case encourage authors to publish at their own expense. In principle the Society is right. But publishers are business men, and even publishers cannot restrain an author who has faith in himself, as every author has. To be sure, a union of publishers, sworn to a "No Authors' Expense" policy, might act as an effectual check. But as things are, such a union is impossible. There are a dozen or more publishing firms whose existence is practically dependent on the author's cheque. They reply to aspirants' ambitions of literary distinction in stereotyped circulars. They never decline

anything unless it is outrageously bad. They will not risk their own money, but they will risk the author's, and when the author sends the stipulated sum "to cover cost of production," they will "at once place the manuscript in the printer's hands." Of course provision is always made in the agreement for profits, "if any." The author is to have, as a rule, two-thirds, the publisher one-third. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the author gets nothing. The publisher has already paid himself out of the author's cheque, and the spider and fly business goes on as before.

So long as these commission firms continue their operations, it can hardly be expected that the more reputable firms will refuse the author's money. There was a time not so long ago when no reputable firm would have accepted a novel for the production of which the firm were not prepared to spend their own capital. Few houses of that kind can be in existence now. One of the most significant circumstances in the recent history of publishing is that even Mr. John Murray has been obliged to undertake the publication of novels, in self-defence, as it were. Albemarle Street never published novels in the old days, but Albemarle Street finds that in order to put money in its purse it must do as other houses do, and make concessions to the popular craze for "light literature." Is it to be supposed that Albemarle Street rejoices in the modern theory that no book that is a book and not a literary miracle can find favour if it does not offer itself in the guise of a novel? Not very likely. But business is business. The novel is good business, the best business, therefore let the novel have first place in the publishers' lists, even if the author himself is to pay the piper.

The idea that the public will look at a book only if it is cast in fiction form has no doubt a great deal to do with the over-production of novels. A writer may have something to say about Popery, or Pauperism, or Prison Reform, about the Immortality of the Soul, or the Theory of Population, about Army Reform, or the Tyranny of the Marriage Laws. What then? He knows that nobody will read him if he writes a serious book on his pet theme, therefore he clothes his pet theme in the garb of romance. A good third of the novels published every year ought really to have been issued as tracts. Not long ago a well-known critic wrote that whosoever picks up the most popular romances of the day and opens them at hazard, will light, at every dip, on such phrases as "The Church," "The Method of Christianity," "Heaven, Earth, and the Soul," "The True Modernity in Woman," "Occidental Religion," and so forth. Speculations on Ether and Atoms abound, the romancers being evidently persuaded that you can see an atom under a microscope. Even archæology and the spirit of antiquity may be made to form the groundwork of a novel. But why labour the point?

"It is the simple truth to say," writes a well-known novelist, 'that the best literary talent of England to-day goes into fiction' It is indeed the simple truth—can we wonder that the talent which is *not* the best follows the lead?

Certainly, the talent which is not the best gets plenty of encouragement in some quarters. It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that one great cause of the over-production of novels lies in the absurd notion now prevalent that the art of fiction can be taught. At no period in the history of literature were novelists so well looked after as they are to-day. The number of critics ever watching for an opportunity to tender advice to them is rapidly increasing, and whole volumes are produced for the guidance and instruction of the story-teller. 'How to become a novelist' is made the subject of symposia in the magazines, and "How to Write Fiction" finds a place among the literature of the railway book-stalls. It is all rather staggering according to the old-fashioned idea of romancing, by which one supposed that the novelist, as Izaak Walton said of the angler, was "born to be so." But there is no doubt about it. Novel-writing is now a mere matter of training, like the making of boots or bricks.

Do you wish to write a short story, for example? All you have to do is to get a striking idea, a novel situation, a remarkable trait of character. Then introduce your idea or your character in the first sentence, something after this manner: 'She was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks.' That is plain enough. James Payn once told a beginner in fiction that it was useless to make a brilliant start unless he had wind—that is to say, invention—to carry on the tale. But doctors notoriously differ. One reads in the symposium that, "having a right start, it is not difficult to go straight ahead to the end successfully, in a simple and natural manner." As for style, the neophyte is advised to go back to Macaulay—of all stylists for the novelist! Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot—these need not be studied, because the fact is, they sometimes fail in their verbal style. 'Imagine Thackeray in the stylists' Index Expurgatorius!' How is the budding novelist to keep his head amid these contradictions? The budding novelist very likely pays no heed to the multitude of his counsellors, but goes right forward secure in that belief in himself which, in novel-writing, fortunately does not always conquer the world. The truth is, of course, that novel-writing cannot be taught. As that already defunct heroine, Isabel Carnaby, remarks: "I always say that writing is like flirting—if you can't do it, nobody can teach you to do it, and if you can do it, nobody can keep you from doing it."

The pitiable thing is that those who can't do it are not kept from trying to do it, nay, that they are even deluded by interested persons into the notion that they can do it

A tax upon novels has been seriously proposed by some who deplore the ever-increasing flood of rubbish which pours from the publishers' offices. But an imposition of this kind would be quite ineffective. No tax would restrain a novelist who was assured of the ultimate success of his own work. As matters stand at present, the publisher may quote him a bill of £80 for the production of a six-shilling novel. Supposing that £20 more were to be added by way of tax, would that prevent the publication of the author's story? Not a bit of it. The £100 would be paid as cheerfully as the £80 by a writer who expects to get it all back, and something more, when the merits of his novel have at last dawned upon a generally undiscerning public. As for the publisher, he puts his money only on men in whom he has confidence, and if he were to be taxed he would make the public pay the impost, just as the tea merchant and the distiller make the public pay on their respective commodities. A tax on something that the public really want would have to be very heavy in order to seriously restrict the output. The public seem to want fiction, as much as they want bread and butter, and they will have it, whether fiction is taxed or not.

That is really the conclusion of the whole business. We may deplore the ever-increasing flood of novels, but so long as the reading public continue their preference for light literature to the almost total neglect of other forms of writing, so long will the publishers and the novelists, good and bad, continue to supply the demand. Even criticism will not greatly help to stem the current of futile fiction. Some of the novels that have attained the largest circulations of modern times have been pronounced by the entire critical craft to be destitute of nearly every quality that a first-rate work of fiction ought to possess. Writers could be named whose novels would sell by the hundred thousand though they were the veriest rubbish that ever poured from the groaning press. The matter is entirely in the hands of the public. When the public awakens to a sense of its shameful neglect of the higher and more serious forms of literature, then the plague of novels will be somewhat stayed. Meanwhile the public gets in fiction exactly what it asks for.

J CUTHERBERT HADDEN

THEOPHANO ¹
THE CRUSADE OF THE TENTH CENTURY
A ROMANTIC MONOGRAPH

BY
FREDERIC HARRISON

CHAPTER XXI

ISLAM AND CROSS

THE sun was high over the Asian Olympus, bathing in its glow the calm waters of the Propontis and the rocky islets that we now call the Islands of the Princes. The islet nearest to Byzantium, and within a few miles of it, still bears the name of *Proté*, or "the first," from the capital. It commands a glorious panorama of that superb scene, crowded with hills, rocks, bays, cities, and towers, as it fronts the lower opening of the Bosphorus, and the southern side of the city with its battlements, palaces, and domes.

High on a headland of the islet stood a large edifice of stone, which had once been a monastery—but for many years had served as an imperial summer lodge, and of late was used as a ceremonial retreat for State prisoners and fallen princes. There the deposed Emperor, Romanus Lecapenus, had passed in peace the last years of his chequered career, and, since the capture of Chandas, it had served as the palace and the prison of the defeated Kouropas, or Governor of Ciete, the aged Abd el Aziz, and his family. As he had duly gone through the abject forms of prostration before the Emperor in the Triumph at the Hippodrome, and had fully submitted himself to the conquerors, Romanus and his politic advisers had given the old hero an adequate estate, offered him senatorial rank, and the honours of a princely retreat. His submission was real and final, he had suffered his son Anemas to accept rank in the imperial guard, and his daughter Saphia to enter as a pupil into a nunnery, where she had acquired a perfect Greek education. Both had been baptised, and followed Christian rituals. But the old man, himself a Syed of the blood of the Prophet, stoutly refused to abandon the faith of his race, and patiently accepted the position of a State prisoner, under an honorary seclusion and military guard.

To-day he sat alone on the covered terrace of his mansion, looking down upon the garden below, across the rippling waters, where he could see the proud towers of his conqueror, now Basileus of Rome. All was a scene of perfect peace and beauty. Trellised roses clustered in profusion round the arcades of his terrace, filling the air with

perfume, violets, lilies, hyacinths, narcissi, and oleanders, nestled in recesses beneath it. As the slopes, ornamented with balustrades, vases, and statues, fell downwards to the sea, they were shaded with fruit trees, pomegranates, acacias, cedars, and ilex. And at the bottom, where lounged on formal sentry a huge Varangian guardsman, an avenue of cypresses half concealed the garden wall.

The old Kouropas mused in silence, his white beard flowing down over his embroidered *Khaftan*, for he retained his Saracen dress and habits. His work was done, and he waited in peace for the summons of Allah, pondering on the inscrutable decrees which seemed to be confounding on all sides the hopes of Islam, since the fortunes of Rome had passed to the hand of the invincible Nicephorus Phocas. As he mused, his daughter stole gently in upon her father to see if he were sleeping in a siesta, or had any need of her help. She was a sweet girl of seventeen, tall, elegant, of olive tint, with the full, dark eyes of her race. Sophia, for she adopted the Greek spelling of her name with her change of habits, after five or six years of training in the capital, was now in every sense a Byzantine, and wore the embroidered silk robes of a lady of the Court.

"What can I do for you, my dearest father?" she asked, in the musical tones natural to an Arab maiden.

"Nay, come and sit below my divan here, my child," he said, "and tell me of all you have seen and heard in the great city and their Sacred Palace."

The girl softly nestled down beside her father, and, looking up into his eyes, she poured out the tale of all she had seen in her recent visit to the Court. She had just returned from admission to the suite of the Princess Agatha, who had taken her to the imperial dais, at a reception of the foreign ambassadors. Since she left her home in Crete at the age of twelve, she had seen little beyond the cloister of the nuns of St. Basil, who had brought her up, and her gushy imagination had been profoundly impressed by all she had seen and heard. "Never could she have believed any city was so vast," she said, "such endless crowds in the street, such magnificent halls, corridors, terraces, and gardens, to which those of *P'rote* were a mere toy. And the long lines of soldiers in splendid uniforms, father, and the Danubian cavalry on their chargers, lining the streets—tens of thousands of mailed giants, all as big and fierce as that fan-haired Varangian there below in the garden—and the organs and choirs in the hall—and the magnificent robes of the Emperor and his court, and his imperial guard—the Immortals—in gilt mail—and Anemas was there, on duty, and looked the most like a soldier of them all."

"Ah!" said the old Emir, with a soft, sad smile, "it is natural that you young ones should be dazzled with the power and splendour of Roum. Allah has sorely chastened the rebellious people of Islam, whose quarrels and treasons reach upwards to the throne of grace. In His mercy and His wisdom he has decreed to give victory to the Nazarene—victory for a time—His will be done. I submit to it for

me and mine His inscrutable purposes may bring together all his children in the end "

"Father!" said the girl, with a solemnity beyond her years, "if you could only enter into the great Church of the Holy Wisdom, and, whilst the choir chant their 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' look up to the figures of Christ, the Saviour, and the Mother of God, you would feel that it is not false when they say that the faith of the Cross is a spirit of Love, Mercy, and Reconciliation, and that it offers a new Heaven to us poor women, and makes us in religion the true peers and helpmates of men!"

Struck by a tone so strange in a Saracen girl, by the earnestness of his daughter's appeal, the old Chief turned to his child with a searching look, and said,—“But you have no thought, my best beloved one, of remaining for life in that convent, of becoming what they call a bride of Christ?”

"Never will I take the veil—I am not worthy—I should never be at peace there," she replied, with deep emphasis, but in broken sentences, "Never!" And as the old man searched her look, a soft blush seemed to show itself in her olive cheek Silence followed, and both of them thought

"But, oh! how sweet, and good, and wise, is the Lady Agatha," the girl suddenly resumed, "she has taught me so much, helped me in all things, and made me feel as if I were a sister, one of her own faith and race She knows by heart the Greek poems of Homer, both those about Troy and about Ithaca, of Achilles and Priam, and of Odysseus and Penelope, and Hector and Andromache, and yesterday she recited part of the tragedy of *Œdipus*, at *Colonus* She is so sweet, and thoughtful, and brave, after all she had to bear And, father, I am to be one of her bridesmaids when she is married next month, if the Empress will consent"

"And whom is she about to marry?" asked the Chief, carelessly

"Why, don't you know, father, it is the Lord Basil Digenes, the Warden of the Marches the favourite lieutenant and friend of the Emperor!"

"What! the son of the Emir of Edessa, he who struck us so hard at Chandaq," said the old chief, with a groan "Yes! yes! he who was saved by the daughter of Ben Senoussi in prison, and who saved her in the great desert So, the blood of the Prophet of Mecca after all is to be mingled with the blood of the Constantines of Roum It is the will of Allah! Let us bow to it with reverence and submission"

The old Emir rose and, going to his prayer carpet, turned towards the tomb of the Prophet, devoutly prostrated himself, and performed his mid day devotions

The girl meanwhile drew aside in silence, crossing herself and fingering her own chain and cross, she uttered fervent prayers to the Mother of God

When Abd el Aziz returned to his divan, she took his hand, kissed it, and said, "Father, does it give you a pang to think that one of

our people, if truly converted to the faith of the Cross should mate with a follower of Christ? What would you say if my brother Anemas took him a wife from the Byzantine court?"

"What Allah decrees it is not for us to gainsay," said the Emir, somewhat oracularly "The Warden of the Marches is a noble soldier and a true knight, be his faith what it may But I thought he might have wedded the Lady Fatima, whom he saved, and who saved him from death"

"He was born and bred a Roman and a Christian," she said, "and he loved the Lady Agatha before she was my age I saw him at the Court reception, looking every inch a hero and a prince, along with his two lieutenants, who seemed worthy of such a place"

"And who are they?" asked the Chief, quickly, "Anemas, I know, is one, but who is the other?"

"Do you not know?" she answered at last, distinctly blushing as her father watched her, "the other is the young Norwegian prince, just promoted to be colonel in the imperial guard"

"And is he, too, Roman and Christian?" asked her father, promptly

"He is high in honour with the Emperor, and was baptised as a youth He has seen battle in five countries, for all that he is but four and twenty He is the tallest of all these battle-axe guardsmen, and as fair skinned as the fairest lady of the Court But he can hardly speak Greek yet, and does not look in the least like a Roman or a Greek He has blue eyes and long hair, of the colour of silk from the cocoon And his battle-axe is so enormously heavy that when he let me take it in my hand to feel its weight, it fell to the ground with a crash," the girl rattled on

"Have you spoken with him, my daughter?" the old man peremptorily asked

"Once," she said, "in the Open Court, as we came from the Magnaura, I was with the Lady Agatha when the Warden and his officers came up, and Anemas presented to me his young comrade in arms He bowed, and smiled, and said nice things in his broken Greek, but he looked so tremendous in his golden coat of mail, and his casque and plume, that I could hardly answer him, father," she murmured, and as the sire still looked at her she blushed again

"And did you see the famous Empress?" asked the father, wishing to make the girl talk of other things

"Oh, yes! the crash of the battle-axe when I let it drop on the marble pavement, amused the royal circle The little boy princes laughed aloud, and Basil cried out that girls should not handle weapons, and the Empress stepped forward and flashed upon me with her great eyes, and asked who I was She is the most beautiful woman in the world Those beside her look like slaves But when she stared at me with her imperious look, I felt that I should faint, if Anemas had not taken my arm and led me away Father, there is nothing in all Rome so lovely, so bewitching, so terrible!"

"And she is absolute mistress of our Conqueror Allah! the Just, the Merciful, thy stricken people will be avenged at last!"

Here the conversation of father and daughter was interrupted by the entrance of Anemas himself. The old Emir's son was now about five-and-twenty, of the finest Arab type, spare, sinewy, and finely proportioned. His limbs, hands, and feet were delicate and supple. His features were sharply cut, handsome, and intelligent, the tint, a pure brown, with keen, black eyes, and a short, curled beard of jetty hue. He resembled the Lord Warden, but was slighter and darker, for he was of pure Fatimite descent, and had no European blood in his veins. He wore his uniform as an officer of the bodyguard, and bore himself as what he was, a brilliant soldier of that splendid and renowned corps.

He greeted his father with profound respect and affection, for, Roman and Christian as he had become, he held fast to the ceremonial traditions of his ancient race. He kissed his sister, and, by a look, encouraged her to leave them for a conference alone.

"Father," said the gallant youth, standing before his sire's divan in an attitude of deep respect and affection, "I am come to ask your blessing and to claim your advice. I was preparing to be ordered with my own corps on service in the new Bulgarian war, and I burned to show these proud Byzantines that a son of Abd el Aziz can hold his own with the bravest swords of Rome. For three years I have worn the imperial uniform, but have never yet seen action in their ranks. They shall see the son of the great Emir challenge to single combat the foremost champion in the enemies' host. And the name of Anemas shall live in the annals of Byzantine glory."

"Go, my son," the old man broke in, "go and prove yourself a true soldier of the race of Ali. Even in the uniform of our conquerors you will do honour to our blood."

"But alas! my father, there is an obstacle to my joining my corps. The Emperor has need of some diplomatic relations with the Fatimite Caliph of Kairouan. You know that, after the disasters of the Imperial armies and fleet in Sicily, and the death of the Emperor's cousin at Rametta, the general-in-chief, Nicetas was taken prisoner, and has been detained by Al Muizz, the Caliph, in El Mehdiya, on the African coast. Nicephorus ardently desires peace with both Caliphs of Kairouan and of Cordova, as all three kingdoms are closely pressed by the growing power of Otto, the Teuton Emperor of the West. And he is anxious to obtain the ransom of his beloved officer and friend Nicetas. The Embassy to Muizz is to be headed by the patrician, Nicholas. But they designate me, as a descendant of the Prophet, to be his secretary and second, and *grata persona*, to a Fatimite Sovereign. As an officer of the guard, I cannot refuse such a command. But if I go to Africa, I shall lose all chance of joining the Bulgarian campaign. I come to beg you, father, to petition the Emperor that he may employ my sword in war, and not my tongue in diplomatic wrangles."

"You are young, my son," said the old Chief, in a meditative tone, as if weighing the future in his mind, "you will have ample opportunities of meeting in battle these barbarians of the North—your day of glory may come—ah! only too soon it may be, for your father's peace—but the opportunity of seeing our own people again on the African coast is not to be lost. It will be noble revenge for me that our conqueror has need of my son to restore his honour, and to rescue his commander from a Saracen prison. You will never have such a mission again. You have twenty years yet to fight the Bulgars. No! go to Kairouan, and take to the Caliph there a message from a Roman prison, that the defeated Emir of Crete does not despair of Islam!"

The son submitted, and took a dutiful and loving farewell of his sire, and, seeing his sister in the terrace below, he hurried forth to give her his news. The young Sophia, who now had but dim memories of her life as a Saracen child of the harem, was far more truly converted to Rome and to the Cross than her brother, and had absorbed the religion of the Virgin Mother with all the ecstatic fervour of a Christian girl. Her keen intelligence, and her experience of the Sacred Palace, showed her the importance such a mission would prove to her brother, her father, and all the survivors of Crete. She warmly pressed her brother to make the most of his good fortune, and by no means to attempt any escape from the task.

Long and tenderly the brother and sister poured out their hearts to each other, till at last Sophia found courage to say, "Brother, I, too, have a mission for you in the far West. There is another Caliphate in Andalusia—how many more Caliphs there may be in Asia and in Africa I know not—but Hakim, the new Caliph of Cordova, whose ambassadors are now in the City, is on terms of amity with Rome. At his court still lives, in strict seclusion, as a Saracen girl must do, Fatima, the daughter of Ben Senoussi, my own dearest cousin, from whom I have had, as I have told you, sad, but loving greetings. Go from Africa to Spain with the embassy about to start, under Theodosius, the Deacon and Michael, the secretary, obtain a place in their mission, but contrive a meeting with Fatima. I will trust you with presents from me. Urge her from me to come to visit us here in my father's mansion. I long to see her. I yearn to try if she can be led to see how much a woman gains when she accepts the Cross, and learns to pray at the altar of the Mother of God."

"It is impossible. She would not see me—she would not listen to a word from me, if she did see me. It is impossible. Sister, say no more," said the young guardsman, with an air of dejection.

"Anemas, you have not ceased to love her? You loved her, you have told me, when you were both of the same age, and I remember how fit to be loved she was."

"Yes! she was kind, good, merciful, but she never really loved me, much as we had been together. But from the hour she saw the Roman prisoner her cousin, the Lord Basil Digenes, she could think of no one but of him, and for his sake she has lived in solitude ever since."

"He will have been married to Princess Agatha long before you can reach Spain. Seek her again, Anemas, urge your own love, and when she hears of this marriage she will listen. Bring her to me. Anemas, she shall be your bride, or else the bride of Christ!"

Anemas was despatched on his mission to the Caliph of Kairouan, Al Muizz, then at the height of his glory. The Roman embassy, after touching at Messina and Syracuse, crossed to the port of El Mehdiâ, then in its era of prosperity and power. The Roman envoys were amazed to find on the African coast another Saracen kingdom, almost as splendid and as flourishing as the Caliphate of Andalusia itself. The docks of the African seaport were crowded with ships from Syria, Alexandria, Sicily, and Spain, with galleys from Venice, Pisa, and Amalphi. The palaces of Muizz and of his chief Emirs were almost as rich and luxurious as those of Abderrahman himself at Cordova. The culture of the Fatimite Court of Kairouan was not equal to that of the Ommeyyades of Spain, and the civilisation of the African people was not so advanced as that of the long settled Cordovan dynasty of the West. But the military energy and movement of troopers was even more conspicuous. For, at this very season, the Caliph was preparing the vast expedition, which a few years afterwards was destined to march into Egypt, and, under the famous commander, Jouhar, to transfer the dynasty to the banks of the Nile, and to found at Kâhira, the modern city of Cairo. It was the preparation for this great revolution in the world of Islam which the young Anemas was able to witness.

The mission was successful, peace was made between Muizz and Nicephorus, for both had other enemies to meet and other conquests to win. And Anemas, in returning, adopted his sister's advice, and had no difficulty in finding an honourable welcome in the Andalusian capital of Hakim II. As the son of Abd el Aziz, the old Kouropas, and as the brother of Sophia, he had at last obtained an interview with Fatima, who lived with her sister and aunts in a retired villa that had been assigned to them in the mountains of the Sierra Morena, north of Cordova.

Fatima received Anemas in the terrace of their garden looking out towards the East upon the mountains of Grenada. She was accompanied by her young sister, as if she had resolved not to listen to a word of love. Fatima was now in the full maturity of her beauty, to which a life of meditation and solitude had given a peculiar aspect of spiritual refinement. She had always refused that close veiling and seclusion of women which had begun to spread over the Moslem world. She asked rapid questions as to her dear Sophia, whom she remembered almost as a child, as to the aged Emir, who had so stoutly defended Crete, the nature of his imprisonment, and the treatment that the Cretan captives had received at Byzantium. "Was dear little Sophia really a Christian, and about to be a nun? Was she happy? Had she quite forgotten her father's faith and people? Was the Kouropas held in honour, and was he at peace, and was he satisfied with his lot?"

These and such questions she eagerly poured out to her young compatriot from the Byzantine Court

Anemas answered her questions truthfully, and at length And, in turn, he put to her some similar questions of his own

"Was she satisfied with her life in a Spanish retreat? Would she live and die in a mountain hermitage? Was this the destiny of Islam? Were not the followers of the Prophet as much divided amongst themselves as the followers of Christ? Could true believers in the Koran still feel that Allah was purposed to lead them ever on to victory? Could she wonder if a soldier felt that true religion taught him to serve his commander and be faithful to the standard under which he was sworn, and to the land in which God had destined him to live? Did she not think that an officer was doing his duty if he gave his life to his service, and left the mysteries of Heaven to the Imams of Islam, or to the Patriarchs of Christ?"

"There is but one God," she said, with profound earnestness, "I know but one God, and I care not if he be named the Trinity or Allah I have lived so long in this Andalusian Caliphate, I have seen enough of the Romans of the Empire" She sighed as she uttered that name "I have seen and heard enough to know that Christendom and Islam have each much that is Godlike and good, and much that is of Sheitan and evil This splendid capital of Cordova is in many things, in most things, the counterpart of Byzantium, as rich, as luxurious, as corrupt, as elegant, as turbulent These Ommeyyades here execrate the Fatimites Abbasides from the first contend with Kharijis There are as many sects amongst Musulmans as there are amongst Christians, as many dynasties, as many wars Bagdad, Damascus, Haleb, Antioch, Edessa, Fostat, Kairouan, Andalusia, war on each other as often as Byzantine, Bulgarian, Lombard, Calabrian, Frank, or Saxon Whether it be Allah and his Prophet, or Christ and His Mother, who inspire these rivalries and combats, I know not All that I know is that it is not the one God"

"Does not Christendom, with its culture, and its freedom, its poetry, its art, its ritual, offer, at least to women, a richer, nobler life? So my sister, Sophia, asserts, and longs to show you Oh! that you could be persuaded to visit her in my father's house at *Prote*, and see our Byzantine world, our Christian Church!"

"The Byzantine world," she said, sadly, "differs not so very much from our Cordovan world It may have more art, more ceremony, more priests and nuns, I dare believe, but it has less poetry, less science, less philosophy, less learning Its women have a freer life—it may be a happier and a wiser Its men are less chivalrous, and faithful, and resolute There may be more saints in Christendom There are more heroes in Islam"

"Has not Christendom its heroes, too?" he asked, suddenly, looking at her with passionate devotion

"God forbid that I should doubt it," she said, with a deep sigh Silence ensued, and each could feel the tremor in the soul of the other

Rapturous memories and cruel sorrows crowded through the mind of the woman Eager hopes rose in the mind of the man They gazed upon each other in silence At length, as she looked at the young chief, Fatima saw again in the young Anemas the strange blending of the Saracen and the Roman, that figure which, for long years, had been the warriorsaint of her inmost dreams and devotions Anemas, too, was now spiritually a Digenes himself, with the heroic temper of Saracen and of Crusader, compounded in one

"Can I never hope to utter those words which have been on my lips in my long journey to this land?" he said, and, seizing her hand, he held her close to him—gazing into her eyes with passion and devotion "Can I hope?"

She suffered her hand to remain for an instant in his grasp "It is too late in my life for me to change my creed—my home—my people It is too late in life for me to think of happiness I will live and die here a lonely woman, who has known too much sorrow to dream of being happy, or of making any one happy" She paused, and, looking at the young soldier again with tender compassion, she added, "I must think over my message which I mean to send to your sister and your father Yes! I will see you again before we part"

CHAPTER XXII

THE SIARS IN THEIR COURSES

It was midnight of a dark and still evening on the Bosphorus, and peace had, for the most part, descended upon the great city, the lamps in the houses were extinguished, and the tramp of the sentries and the challenges of the watch alone were heard The harbour lights in the Golden Horn, at the point of Keras, burned steadily, and across the straits shone the imperial lighthouse of Chrysopolis Within the walls of the Sacred Palace the central Pharos stood forth in its lofty tower, and cast its glare far out into the Propontis Out of the gloom there passed, within the circle of its rays, a light skiff rowed by stout boatmen, wherein were seated two men, closely wrapped in long, dark cloaks, which served as a disguise One was blindfolded, and was patiently listening to the instructions of his companion and guide

Psellus, a cubicular attendant attached to the person of the Basilissa, was explaining in a low voice the business on which his charge Aaron Ben Ammon, had been summoned to exercise his art Aaron was a Jew, originally of Alexandria, in Egypt, who had studied astrology, necromancy, alchemy, and many of the black arts, first from heretical anchorites of the Thebais, and afterwards in Bagdad and Damascus, as well as in Armenian and Byzantine cloisters His profound learning in the casting of horoscopes, in extracting prophecies by occult sorceries, in the procuring love philtres, and occasionally, it was whispered, even more insidious drugs, had gained him a sinister fame, which made him in great demand in the Byzantine world of

fashion, whilst it made his profession one of personal risk. The growing taste for these unholy experiences amongst the great ladies of the Empire had caused the government of late to be strict in putting the law in motion, whilst the Patriarch was even more keen to punish the adepts of these arts by the resources within the power of the Church. Aaron, therefore, had willingly submitted to be carried disguised and blindfolded to an interview with a person unknown, in a spot that he would not be able to reveal.

"Most learned Doctor," said Psellus, as he slipped into the hand of Aaron a heavy purse of bezants, "a lady of wealth, whose name, abode, and position you will forbear to seek if you value your life, and who will double and treble this largess if you act with absolute discretion, will herself explain to you in person her purpose, and she desires to receive from your own hand the horoscopes of those persons of whose nativities I have already given you the exact day and hour. Of these you are now to bring the result of your astral investigations."

"Lead me to her ladyship, her will is my law. Silence, discretion, disguise, are as needful to me as to my client—aye, much more so, were it not that Ashmodai watches over the lives of those whose eyes he has opened."

Psellus listened intently to these last words of the astrologer, for part of his instructions had been that on the return journey, if the sign had been given, he was to have the Jew drowned in the Bosphorus, to secure his absolute discretion. They now passed into the imperial harbour of Boucoleon, and, mooring the boat to the quay, after giving the countersign to the guard, proceeded to ascend the path up from the sea towards the Pharos, which now shone over the Chrysotriclinium of the Imperial Palace. Guiding the Jew with his left hand, Psellus drew him past the chapel of Elias and the oratory of Saint Clement, to the corner of the terrace of the New Basilica. There a small robing room stood in the great garden surrounding the New Church, and communicated by a winding staircase with the upper rooms of the Sacred Palace. Psellus now removed the bandage from Aaron's eyes, placed him in a couch, and desired him to wait the approach of his client. Nor was there anything visible in this garden dressing room to distinguish it from an ordinary apartment in any of the mansions of the city or suburbs.

Presently a majestic and graceful woman glided into the room—she was wrapped in a great black cloak, and closely veiled. She motioned to the attendants to withdraw, and to the astrologer to approach.

"Most learned doctor of astral science," she said, in her clear, soft voice of command, "you have brought me the calculations your learning has enabled you to make as to the future of the persons whose nativities were supplied to you?"

"Your Eminence shall be satisfied. The horoscopes of both are the most wonderful that our science has ever revealed to me. They

indicate most amazing changes of life, incredible splendour of ascent, and signs of imminent peril"

"Call me simply—Lady—I am no more," said Theophano, "and give me the details of each horoscope"

The astrologer was a swarthy, spare old Hebrew, with hooked nose and fine features, distinguished by eyes of intense keenness, though they had a sinister aspect like those of a trapped beast Theophano watched him behind her yashmak as closely as he did her, for ever and anon he stole furtive glances at her, hoping to penetrate her secret

"The first whose nativity I have calculated is that of one born fifty-six years, one hundred and thirteen days, and seven hours, from this moment It was a birth under the sign of the Lion at an hour charged with vast possibilities in the future At that instant, the Zodiac was moved by portentous lights, and the earth shook with tremors, as I have ascertained in the records of our art that are stored in the great observatory at Antakia in Syria There lived and studied the mighty seer, Mohammed Ben Djafar of Batan, my ever revered lord and master"

'But what has been the horoscope of this Child of miracle and wonder?' she said, hurriedly, caring little for the pompous claims of the Jew

'The right ascension into the mansion of life and glory' tells of a career of battle, victory, and fame, which, at the hour wherein we are, forms one unbroken career of success and triumph"

Most learned doctor," said the Empress, peremptorily, "what are the signs of the future? What is passed and gone we all know without the science of Mohammed of Batan, whom here we call Albatenius, and without the aid of your most profound self, Doctor Ben Ammon What of the future of this person, I ask?"

"Madam, I hesitate to impart to you what I have found, said the Jew, with a cunning look as he sought her eyes, "it is terrible The declination to the 'house of death' stands close to the right ascension to the 'house of life'"

Theophano gave a sudden start in spite of her self control Her piercing eyes, which she unveiled to watch the Jew, gleamed with a light of joy She stretched out her hand from her wrappings to take the scroll, whereon the astrologer had marked the rise and fall of the star record As she put out her arm, the keen astrologer noticed the flash of a superb armlet of rubies, such as he well knew could only be found in the imperial treasury And now, having his first suspicions confirmed, he felt sure that he recognised the wonderful eyes of Anastasia, the daughter of Craterus, the Laconian Years ago, Ben Ammon had frequent dealings with Craterus, whom he had supplied with amulets, charms, trinkets, and gems from Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia, and had often noticed the beauty of the girl, and, indeed, had cast her horoscope with a brilliant future Aaron now felt sure that he was confronted by the Empress herself Astrologers, in ancient as in modern ages, have been far more physiognomists than

astronomers, and, in his further conversation, Aaron thought only to indulge the humours or the passions of his sovereign, and repeated the jargon of his "science," only to mislead and excite her

"Lady," he said, with profound solemnity, watching her expression intently, "it is my duty to tell you that a second year cannot pass from this hour before this person shall find death—death, sudden, alas! and shameful" She gleamed again, and her frame thrilled Aaron continued in the same voice of a prophet "He (—or is it she?—) will die hated, unlamented, and despised The stars so reveal to us the Book of Fate" Silence ensued

"And now, what of the second nativity you have calculated?" she asked at length

"It is even more wonderful than that of the first For twenty nine years, less three months and thirteen days, the stars have shone in the ascendant Born under the culmination of Venus, coincident with her superior conjunctions at every stage of life, this horoscope is plainly that of a woman, of the most beautiful woman on God's earth, a woman whose beauty has been one long triumph, with but one darker sign in all its course"

"And that is what?" she asked, with an audible gasp

"Lady, I hesitate to tell it, there is at this very time an ominous sign The gorgeous planet Venus, who rules the sky by her brilliance, is passing now from east elongation towards inferior conjunction She is now being obscured by too close attendance on a lower and less honourable star"

Theophano held her breath "What comes after?" she whispered

"Lady, the synodic period of Venus is almost complete, and it portends a new epoch of effulgence This woman, for these conjunctions can belong only to a woman, is about to free herself from an unworthy planetary connection, and will soon ascend again into a house of glory and joy still greater than before"

"When shall that be?" she gasped

"Lady, it may be retarded by events, or it may be hastened by art"

"And what is destined to be this superior conjunction of which you spoke?"

"Lady, the lore of astral combinations does not reveal such things But palmistry may give signs which the constellations disdain to show Deign to let me trace the lines in the palm of your hand"

Flinging aside all disguises, Theophano, in her eagerness, put her palm in his He bent over it with an air of profound mystery—muttering, "the line of Life, the line of Love, the line of Strength Lady, these lines make it manifest that you are mated to one unworthy of you, and that your happiness will not be assured till you are the bride of one who is more youthful, more glorious, more loving"

"But when—with whom—how will it be brought about?" she gasped

"It is not revealed to man or to woman, when, with whom, or how

happiness can be won But art may assist, it may hasten, it may cut the knot which binds us to misery Here, lady, are two rare drugs, each worth a king's ransom, which I had from the great Abu Djafar Achmed ben Ibrahim One is in silver, one is wrapped in lead The silver charm is a love-philtre, the leaden packet will relieve one of an enemy No man on this side of the Orontes has these medicines or ever has had Nothing less than the jewel on your arm to night would buy them," said Aaron, with a gleam of avarice in his eye

"Give them to me," she said, in a cold, firm voice, and slipped the ruby armlet from her wrist into his trembling fingers

"Farewell, learned doctor," she added, with cruel abruptness, "guard yourself with care, for the city is full of cut-throats" And she summoned Psellus and her guards "Conduct the learned doctor to his rest, and be careful that *he sleeps soundly to-night*"

"Ashmodai, my lord and master, guards his servant, Lady," said Aaron, fawning, and yet with a certain subdued vein of menace

Psellus looked steadily at his mistress, with inquiry for the concealed sign She did not blench, but repeated again, "*See that he sleeps soundly to-night* I am sure that Ashmodai longs to see his own" She passed swiftly behind a curtain up the winding stair, and Aaron allowed himself to be blindfolded with a heavy shawl, over which Psellus and his assistants slipped a stout silken noose This rapid manœuvre Aaron, busy with the lingering of his priceless rubies, neither saw nor felt Then they two passed into the night, and the skiff shot away noiselessly into the blackness of the waters of Propontis

As the morning dawned, some fishermen, dragging their net for tunny off the rock we call the "Tower of Leander," pulled up the body of an old man clad in a loose Oriental gabardine The city police found in his wallet a purse of one hundred bezants, and also a bracelet of rubies of the rarest water At noon, the bazaars rang with the gossip of the hour, that a thief, who had broken into one of the imperial chambers, and stolen some jewels, had been caught, and flung over the southern battlements, but some insisted that he had been drowned in trying to escape with his plunder The next day a new crime and a fresh scandal occupied the forum and the wine-shops, whilst Aaron Ben Ammon "*slept soundly*" for evermore, in the bosom of father Ashmodai

Theophano, who cared little for the mystical jargon of astrologers, necromancers, or palmists, could not free her mind from dwelling on prophecies which so curiously agreed with her inmost desires The ascetic nature of Nicephorus, his devoutness, his zeal in the great work of the crusade to defend Christendom from Islam—all were profoundly odious to his wife, and had turned her, by rapid stages, from indifference to coldness, from coldness to contempt, and from contempt to loathing She longed for a life of youth, adventure, gaiety, and pomp Romanus, with all his graces, had nothing heroic about him but his passion for the chase Nicephorus had nothing of the lover, for night and day his thoughts turned to councils of State and preparations for war

The dreams of Theophano were visions of an Ares, who flung aside his weapons when he flew to the bower of his own Aphrodite

Whilst the Emperor was absent on his short Bulgarian expedition, he had entrusted to his Empress, the Regent, full powers of authority And these she had used under various pretences to throw obstacles in the way of the marriage of Princess Agatha and Basil Digenes, the Lord Warden As, being a Princess of the royal house, and, indeed, after her infant nephews, an heiress presumptive to the throne, Agatha could not marry without the imperial consent, nor, in truth, could the Lord Warden, as a great official, thwart their Majesties by acting in defiance of them Consent had been withheld on various pretexts from time to time, and no sooner was Nicephorus across the Balkan frontier than the Empress discovered a reason of State which caused her to issue a peremptory rejection of the Warden's demand Theophano insisted on marrying Agatha to the Magistros Sisinnios, one of the imperial Marshals, a man of birth and wealth, and now entirely a creature of her own

A stormy scene had just taken place between the Princess and the Empress Agatha refused point blank to marry any one except the Lord Warden She insisted on knowing the grounds on which their Majesties had withdrawn the consent, which had been virtually given long ago, and on what charges the Lord Warden's suit had been rejected

"His Imperial Majesty," said Theophano, "had now discovered the dangerous ambition which his own indulgent favour had aroused in the mind of his former favourite lieutenant It was now seen that, in aspiring to the hand of a Basilian Princess he was preparing a claim to the throne itself"

"It is false," retorted Agatha, with passion, "let those who make so infamous an accusation against the most loyal spirit in this Empire produce then evidence of any such thought or attempt"

The Emperor has had his eyes opened, and his ministers will in good time produce the proofs which their vigilance has collected He cannot suffer an officer convicted of such dangerous ambition to acquire the manifest advantage of alliance with the House of Basil"

"The Lord Warden can prove his innocence the instant he has audience of his Emperor It will be easy to show him that his mind has been abused with monstrous calumnies"

"Agatha, child, fool, listen to me," said Theophano, with a cruel smile "I am Empress here No man knows when Nicephorus will return from the war I and my Council have resolved that Basil Digenes shall never wed a daughter of our dynasty The throne, the lives of my young sons, would not be safe for an hour—"

"It is monstrous—it is inhuman—it is Satanic," broke out Agatha, with passion, "the sons of my own brother, am I to be their murderers?"—and she sobbed with indignation and rage

"Well, your husband might easily be their murderer Uncles and even aunts have been known to plot against the thrones of their

nephews But listen, Agatha, there is another thing which has decided my Council They hold that at the opening of a new Crusade against the Moslem, it would be a scandal and a danger to show the Court of Byzantium mingling the race of the Constantines and the Basils with that of a Saracen Emir "

"Mother of God," cried Agatha, in her agony, "do you hear the blasphemy and the calumnies they utter? "

"Agatha, listen to me, and cease these idle wailings and revilings," said Theophano, with cold and deliberate words "On the third day from this you marry the Marshal Sisinnios "

"Never! " burst in Agatha

"Then our will is that you be made a nun and confined in a convent on the coast of the Black Sea Again I say—marry Sisinnios—or be for life a solitary bride of Christ "

"Never," she gasped, "I will choose death, rather than such a marriage I will marry none but Basil Digenes "

"Basil Digenes," said Theophano, with her cold, cruel voice, as if she enjoyed the torture she was causing, "Basil Digenes, let me inform you, is now under arrest as a traitor to his sovereigns, and will be dealt with as I and my Council direct You know what happens to prisoners who are suspected of aspiring to the throne You will never see the Digenes again in this world—and be very certain that he can never see you," and she laughed a cruel, mocking laugh, such as comes from the devils when they seize their victim

"Mother of God," shrieked Agatha, "dost thou hear this? "

"Marry Sisinnios," said Theophano, hoarsely

"None but my Basil," screamed Agatha, wild with horror and wrath

The Empress struck the door twice with her jewelled bâton, and three black cubiculars rushed in, seized Agatha, now speechless, and almost fainting

"Take her away, and carry out my orders," said Theophano

"Fiend, I defy you——" shrieked Agatha, as the huge eunuchs carried her off, and closed her mouth with their unholy hands

After this stormy interview, which took place in the privy boudoir of the Empress, Theophano sent for her tiring women, and, having had herself divested of the stately robes she had worn, she was bathed with rose water, and had her long tresses combed and plaited Then she was dressed in the diaphanous folds of silk gauze, which displayed to the best her magnificent form, and left free the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms It was little, indeed, that art could do to enhance the radiance of that countenance which the symmetry of a Greek bust, and the glow of health and life, had made a model of perfect beauty But all that the cosmetic art of Byzantine luxury could achieve was now brought into play And, as she watched the effect in her steel mirror, with its enamelled frame, Theophano felt conscious that she had never in her life looked so like to a goddess of the old Olympus

"Bring in the prisoner," she said to her cubiculars, "if he has tasted the cup I sent him to drink."

Two great palace guards accordingly led in a man heavily manacled with a chain attached to the arm of each of his guards.

"Loose all these bonds," said the Empress, imperiously.

"All, Madam?" the attendants asked, as if in doubt of her meaning.

"All," she said again. "Leave him quite free." It was done. The attendants and guards stood alert and on the watch, for a State prisoner quite unbound was an experience unknown in the Sacred Palace.

"All will leave us," she said, peremptorily. They looked at her with inquiry and in surprise. "Leave us quite alone. Withdraw, and close all doors," she added.

To leave the Empress alone with a young and very powerful prisoner was something strange and perilous, they thought. But she looked at them steadily till every step was gone, and all doors shut.

Theophano stood alone with Basil Digenes.

"Gallant Lord Warden," she began, in silvery tones, "our Council here, in the absence of my Lord, the Basileus, have insisted on having you arrested on a charge of aiming at the throne by pressing your claim to a marriage with the Princess Agatha."

"Madam," said the Warden, with a proud smile, "my beloved Lord and Chief knows me too well to listen to suspicions so empty and absurd."

"You will never think, Basil," she said, in her most insinuating tones, "that I who know you, I trust, quite as well as does my Lord, can personally believe such treason to be possible to the noblest hero in the armies of Rome. I know you to be the most loyal servant of your Basileus—aye, and of your Basilissa——" And she stepped forward and offered him her hand to kiss.

The guileless Warden bent on his knee, took those radiant and yet deadly fingers in his own, put them to his lips, with the words, "From all my heart, I thank thee, gracious Queen."

"You may trust to my intercession with the stern Basileus to save you from the charge of treason. Rely on my friendship, my Lord Basil, for you little know how suspicious, how capricious, how resentful, is Nicephorus Phocas. But I will save you, will protect you from his vengeance, if any mortal can."

"My chief, my friend, my sovereign, will need little persuasion the very moment he sees me before him," said the Warden, with a sudden air of disdain.

"You little know him," she said, bitterly. "But the danger is too immediate to yourself. The Council have already sealed an order that endangers your life—at least, your eyes," she said, watching him as a tigress might watch a kid.

"What!" cried the Warden, with a start, "my life, my limbs, and senses? Are they mad? Do they know who I am, and who is my liege master, my comrade in a hundred fights?"

'Basil, I am your friend, and only I of those who rule here to day Your liberty and life are in the hands of those who rule in the absence of the Basileus himself I can save you from their envy and their malice, but on one condition alone There is one thing that they cannot yield, one thing wherein I could not save you "

"What is that?" he said, with a fierce air of resolution

"You must renounce all thought of the Princess The Council will never suffer you with your name, and fame, and birth—your glory, your invincible charm, Basil, to be allied with the sister of the late Basileus "

"Never will I renounce her, never! I will face death, imprisonment, mutilation, torture, but never will I give up my Agatha in life "

"Basil, it is too late She has renounced you, she consents to marry the Marshal Sisinnios, and the ceremony takes place to morrow "

"Impossible, I will not believe it, she is as true as steel, as good as a saint, as brave as a virgin martyr I must see her, must hear this from her own lips It is false "

"Would that I could think so, Basil, for her sake and for yours Listen to reason, hear the truth from one who admires your glory and yearns to serve and to save you You cannot save her, and you may destroy the noblest Roman of this Empire, which we all know you to be Agatha, poor child, is powerless here, and can do nothing to save you, to help you, or to raise you I have placed one soldier on the Golden Throne He has proved unworthy of it——"

Here Basil burst out into furious words, for the Jew's drug had begun to excite and confuse his brain Theophano drew back and fingered the poisoned stiletto she had concealed in her bosom

"Basil," she said, in a voice of deep feeling, "he may die—he may become the hermit he desires to be—within a month Where should Rome find a Basileus then, save in the most noble, the most splendid soldier of this realm? Where could I and my babes find a protector, a friend, a counsellor—if it be not in the hero whom a thousand bards have praised as the 'bravest of the brave,' whom all Byzantium and the Golden Palace admires—and loves—as the most brilliant cavalier in this royal Court? Basil, hear me, Rome and Rome's mistress, all that is greatest and most beautiful on earth is yours!—Say but one word, and seal it with one kiss! "

He listened like a man in an evil dream, who cannot move or speak The drug had begun to make him delirious

She advanced towards him, opening her white arms, that glistened with jewels, and sought to wrap him round and draw him towards her

He gasped with shame, awe, and rage, speechless with indignation and amazement, and stupefied with the potion He staggered backwards, shrinking from her with loathing, as from something poisonous and unclean He stumbled back towards the door, which was violently opened behind him And as Digenes staggered back he fell against the Basileus himself, who rushed into the arms of his wife, shouting,

"My Queen, my wife, my love I have hurried back without notice in advance of my guard and men"

The unfortunate Digenes sank down exhausted and senseless He was now in high fever, delirious from the effects of the potion, and the spasms of fury and amazement through which he had passed The Silentaries called the guard, who bore away the unconscious chief to a bed, whereon he long lay overcome with a dangerous illness, and unable to remember what had happened Nicephorus gave strict orders to his own physicians and attendants to nurse him He listened in silence full of doubt and bewilderment to the artful story poured into his ears from the ready brain of Theophano

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MARCH ON ANTIOCH

THE dawn had not appeared when the peace of Byzantium was roused by a sudden commotion The *reveille* was sounding from all the barracks of the guards Citizens rushed from their houses to the wider streets and forum to hear the news The beacon fire across the Bosphorus, on the heights above Chrysopolis, was blazing in the sky And the Palace and its precincts were bright with lamps and torches, as messengers, troops, and attendants, hastened through the corridors and courts

The young guardsman, Eric, hurrying to headquarters, chanced in the crowd to meet his friend, Symmachos, the Silentary, attended by Leo, the historian that was to be, then a young student at college "What does it mean?" he asked "What does it mean?"—"Can you ask?" said Symmachos "Do you not see the blaze of the beacon across the Bosphorus there? Do you not know that this is the signal from Casarea in Cappadocia that the great army of the East is ready to march, and awaits the coming of the Basileus?"

"I knew the signal was expected, but I did not understand it had arrived"

"Yes!" said Symmachos, "it has come—just an hour ago, having started from the banks of the *Italy* about this very midnight I have just been sent to summon General Bardas to the Palace"

"You have never seen our telegraphs at work before?" said Leo, the scholar, who was already well versed in all the machinery of the Empire "Mount Argæus, whence this signal started, is full thirty days' march from the City In a few hours the beacon-fire has leapt across that space"

"Yes!" said Symmachos, "the Palace Pharos communicates with that of Chrysopolis Thence it flashes to Nicomedia, Nicaea, Dorylaeum, Laodicea, till it reaches Mount Taurus, and from Taurus the concerted signals are returned"

"Does it not remind you of the famous scene of the Beacon fire from Troy, in the *Agamemnon* of our *Æschylus*?" said Leo with all the conceit of a young student "You know those glorious lines, my Lord?" he asked

"Not I, my boy," said Colonel Eric, with a laugh, "Greek prose is too much for me as yet, and as for your Æschylus, I would rather wrestle with a Russian bear than struggle through his break jaw lines"

"May Apollo and the Nine Muses forgive you, most terrible son of Thor and Odin Oh! listen to these majestic verses that the poet puts in the mouth of Clytemnestra —

From Ida's top, Hephæstus Lord of fire,
Sent forth his sign, and on, and ever on,
Beacon to beacon sped the courier flame
From Ida to the crag, that Hermes loves,
On Lemnos, thence, unto the steep sublime
Of Athos, throne of Zeus, the broad blaze flared
Thence, raised aloft to shoot across the sea,
The moving light, rejoicing in its strength,
Sped from the pyre of pine, and urged its way
In golden glory, like some strange new sun
Onward, and reached Macistus' watching heights

As the young student, all aflame with his tragic enthusiasm, rolled out these lines to the bewilderment of Eric, the courtier Symmachos watched him sharply

"Beware how you talk of Clytemnestra within sight of our Palace, my young friend, or you may be a Cassandra yourself," said he

"Ah," said Leo, "how every line of the tragedy haunts one, of a truth, there never was, there never will be again on this earth, such a tragedy as that! But our Agamemnon, king of men, is going forth to Asia to a triumph, he is not returning home after long absence And yet how the weird cries of the chorus ring in my ears —

Wherefore for ever, on the wings of Fear
Hovers a vision dear
Before my boding heart? a strain
Unbidden and unwelcome, thrills mine ear
Oracular of pain'

"Keep your visions in your heart, as we do," said the Silentary, sharply, 'and do not let them pass your lips, or they will prove oracular of pain, indeed, and you will have no eyes to see visions at all But come, enough of this, our friend, the Colonel here, is not listening to you He is staring at the crowd before the Gate of Bronze"

They pushed their way through the bystanders, who stood watching an unwonted and stirring sight On either side of the bronze door of the Palace stood two huge Varangian battle-axemen on guard, motionless as statues Above them, high on the face of the closed doors, hung the gilded corselet of the Emperor's armour of State, with the sword and the shield The crowd below came and went, gazing on it with murmurs

"And what means that?" Eric asked his guides

"It is the ceremonial notice to his people," said Symmachos, "that the Emperor is about to march and take command of his army in person"

"An ancient custom?" asked Eric

"From time immemorial, at least, since Theophilus the Magnificent marched forth against the children of Hagar. The rite is all exactly prescribed in the Appendix to the first *Book of Ceremonies* of our ever-revered Constantine Porphyrogenetus," said Symmachos, with an air of authority, as if that had settled the matter.

The day had now begun to break, and the streets were crowded with long lines of guards hastening to the points of embarkation. The forums were filled with eager sightseers, with caravans of beasts of burden, orderlies flying in every direction with orders, and endless processions of priests and acolytes to the shrines and miraculous oratories and temples. The main army was already gathered round Cesarea. The intermediate camps were crowded with troops, stores, ammunition, beasts, corn, and sheep, for food. Nothing remained to be moved from Byzantium across the water, except the strong body-guard of the Emperor, and the vast train and baggage apparatus, tents, and servitors ordained in the *Book of Ceremonies*, when a Basileus takes the field in person.

To carry all these across the straits to the Asian coast, there were gathered a fleet of transports, barges, and galleys, which crowded round the ports adjoining the Palace, and again covered the Golden Horn with their many coloured sails, and long banks of oars.

In the meantime stormy scenes had been taking place within the Sacred Palace, and, indeed, in the privy chambers of the Emperor and the Empress themselves.

To explain the situation, it is necessary to go back somewhat in time to the moment described at the close of the twentieth chapter, when Nicephorus so unexpectedly burst out against the envoys from the King of Bulgaria, and his sudden attack upon that kingdom.

The Emperor judged it unsafe to start on his far Eastern campaign whilst leaving the Bulgarian kingdom, with all its resources and possible allies, planted within a few days' march of his capital. He silently resolved to strike down the power of so dangerous a neighbour by a sudden onslaught, of which none but two or three of his intimate Council had any warning. His unexpected rush had utterly paralysed the unwelcome Tsar, Peter, who had lived all these years in a fool's contentment. Forts, towns, and stores fell into the hands of the Romans, who seemed to be making a military promenade on the Bulgarian capital. But it was no part of the policy of Nicephorus to occupy himself in the Balkan a single day after the completion of his Eastern preparations. Accordingly, he sent a mission to the young Tsar of the Ross, son of the great Tsarina, Olga, and induced him, by promises and enormous bribes, to fall upon Bulgaria from the North across the Danube. Sviatoslav forced his way on. Crushed thus between Romans on the South, and Russians on the North, Bulgaria lay helpless and prostrate. Thereupon, Nicephorus had dashed back to Constantinople in advance of his men, as suddenly and as unexpectedly as he had begun the attack. He was now free to give

himself entirely to the great campaign beyond the Taurus, the moment the fire signal should warn him that all was ready to march

Theophano succeeded in throwing on the Privy Council the responsibility for the arrest of Digenes, and for the opposition to his marriage with Agatha. The unfortunate Warden, tossing on a bed of sickness, and quite delirious with fever, was unable to give any explanations whatever. Agatha, who was occupied intently with superintending the nursing him to life, was still ignorant of the monstrous advances that the Empress had made to Digenes. And the persecuted Princess, in her agonies of anxiety and excitement, was no match for the daring brain of Theophano. Nicephorus peremptorily cancelled the Imperial order to marry Agatha to Sisinnios, who narrowly escaped condign punishment for allowing himself to be made a party to the scheme. The formal authority was given to the suffering Warden of the Marches to marry the Princess as soon as he could be restored to health. On her part, the noble-minded Agatha, overjoyed at her deliverance from the Palace plot, and absorbed in saving her beloved Digenes from death, forbore to torture the mind of the Emperor, at the moment of setting forth on his great campaign, with all that she knew and more that she suspected of the designs and intrigues of Theophano. And in this magnanimous resolve she was confirmed by the sudden decision of Nicephorus as to the Regency which struck the whole Palace and its inmates with surprise, fear, or hope, according to the party each supported.

"My beloved Lord and ever victorious hero," broke out the Basilissa, when at last they two were alone, and the immediate orders had been given. "Well wert thou named Nicephorus, thou who bringest victory ever in thy hand! Thou returnest from a new triumph over another enemy, who treacherously professed to be our friend. But to me, thy wife, thy servant, thy lover, thou bringest back that which is to her more dear than Victory. Thou has brought Life, and Light, and Joy—thou bringest back thyself!"

Nicephorus listened in silence with a clouded brow. At last he spoke.

"I do not know if my coming brings Joy to this Palace. I purpose that it shall bring peace. I will do my best that it bring life at least to one who is more dear to me than any soldier in my empire. But, you will remember, that I do not come to stay. I hurried back from the Balkan on news that all was on the eve of readiness on the Taurus. Hour by hour, I expect the beacon fire to flame. And twelve hours after that light I shall be in Asia."

"Oh! my Lord, My Life, say not so soon. Am I to be widowed again in so short an interval? Have you thought of all the anxieties I have suffered whilst filling your seat at the Council? Do you care nothing for all the toils that a Regent has to bear—and that Regent a weak, inexperienced woman? Cannot you imagine, dear my Lord and Master, all the loneliness that a widowed wife has to suffer in her silent chamber, in her deserted couch?"

"You will have no longer all these toils"

"What say you?" she almost shrieked "Who can sustain the Regency in your absence, who but your wife, who lifted you to this throne, and who alone knows all its cares, its resources, and its perils?"

"One who knew all this before you yourself was born—one who, for two generations, has been a chief bulwark of Rome—one who is honoured and beloved by every honest Roman," said Nicephorus, quietly, and with a tone of decision

"Your father, Bardas?" she gasped, 'but he is decrepit with age and infirmity"

"He is wise, brave, firm, and the idol of the people But I have named as his colleague in the office of Regency, my brother Leo, the Curopalates He has the youth, life, and force that years may have taken from my sire They two, as joint Regents, will form a government that all men can trust—such as I can trust when I leave for the Far East"

"And cannot you trust your own wife?" she broke out

Nicephorus uttered not a word, nor did he make a sign

"It cannot be Has it come to this? Have I not saved your life from Bringas? Have I not set you on this throne? Have I not imperilled my all, my own life and liberty, my very soul, for an Armenian soldier of fortune—I, the daughter of ancient kings and heroes, the wife, the mother of emperors of Rome?" She spoke with passion, seeking, if she might, to overwhelm him with her majestic presence

Nicephorus spoke not a word, slowly he drew from his robe the diploma with its vermilion seal that created Bardas the Caesar, and Leo, the Curopalates, joint Regents of the Empire, during his own absence from Europe

She strove to snatch it from his hand, with fresh reproaches and remonstrances "Let me tear it, listen to reason, will you show such cruelty to your wife? Nicephorus, remember all that you owe me!"

At length, having exhausted appeals, invectives, and threats, she returned to blandishments again, with a mind recurring to the large opportunities for ambition and intrigue, which the Palace would offer her in the absence of its Imperial Master

"Cruel man, hard-hearted husband, faithless lover," she broke out with sobs, "you little know or care for all the wretchedness of a wife, deserted for years, it may be, abandoned to the evil arts of her rivals, her enemies—aye, maybe of her suitors and false friends" And she wept—with all the art and pathos of a consummate actress

"Fear not," said Nicephorus, quietly, "you go with headquarters into Asia yourself All fitting preparations for your journey are already being made"

"What?" she screamed "Am I to be dragged across Asia in the rear of an army in this terrible campaign into Syria? Am I to be a follower of the camp, a hostage, a prisoner, an exile?"

You go with all the honours, the state, and fit appliances of an Empress of Rome Does a Basilissa dread to face a campaign against the enemies of Christ, when the Basileus in person leads his armies to war?"

Do you take me with you, do you mean?"

"The Basilissa will be at headquarters, I say, though the Commander in Chief may not know from hour to hour whither he may be called in the field"

"And are my poor children, the infant Basileis, to be torn from their mother, to be left here exposed to all the machinations of their rivals—to the humiliations and the plots that your brother may contrive, to all the contaminations of this place—when the love and care of their mother is far away?" And she sobbed and wept tears of mingled wrath and fear, tears not wholly feigned "They will imprison them, they will mutilate them, they will murder them—my babes, my hope, my pride, my sons of Constantines, Basils, of Leonidas, and of Lycurgus! The Armenian conspirators will slay them, and seize their inheritance"

"Fear nothing, Madam," at last said Nicephorus, coldly "The Basileis go with you, with ample Imperial state and retinues Your terrors are as needless as they are unjust Your sons shall have all a mother's care—all a mother's love you can give them Nor will you suffer any loss of dignity, if you cease to be Regent You are Empress in title and in act, and will be honoured as reigning Empress, whether in Luiope or in Asia, you and your sons will be in the eyes of all men the true Sovereigns of this Empire It is time that these boys, who are to inherit this throne, should see with their eyes the kingdom they will have to rule, and should hear the shouts of a Roman army as it marches to battle against the Infidel For me, whilst this war endures, so long as the Caliph holds the Holy Land, where Christ, the Saviour, lived, taught, and died for men, it is enough for me to be commander of the armies of Rome, of the soldiers of our crucified Redeemer"

Long did the wily sorceress try all her arts in turn—entreaties, in vectives, tears, threats, blandishments, and pathetic reproaches Nicephorus remained immovable Bewildered as he was by the incoherent and contradictory tales he heard as to what had passed in his absence, grieved at the long illness of his friend, overwhelmed with cares of State, and the duties of the campaign, he resolved to postpone further inquiry into the conduct and schemes of his wife He insisted on carrying her with him, to be near him, and under his watch and guard, but no longer to be at his side, or to be treated with any show of affection Henceforth she ceased to be his wife, though to the world she remained his Empress To passionate love and devotion there had succeeded deep distrust and even dread But even distrust and dread were not strong enough to stifle love He was no longer her slave He could not cease to be her lover He could not cease to be her lover in the silent recesses of his heart, hard as he might strive to tear up by the roots the memory of his fatal passion

Soon after noon that very day vast crowds collected in the Middle

Street, in the Forum of Constantine, and in the Augustaion, and all round the walls of the Sacred Palace. The whole city was wild with excitement, and the streets were decorated with bannets and emblems. Hour after hour since dawn the guards had been paraded and mustered on barges. Long caravans of sumpter mules, laden with the tents, furniture, baggage, and robes of the Empress, of her two sons, and of Nicephorus, passed through the Imperial Gate down to the Port, where they embarked for the Asiatic shore. But the densest crowd of all was gathered round the Harbour of Boucoleon, where the Imperial *cortege* was to take ship. At length, amidst the clang of trumpets and cymbals, the procession was formed. Magistroi, patricians, and prefects, selected by the Emperor to form his court, amongst whom were our friends, Bardas Schleros, attended by young Eric, Bourtzes, and Balantes, and other generals, chamberlains, and ushers, accompanied Nicephorus to the imperial galley. It was gently rowed out from the port to a short distance, where all could be easily seen, and spoken words could be heard on shore. The walls, banks, towers, terraces, and every available spot, were crowded, whilst the Patriarch, his priests and acolytes, with their crosses and pictures, waited at the point of the quay.

The Emperor ascended the steps to the raised platform on the quarter deck of the State *dromon*. He was in full panoply over which fell in long folds the imperial scaramangion of his office. He turned towards the East, and, reverently raising his right hand aloft, he thrice waved over the city the sign of the Cross. Profound hush fell on the vast multitude. Then he clasped his hands in the attitude of adoration, and, in a ringing voice across the waters, poured forth the prayer prescribed in the *Book of Rites*.

"O Lord, Jesus Christ, my God, into Thy hands I commend this city of Thine. Guard her against all enemies, all disasters, that may seek to come against her, guard her against civil war, and against invaders from the Gentiles. Keep her safe from capture, and safe from pillage for in Thee we place all our hopes, inasmuch as Thou art the Lord of all mercy, the Father of all pity, the God from whom alone cometh all consolation. Thine is all mercy, all salvation, deliverance out of all temptations and all perils, now and for ever and evermore—Amen."

At these words the choir responded from the shore with long chants of "Amen—Amen—Holy, Holy, Holy, One Triune God." And the vast crowds on the walls and terraces sent up to the sky resounding shouts of "Amen! Amen! Long live our ever victorious Basileus!"

The imperial fleet set forth at once with sails and oars across the Propontis, and, amidst crowds of boats, caiques, and light galleys, passed over that lovely inland lake between the Princes Islands and the Asian Coast, marked with endless headlands, bays, woods, and towers. It sailed on eastwards into the landlocked bay of Nicomedia, and disembarked at Pylæ (the Gates of Asia), a little north of the famous city of Nicæa, in Bithynia. This was now practically the head of the great military road which led from the Propontis into Syria, the road which so many armies, proconsuls, and officials, of the Roman Empire, had traversed for ages—along which the advancing flood of Islam

came, step by step, for seven hundred years—the road traversed by the vast and motley host of the First Frank Crusade, one hundred and thirty years later, on their way to Antioch and Jerusalem

Here the Imperial host was attended and watched by two young and observant spirits, both of whom were deeply stirred by the character and exploits of Nicephorus Phocas, both of whom have left us records of his achievements. One of these was the young student, Leo, long afterwards destined to become a deacon of the Church, and to transmit to us, after a thousand years, the only contemporary history in prose of these events. Though still but an undergraduate at college, his historical zeal had caused him to obtain permission to follow the imperial train, at least as far as Cæsarea, and he was already taking ample notes of everything he saw, and was diligently inquiring into every detail of the armament and its equipment. His companion was one Joannes, called Kyrnotes, and usually known as “the Geometer,” from his mathematical learning. He, too, ultimately took priest’s orders, and became, late in life, Bishop of Melitene, in Cappadocia. We still have verses of his in the form of epitaphs on Nicephorus, his uncle Maleinos, the Hermit, and the Patriarch, Polyeuctus. At the date of this journey he was a young courtier—a *Protospathaire*, in fact, unattached—and his father, Theodore, a great official, had procured for his son, John, and his young friend, Leo, permission to join the imperial suite and to follow all the movements of the host. It is by the keen eyes and active brains of these two literary enthusiasts that we propose now to follow the Crusade of the Tenth Century.

As soon as the immense convoy of baggage and camp furniture was fully landed on the mainland, the Emperor in person held a review of the train of sumpter beasts, their drivers, and their packs, under the superintendence of the Prefect of the Stables. Leo and Joannes followed in the Emperor’s staff, John as the elder, and already an experienced official, pointing out and explaining each section of the equipment.

“The first inspection is to register the proper number of the sumpter beasts sent in to the rendezvous,” said John. “The Prefect of the Stables and his lieutenants and subalterns are responsible. Every official, from the captain of a Theme to the lowest grade of the Vestiaries, is charged to produce so many horses, so many mules. The Counts of the Guard, Scholares, Excubitors, Immortals, and the Obsequians, are all assessed, and so on throughout.”

“Is the number of each requisition fixed by law, and always the same?”

“Certainly, it is all noted in the Appendix to our first *Book of Ceremonies*.”

“There are no imperial sumpter animals then?” asked Leo.

“Certainly there are. The Emperor is now inspecting the contingent. Two hundred horses and two hundred mules from the Imperial stables of Asia and Phrygia. The great stables and paddocks are over there at Malagina, under Mount Olympus. The bishops and archbishops have to send another hundred, and the great monasteries an

other hundred Altogether we have here nearly one thousand beasts "

"That is not enough for the army?" asked Leo

"Oh, no! the army is already well on its march, or in the intermediate camps along the line, ready to fall in Their baggage animals are by this time well ahead towards Casarea These we see are for the imperial retinue, staff, and service The whole have been mustered at the State paddocks, where they have been gelded, branded with the State cypher, and passed by the surgeons They must be above five and under seven years, shod, bitted, and furnished with saddles or packs, halters, and tethers Those that are sick or sorry have been rejected, and are left in the paddocks in the veterinary hospital "

"What is the Emperor stopping for now in that group?" asked Leo

"He notices, perhaps, that the beast is short of proper clothing, or has a sore back, and that his harness has not been properly stamped No! I see now, he has noticed a mule with a load too heavy See, he has it taken off and weighed! "

"Why so?" asked the curious Leo

"No horse or mule can have laid on his back a weight exceeding eighty measures of corn Yes! They find it is exceeded The Basilus has called for the driver's check, which is forfeited, and he is ordering the fellow two dozen lashes "

"He is rather more tender to his mules than to his men," said Leo

"Not he," said John "Nicephorus is a man of iron to himself first and to others next To himself, his soldiers, his beasts, he is the same In discipline he is as sharp and as severe in punishing as any Emir of the Hagarenes or Tsar of the Bulgars "

"Inexorable as Rhadamanthus or Achilles," said Leo, whose mind ran on his Hellenic classics

'Well! do you not see," said John, "it is not a matter of tenderness at all Tender is a word not known in the vocabulary of the Sacred Palace, nor of the Roman army But a mule with a sore back, a cracked heel, or with an excessive load, will soon drop With it goes its pack, and when this failure spreads the expedition is delayed or weakened Hence our administration for centuries had prescribed the exact harness, clothes, condition, age, of every baggage beast, and the weight he is to carry, and provides good stables, clothes, drugs, and veterinary surgeons And Nicephorus Phocas, let me tell you, is the man in all this service the most keen to mark any case of default, and the most inexorable to have it exposed and punished I have heard him say that the feet of a soldier are just as essential as his hands, and the legs of his mount may decide a battle quite as much as his lance or bow "

The huge caravan passed on with sure and rapid steps from one camp to another, the troops in each camp joining up on the march, through the plain round Nicæa, to the station at Dorylæum, a district the scene of so many desperate combats—and after a hundred and thirty years the scene of the triumphs of a Godfrey and a Tancred

The Empress and her sons were conveyed with speed and without fatigue in horse litters, and they had their tents, guards, and retinue distinct from that of the Emperor

It was at Dorylæum, after a severe day's march, that Leo and Joannes were permitted to visit the tents of the Emperor himself Two were pitched and ready furnished at each station, awaiting his arrival—one for his meals, the other for the night They were of purple, lined with silk, and supported on stout tent poles with gilded knobs Within they were already filled with couches, folding tables, cushions, rugs and furs, with all the utensils needed for the table and service, stamped with the imperial cypher, baths, books, maps, almanacs, prayer books, reliquaries, even cases of medicines, and surgical instruments Nor was there wanting immense chests of robes, of State armour, silk and linen garments, even unguents and pastilles, lamps, parchment, writing materials, seals, and stamps All this vast apparatus was strictly required by the laws and custom of the Sacred Palace Nicephorus, who despised it, and rejected its use, suffered it to be taken as far as Cæsarea When the campaign began in earnest, he left it behind him, and fared as simply as any regimental officer in his army

Just as they had been admitted to view the imperial tents and fittings, the guard for the night was being posted The commander of the Vigiles, or Watch, ordered out a detachment of one hundred guards, who patrolled the external circuit of the imperial tents The inner circuit, from the cords of the tent poles, was guarded by a hundred men from the corps of the Hetaeri, or Bodyguard From the moment when the Emperor had withdrawn within, no man could pass the barrier, which was indicated by the shields hung outside the tents

"From the day that the Basileus enters the enemies' ground," said Joannes, "these guards are doubled, and a more rigid surveillance is enforced An Emperor of Rome is not to be caught napping in his tent like a madcap king of the Franks, or a rough and ready Tsar of the Ross"

And now the Basileus approached, passing through the lines of men already halted round their quarters The brigadiers, colonels, and officers dismounted and joined his staff The infantry fell on their knees, and prostrated themselves before their august autocrator, the cavalry sat motionless on their chargers at the salute Nicephorus would halt and address each detachment "Soldiers, I trust all goes well with you! How fare ye, my sons? How fares it with your wives, my daughters-in-law, how fares it with your children?"

And the men answer in the appointed words, "In the light of thy majesty, if all goes well with thee, all goes well with us, thy servants" And the Basileus replied, "Thanks be to God Almighty, who preserves you in health!"

With these words he passed into his tent The captain of the watch asked him for the password That night it was "Saint Michael the Archangel"

At night he summoned his principal officers and staff to sup with him. The young Joannes and Leo were even admitted to attend at the repast. Nicephorus was now hastening to take command of a great army, which he knew was worthy of its task—to make head against the swarms of Islam which now reached from the Indus and the Caspian to the Taurus, and from Morocco to the Holy Land. He had thrown off all the cares and vexations of the capital, all the miserable ceremony of the Sacred Palace. He was again a soldier, about to complete the mission of his life. And the young students rejoiced to observe in all his words and his looks a spirit of hope and confidence that for two years had never lighted up the countenance of the Hermit Sovereign.

As the two students left the tents of the Basileus, they passed over to those of the Basilissa, who had just arrived in her litter from the day's march with a long train of guards, pack horses, attendants, and baggage servants, and her two sons, with a like retinue. As she was in the act of descending from her litter to pass into her tent, a strange wild figure pressed forward against the guards with loud outcries and appeals to the Empress to suffer him to approach and address her. It was an old man, gaunt and haggard, with long white hair, the upper part of his body was almost bare, and showed emaciated and worn limbs, whilst he was girt with a coarse and ragged garment from the waist downwards, but his legs and feet, like his arms, were naked, and presented the look of a skeleton exposed to the winds of heaven. His cries and wild appearance, much like that of an Indian Fakir, caused Theophano to halt and ask who he was, and what did he seek. He was said to be the famous eremite, Daniel, of Mount Olympus, who had lived in solitary caves or huts for forty three years, had once had a great reputation for sanctity, but was now believed to have been driven crazy by his austerities. He had lived in a desecrated tomb by the side of the road, and was afflicted with dreadful fits of epilepsy. He claimed to possess the gift of prophecy, which was vouchsafed to him by the Jewish prophet, whose name he bore.

The promise of hearing prophecy caused Theophano to order that the venerable hermit should be permitted to approach her. He advanced towards the royal seat and, standing on a rock, and throwing up to heaven his shrunk arms, he began with loud cries, "Hear the word of the Lord God which He spake by the mouth of Daniel, prophet of the Most High. I have seen in a vision the things that shall come upon this land, for its abominations and all its sorceries. Thus saith the Lord: 'There shall come up against this land a king of kings from the rising sun, with horses and with horsemen, and he shall set engines of war against thy walls, and with his axes he shall break down thy towers. The walls shall shake at the noise of his horsemen when he shall enter into thy gates. With the hoofs of his horses shall he tread down all thy streets. He shall slay thy people with the sword. They shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise. They shall break down thy walls, and destroy

thy pleasant houses I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more ”

The prophet foamed at the mouth, and paused from sheer exhaustion The attendants attempted to seize him But the Empress motioned them to suffer him to speak Again he screamed out —

“ Thus said the Lord I have seen in a vision a great host of men and horses coming from the setting sun, and I hear the crash of battle and of fierce slaughter, and all the ground whereon thou now standest shall be a lake of blood And the bones of the slain shall cumber this valley and its end shall be a land of desolation ”

Again he shouted, as his long arm pointed at Theophano —

“ Thus saith the Lord Thou art covered with silk and bedecked with ornaments Bracelets are on thy hands, and chains on thy neck, jewels are on thy forehead, and earrings in thy ears, and a beautiful crown upon thy head Thou wast exceedingly beautiful, and thou didst prosper into thy kingdom But thou didst trust in thy own beauty, and playedst the harlot because of thy renown, and pourest out thy fornications on every one that passed by ”

The courtiers groaned out their indignation, but Theophano sat motionless like a statue of Clytemnestra

“ Wherefore, O harlot, hear the word of the Lord Because thy filthiness was poured out, and with all the idols of thy abominations— I will judge thee as women that break wedlock and shed blood are judged, and I will give thee blood in fury and jealousy And they shall strip thee of thy clothes, and shall take thy fair jewels, and leave thee naked and bare And they shall stone thee with stones, and thrust thee through with their swords ”

“ Thus saith the Lord Hast thou killed and also taken possession ? In the place where dogs shall lick the blood of him thou shalt slay, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine ”

These dreadful fragments of biblical imprecation were shrieked forth by the fanatic in piercing tones, whilst his weird, inhuman look and voice thrilled those who heard them, so that they were afraid to move Theophano listened in seeming patience, with a look of disdainful mockery in her face—somewhat distracted within by her own contempt for the wretched maniac, and lingering desire to hear what she might of inspired or diabolic presage But, as the violence of passion had disordered the brain and nerves of the ascetic, he foamed at the mouth in a fit, and, with violent shrieks and struggles, he was borne away by the terrified attendants To the eye of those around, and even to the searching glances of Leo and Joannes, Theophano herself was the one person present at this scene who had borne it throughout with indifference and contempt

(To be continued)

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY, 1904.

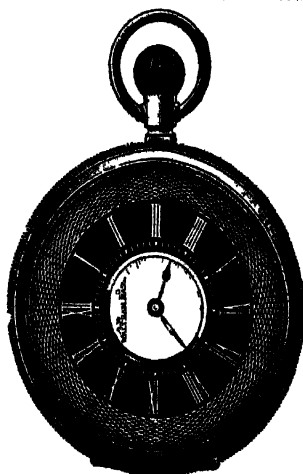
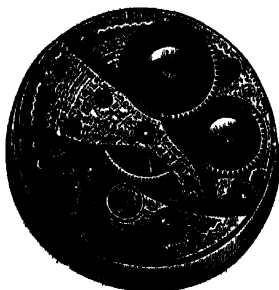
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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No CCCCLI NEW SERIES —JULY 1, 1904

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IN THE CHICAGO
STRIKE OF 1894

A CHRONICLE OF A SIXTEEN DAYS' WAR

THE President inaugurated on the 4th day of March, 1893, and those associated with him as cabinet officials, encountered, during their term of executive duty, unusual and especially perplexing difficulties. The members of that administration who still survive, in recalling the events of this laborious service, cannot fail to fix upon the year 1894 as the most troublous and anxious of their incumbency. During that year, unhappy currency complications compelled executive resort to heroic treatment for the preservation of our nation's financial integrity, and forced upon the administration a constant, unrelenting struggle for sound money, a long and persistent executive effort to accomplish beneficent and satisfactory tariff reform so nearly miscarried as to bring depression and disappointment to the verge of discouragement, and it was at the close of the year 1894 that the duty of executive insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine culminated in a situation that gave birth to solemn thoughts of war. Without attempting to complete the list of troubles and embarrassments that beset the administration during this luckless year, I have reserved for separate and more detailed treatment one of its incidents not yet mentioned, which immensely increased executive anxiety and foreboded the most calamitous and far-reaching consequences.

In the last days of June, 1894, a very determined and ugly labour disturbance broke out in the City of Chicago. Almost in a night it grew to full proportions of malevolence and danger. Rioting and violence were its early accompaniments, and it spread so swiftly that, within a few days, it had reached nearly the entire Western and South-western sections of our country. Railroad transportation was especially involved in its attacks. The carriage of United States mail was interrupted, inter-State commerce was

obstructed, and railroad property was riotously destroyed. Attorney-General Olney, in his official report, correctly defined the purpose and design of this outbreak in these words — "To compel a settlement of disputes between the Pullman Company and a portion of its employees, nothing else was meditated and aimed at than a complete stoppage of all the railroad transportation of the country, State and inter-State, and freight as well as passenger."

This disturbance is most frequently called "The Chicago Strike." It is true that its beginning was in that city, and the headquarters of those who inaugurated it and directed its operations were located there. The name given to it, however, is an entire misnomer so far as it applies to the scope and reach of the trouble. Railroad operations were more or less affected in twenty-seven States and territories, and in all these the interposition of the General Government was to a greater or less extent invoked.

The widespread trouble had its inception in a strike by the employees of the Pullman Palace Car Company, a corporation located, and doing business, at the town of Pullman, which is within the limits of the City of Chicago. This company was a manufacturing corporation, or, at least, it was not a railroad corporation. Its president has testified on this subject as follows: "Its main object at the time of its organisation was the operation and running of sleeping and parlour cars upon railroads under written contracts—but its charter contemplated the manufacture of cars as well, and soon after its incorporation it began the manufacture of its own cars, and, subsequently, the manufacture of cars for the general market."

The strike on the part of the employees of this company began on the 11th day of May, 1894, and was provoked by a reduction of wages.

The American Railway Union was organised in the summer of 1893. It was professedly an association of all the different classes of railway employees. In its scope and purpose it was the most compact and effective organisation of the kind ever attempted. Its object was a thorough unification of effort among railway employees under one central direction, and the creation of a combination embracing all such employees which should make the grievances of any section of its membership a common cause. It was estimated by those prominent in this project that various other organisations of railroad employees then existing had a membership of 102,000 in the United States and neighbouring countries, and it was asserted that these organisations, because of divided councils and for other reasons, were ineffective, and that nearly a million of such employees still remained unorganised.

The wonderful growth of this new organisation during the few

months following its formation, and the plans and expectations of its originators, appear in the following testimony of its vice-president, upon an official investigation of the strike and its incidents "I presume at the beginning of this trouble we had between 125,000 and 140,000 members, that had been enrolled since August 15th, 1893 We launched the Union on June 20th, 1893, but did not attempt to organise until August 15th, 1893 There has been no antagonism on the part of the American Railway Union toward any of the old brotherhoods, for we realised that with the meagre membership represented by other organisations as compared with the great body of employees in this country, we could easily outstrip all of them in a year, and could convince the progressive and thinking members of the old organisations that they could not hope for anything in the way of bettering their conditions under the old *regime*, and we were satisfied that the practical, progressive ones would all join with us in undertaking the organisation at least of the other 898,000 men who were not members of the old organisations "

The employees of the Pullman Palace Car Company could not on any reasonable and consistent theory, be regarded as eligible to membership in an organisation devoted to the interests of railway employees, and yet during the months of March, April, and May, 1894, it appears that nearly 4,000 of these employees were enrolled in the American Railway Union This, to say the least of it, was an exceedingly unfortunate proceeding, since it created a situation which implicated, in a comparatively insignificant quarrel between the managers of an industrial establishment and their workmen, this large army of railway employees It was the membership of these workmen in the Railway Union, and the Union's consequent assumption of their quarrel, that gave it the proportions of a tremendous disturbance, paralysing the most important business interests, obstructing the functions of the Government, and disturbing social peace and order

No injury to the property of the Pullman Palace Car Company was done, or attempted, while the strike was confined to its employees, and during that time very little disorder of any kind occurred

It so happened, however, that in June, 1894, after the strike at Pullman had been continued for about one month, a regular stated convention of the American Railway Union was held in the City of Chicago, which was attended by delegates from local branches of the organisation in different States, as well as by representatives of its members among the employees of the Pullman Palace Car Company At this convention, the trouble at Pullman was considered, and earnest efforts were made on the part of the Railway Union to

bring about a restoration of the wages paid to the striking employees prior to the reduction complained of, or, as an alternative, the submission of the matters in difference to arbitration. These efforts having proved ineffective, a resolution was, on the 22nd day of June, passed by the convention, declaring that unless the Pullman Palace Car Company should adjust the grievances of its employees before noon on the 26th day of June, the members of the American Railway Union should, after that date, refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment. The vote on the resolution was unanimously in the affirmative, and this action of the delegates was either authorised or approved by telegraphic communications from the local unions represented in the convention.

The 26th day of June arrived without any change in the attitude of the parties to the Pullman controversy, and thereupon the order made by the American Railway Union forbidding the handling of Pullman cars, became operative throughout its entire membership. At this time the Pullman Palace Car Company was furnishing drawing-room and sleeping-car accommodations to the travelling public, under contract with numerous railway companies, and was covering by this service about 125,000 miles of railway, or approximately three-fourths of all the railroad mileage of the country. The same railroad companies which had contracted to use these Pullman cars upon their lines, had contracts with the United States Government for the carriage of mails, and were, of course, also largely engaged in inter-State commerce. It need hardly be said that, of necessity, the trains on which the mails were carried, and which served the purpose of inter-State commerce, were, as a general rule, those to which the Pullman cars were also attached.

The president of the Railway Union was one Eugene V. Debs. In a sworn statement afterwards made he gave the following description of the results of the interference of the Union with the Pullman dispute —

“The employees, obedient to the order of the convention, at once, on the 26th, refused to haul Pullman cars. The switchmen, in the first place, refused to attach a Pullman car to a train, and that is where the trouble began, and then, when a switchman would be discharged for that, they would all simultaneously quit, as they had agreed to do. One department after another was involved, until the Illinois Central was practically paralysed, and the Rock Island and other roads in their turn. Up to the 1st day of July, or, after the strike had been in progress five days, the railway managers, as we believe, were completely defeated. Their immediate resources were exhausted, their properties were paralysed, and they were unable to operate their trains. Our men were intact at every point — firm, quiet, and yet determined, and no sign

of violence or disorder anywhere That was the condition of the 30th day of June and the 1st day of July "

The officers of the Railway Union established headquarters in the City of Chicago, and from there gave directions for the maintenance and management of the strike On this point, President Debs testified —

"The committees came from all yards, and from all roads, to confer with us The switchmen, for instance, would send a committee to us, and we would authorise that committee to act for that yard, or for that road, and this committee would then go to that yard and take charge of affairs, serve notice upon the men, and keep them in line, and, above all things, we advised them to do everything in their power to maintain order and prevent violence " And he further stated "When the trouble began, there were thousands of telegrams and communications pouring in, but it was impossible for me to see them all personally, because I was at many of the mass meetings, and with committees, and going to different cities and addressing meetings and things of that sort "

The commands of the Railway Union were quickly transmitted to distant railroad points, and were there promptly executed As early as the 28th of June, two days after the beginning of the strike ordered by the Railway Union at Chicago, information was received at Washington from the Post Office Department, that on the Southern Pacific System, between Portland and San Francisco, Ogden and San Francisco, and Los Angeles and San Francisco, the mails were completely obstructed, and that the strikers refused to permit trains to which Pullman cars were attached to run over the lines mentioned Thereupon, the Attorney-General immediately sent the following telegraphic despatch to the United States district attorneys in the State of California —

" Washington, D C , June 28, 1894

" See that the passage of regular trains, carrying United States mails in the usual and ordinary way, as contemplated by the Act of Congress and directed by the Postmaster-General, is not obstructed Procure warrants or any other available process from United States Courts against any and all persons engaged in such obstructions and direct the Marshal to execute the same by such number of deputies or such posse as may be necessary "

On the same day, and during a number of days immediately following, complaints of a similar character, sometimes accompanied by charges of forcible seizure of trains and other violent disorders, poured in upon the Attorney-General from all parts of the West and South-west These complaints came from post-office officials, from United States marshals and district attorneys,

from railroad managers, and from other officials and private citizens. In all cases of substantial representation of interference with the carriage of mails, a despatch identical with that already quoted was sent by the Attorney-General to the United States district attorneys in the disturbed localities, and this was supplemented, whenever necessary, by such other prompt action as the different emergencies required.

I shall not enter upon an enumeration of all the disorders and violence, the defiance of law and authority, and the obstructions of national functions and duties, which occurred in many localities as a consequence of this labour contention, now completely under way. It is my purpose to review the action taken by the Government for the maintenance of its own authority and the protection of the special interests entrusted to its keeping, so far as they were endangered by this disturbance, and I do not intend to especially deal with the incidents of the strike except in so far as a reference to them may be necessary to show conditions which not only justified but actually obliged the Government to resort to stern and unusual measures in its own defence.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the City of Chicago was the birthplace of the disturbance and the home of its activities, and because it was the field of its most pronounced and malign manifestations, as well as the place of its final extinction, I shall meet the needs of my subject if I supplement what has been already said, by a recital of events occurring at this central point. In doing this, I shall liberally embody documents, orders, instructions, and reports, which I hope will not prove tiresome, since they supply the facts I desire to present at first hand and more impressively than they could be presented by any words of mine.

Owing to the enforced relationship of Chicago to the strike which started within its borders, and because of its importance as a centre of railway traffic, Government officials at Washington were not surprised by the early and persistent complaints of mail and inter-State commerce obstructions which reached them from that city. It was from the first anticipated that this would be the seat of the most serious complications, and the place where the strong arm of the law would be most needed. In these circumstances it would have been a criminal neglect of duty if those charged with the protection of Governmental agencies and the enforcement of orderly obedience and submission to Federal authority, had been remiss in preparations for an emergency in that quarter.

On the 30th day of June, the District Attorney of Chicago reported by telegraph that mail trains in the suburbs of Chicago were, on the previous night, stopped by strikers, that an engine had been cut off and disabled, and that conditions were growing

more and more likely to culminate in the stoppage of all trains, and he recommended that the Marshal be authorised to employ a force of special deputies who should be placed on trains to protect mails and detect the parties guilty of such interference. In reply the Attorney-General on the same day authorised the Marshal by telegraph to employ additional deputies as suggested, and designated Edwin Walker, an able and prominent attorney in Chicago, as special counsel for the Government, to assist the District Attorney in any legal proceedings that might be instituted. He also notified the District Attorney of this action, and reminded him that he had been previously instructed "to procure all available orders and processes from United States Courts." It was further enjoined upon him that "action ought to be prompt and vigorous," and he was requested to confer with the special counsel who had been employed. In a letter of the same date, addressed to this special counsel, the Attorney-General, in making suggestions concerning legal proceedings, wrote "It has seemed to me that if the rights of the United States were vigorously asserted in Chicago, the origin and centre of the demonstration, the result would be to make it a failure everywhere else, and to prevent its spread over the entire country," and in that connection he indicated that it might be advisable, instead of relying entirely upon warrants issued under criminal statutes against persons actually guilty of the offence of obstructing United States mails, that the courts should be asked to grant injunctions which would restrain and prevent any attempt to commit such offence. This suggestion contemplated the inauguration of legal proceedings in a regular and usual way against those prominently concerned in the interference with the mails and the obstruction of inter-State commerce, basing such proceedings on the proposition that, under the constitution and laws, these subjects were in the exclusive care of the Government of the United States, and that for their protection the Federal Courts were competent under general principles of law to intervene by injunction, and on the further ground that under an Act of Congress, passed July 2nd, 1890, conspiracies in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States were declared to be illegal, and the Circuit Court of the United States were therein expressly given jurisdiction to prevent and restrain such conspiracies.

On the 1st day of July the District Attorney reported that he was preparing a bill of complaint to be presented to the court the next day, on an application for an injunction. He further reported that very little mail and no freight was moving, that the Marshal was using all his forces to prevent riots and obstruction of tracks, and that his force was clearly inadequate. On the same day the Marshal reported that the situation was desperate, that he had

sworn in over 400 deputies, that many more would be required to protect mail trains, and that he expected great trouble the next day. He further expressed the opinion that 100 riot guns were needed.

Upon the receipt of these reports, and anticipating an attempt to serve injunctions on the following day, the Attorney-General immediately sent a despatch to the District Attorney directing him to report at once if the process of the court should be resisted by such force as the Marshal could not overcome, and suggesting that the United States judge should join in such report. He at the same time sent a despatch to the special counsel requesting him to report his view of the situation as early as the forenoon of the next day.

In explanation of these two despatches, it should here be said that the desperate and far-reaching character of this disturbance was not in the least underestimated by executive officials at Washington, and it must be borne in mind that while menacing conditions were moving swiftly and accumulating at Chicago, like conditions inspired and supported from that central point existed in many other places within the area of the strike's contagion.

Of course it was hoped by those charged with the responsibility of dealing with the situation that a direct assertion of authority by the Marshal or a resort to the restraining power of the courts would prove sufficient for the emergency. Notwithstanding, however, an anxious desire to avoid measures more radical, the fact had not been overlooked that a contingency might occur which would compel a resort to military force. The key to these despatches of the Attorney-General may be found in the self-defensive authority of our nation to directly overcome resistance to the exercise of its legitimate and constitutional functions, as related to the transportation of mails, the operation of inter-State commerce, and the preservation of the property of the United States, and in certain constitutional and statutory provisions.

The constitution requires that the United States shall protect each of the States against invasion, "and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence." There was plenty of domestic violence in the City of Chicago and in the State of Illinois during the early days of July, 1894, but no application was made to the Federal Government for assistance. It was probably a very fortunate circumstance that the presence of United States soldiers in Chicago at that time did not depend upon the request or desire of Governor Altgeld.

Section 5,298 of the Revised Statutes of the United States provides that "Whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons, or rebellion against the

authority of the United States, it shall become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings the laws of the United States within any State or territory, it shall be lawful for the President to call forth the militia of any or all of the States, and to employ such parts of the land or naval forces of the United States as he may deem necessary to enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States, or to suppress such rebellion, whatever State or territory thereof the laws of the United States may be forcibly opposed or the execution thereof be forcibly obstructed," and Section 5,299 provides that "Whenever any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combinations or conspiracies in any State opposes or obstructs the laws of the United States, or the due execution thereof, or impedes or obstructs the due courses of justice under the same, it shall be lawful for the President, and it shall be his duty, to take such measures by the employment of the militia, or the land and naval forces of the United States, or of either, or by other means as he may deem necessary, for the suppression of such insurrection, domestic violence, or combinations "

It was the intention of the Attorney-General to suggest in these despatches that immediate and authoritative information should be given to the Washington authorities if a time should arrive when, under the sanction of general executive authority, or the constitutional provisions of the statutes above quoted, a military force would be necessary at the scene of disturbance

On the 2nd of July, the day after these despatches were sent, information was received from the District Attorney and special counsel that a sweeping injunction had been granted against Eugene V Debs, president of the American Railway Union, and other officials of the organisation, together with parties whose names were unknown, and that the writs would be served that afternoon The special counsel also expressed the opinion that it would require Government troops to enforce the orders of the court and protect the transportation of mails Later in the day a despatch was received from the Marshal stating that he had read the order of the court to the rioters, and they simply hooted at it or paid no attention to it, and that they had made threats that they would not allow any Pullman car to pass over the Rock Island road, that mail trains were in great danger, and that, in his judgment, it was impossible to move trains without having soldiers ordered there at once

Major-General Schofield was then in command of the army, and, after a consultation with him, in which the Attorney-General and the Secretary of War took part, I directed the issuance of the following order by telegraph to General Nelson A Miles, in com-

mand of the Military Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago —

Headquarters of the Army,
Washington, July 2, 1894

To the Commanding General,
Department of Missouri,
Chicago, Ill

You will please make all necessary arrangements confidentially for the transportation of the entire garrison at Fort Sheridan—infantry, cavalry, and artillery - to the Lake front in the City of Chicago To avoid possible interruption of the movement by rail and by marching through a part of the city, it may be advisable to bring them by steamboat Please consider this matter and have the arrangements perfected without delay You may expect orders at any time for the movement Acknowledge receipt and report in what manner movement is to be made

J M SCHOFIELD,
Major-General Commanding

In the early evening of the day this despatch was sent, a reply was received from the Adjutant-General of the Department of Missouri, the general in command being temporarily absent acknowledging the receipt of General Schofield's confidential despatch at half-past three o'clock that afternoon, and giving reasons why the transportation of the troops by rail was more desirable than by steamer

It should by no means be inferred from General Schofield's despatch that it had been definitely determined that the use of a military force would be necessary It was still hoped that the effect of the injunction would be such that the alternative might be avoided A painful emergency is created when public duty forces the necessity of placing trained soldiers face to face with a riotous obstruction of the functions of the General Government, and with an acute and determined resistance to law and order This course, once entered upon, admits of no backward step, and an appreciation of the consequences that may ensue cannot fail to oppress those responsible for its adoption with sadly disturbing reflections Nevertheless, it was perfectly plain that, whatever the outcome might be, the situation positively demanded such precautions and preparation as would insure readiness and promptness, in case the presence of a military force would finally be found necessary

On the morning of the next day, July 3rd, the Attorney-General received a letter from Mr Walker, the special counsel, in which, after referring to the issuance of the injunctions, and setting forth that the Marshal was engaged in serving them, he wrote "I do not believe that the Marshal and his deputies can protect the railroad companies in moving their trains, either freight or passenger, including of course the trains carrying United States mails Possibly, however, the service of the writ of injunction will have a restraining influence upon Debs and other officers

of the association. If it does not, from present appearances, I think it is the opinion of all that the orders of the court cannot be enforced except by the aid of the Regular Army."

Thereupon the Attorney-General immediately sent this despatch to the District Attorney: "I trust use of United States troops will not be necessary. If it becomes necessary, they will be used promptly and decisively upon the justifying facts being certified to me. In such case, if practicable, let Walker and Marshal and United States judge join in statement as to the exigency." At the same time another despatch of similar tenor was sent to the special counsel, Mr. Walker.

A few hours afterwards the following urgent and decisive despatch from the Marshal, endorsed by a judge of the United States court and the District Attorney, and special counsel, was received by the Attorney-General:—

Chicago, Ill., July 3, 1894

Hon. RICHARD OLNEY, Attorney General,
Washington, D. C.

When the injunction was granted yesterday, a mob of from two to three thousand held possession of a point in the city near the crossing of the Rock Island by other roads, where they had already ditched a mail train, and prevented the passing of any trains, whether mail or otherwise. I read the injunction writ to this mob and commanded them to disperse. The reading of the writ met with no response except jeers and hoots. Shortly after the mob threw a number of baggage cars across the track, since when no mail train has been able to move. I am unable to disperse the mob, clear the tracks, or arrest the men who were engaged in the acts named, and believe that no force less than the regular troops of the United States can procure the passage of the mail trains, or enforce the orders of the courts. I believe people engaged in trades are quitting employment to day, and in my opinion will be joining the mob to night, and especially to morrow, and it is my judgment that the troops should be here at the earliest moment. An emergency has arisen for their presence in this city.

J. W. ARNOLD,

United States Marshal

We have read the foregoing, and from that information and other information that has come to us believe that an emergency exists for the immediate presence of United States troops.

P. S. GROSSCUP, *Judge*

EDWIN WALKER,

THOMAS E. MILCHIST, *Attys*

In the afternoon of the same day the following order was telegraphed from Army Headquarters in the City of Washington:—

War Department,
Headquarters of the Army,
Washington, D. C., July 3, 1894
4 o'clock P. M.

To MONTIN, Adjutant-General,
Headquarters Department of Missouri,
Chicago, Ill.

It having become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings the laws of the

United States, you will direct Colonel Crofton to move his entire command at once to the City of Chicago (leaving the necessary guard at Fort Sheridan), there to execute the orders and processes of the United States court to prevent the obstruction of the United States mails, and generally to enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States. He will confer with the United States Marshal, the United States District Attorney, and Edwin Walker, special counsel. Acknowledge receipt and report action promptly. By order of the President

J M SCHOFIELD, *Major-General*

Immediately after this order was issued, the following despatch was sent to the District Attorney by the Attorney-General —

“Colonel Crofton’s command ordered to Chicago by the President. As to disposition and movement of troops, yourself, Walker and Marshal should confer with Colonel Crofton and with Colonel Martin, Adjutant-General at Chicago. While action should be prompt and decisive, it should, of course, be kept within limits provided by the constitution and laws. Rely upon yourself and Walker to see that this is done.”

Colonel Martin, Adjutant-General at Chicago, reported the same night at half-past nine o’clock that the order for the movement of troops was, immediately on its receipt by him, transmitted to Fort Sheridan, and that Colonel Crofton’s command started for Chicago at nine o’clock.

During the forenoon of the next day, July 4th, Colonel Martin advised the War Department that Colonel Crofton reported his command in the City of Chicago at 10 15 that morning. After referring to the manner in which the troops had been distributed, this officer added: “People seem to feel easier since arrival of troops.”

General Miles, commanding the department, arrived in Chicago the same morning, and at once assumed direction of military movements. In the afternoon of that day he sent a report to the War Department at Washington, giving an account of the disposition of troops, recounting an unfavourable condition of affairs, and recommending an increase of the garrison at Fort Sheridan sufficiently to meet any emergency.

In response to this despatch General Miles was immediately authorised to order six companies of infantry from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and two companies from Fort Brady, in Michigan, to Fort Sheridan.

On the 5th day of July he reported that, owing to the excellent discipline and great forbearance of officers and men, serious hostilities were avoided during the preceding day, and that there appeared to be a more favourable outlook, though interference existed on five roads, and that all railroads were endeavouring to move freight and mail trains. He gave quite a different account,

however, in a despatch sent by him at a later hour of the same day He then reported that a mob of over two thousand had gathered that morning at the stock-yards, crowded among the troops, obstructed the movement of trains, knocked down a railroad official, and overturned about twenty freight cars, which obstructed all freight and passenger traffic in the vicinity of the stockyards, and that the mob had also derailed a passenger train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad and burned switches To this recital of violent demonstrations he added the following statement "The injunction of the United States court is openly defied, and unless the mobs are dispersed by the action of the police or they are fired upon by United States troops, more serious trouble may be expected, as the mob is increasing and becoming more defiant "

In view of the situation as reported by General Miles, he was at once directed by General Schofield to concentrate his troops in order that they might act more effectively in the execution of orders heretofore given, and in the protection of United States property The despatch containing this direction concluded as follows —

"The mere preservation of peace and good order in the city is, of course, the province of the city and State authorities "

The situation on the 6th of July was thus described in a despatch sent in the afternoon of that day by General Miles to the Secretary of War "In answer to your telegram, I report the following Mayor Hopkins last night issued a proclamation prohibiting riotous assemblies, and directing the police to stop people from molesting railway communication Governor Altgeld has ordered General Wheeler's brigade on duty in Chicago to support the Mayor's authority So far, there has been no large mobs like the one of yesterday, which moved from 51st Street to 18th Street before it dispersed The lawlessness has been along the line of the rail ways, destroying and burning more than one hundred cars and railway buildings, and obstructing transportation in various ways, even to the extent of cutting telegraph lines United States troops have dispersed mobs at 51st Street, Kensington, and a company of infantry is moving along the Rock Island to support a body of United States marshals in making arrests for violating the injunction of the United States court Of the twenty-three roads centreing in Chicago, only six are unobstructed in freight, passenger, and mail transportation, thirteen are at present entirely obstructed, and ten are running only mail and passenger trains Large numbers of trains moving in and out of the city have been stoned and fired upon by mobs, and one engineer killed There was a secret meeting to-day of Debs and the representatives of

labour unions considering the advisability of a general strike of all labour unions. About one hundred men were present at that meeting. The result is not yet known. United States troops are at the stockyards, Kensington, Blue Island, crossing of 51st Street, and have been moving along some of the lines. The balance, eight companies of infantry, battery of artillery, and one troop of cavalry, are camped on Lake Front Park, ready for any emergency and to protect Government buildings and property. It is learned from the Fire Department, City Hall, that a party of strikers has been going through the vicinity from 14th to 41st Streets, and Stewart Avenue freight yards, throwing gasoline on freight cars all through that section. Captain Ford, of the Fire Department, was badly stoned this morning. Troops have just dispersed mob of incendiaries on Fort Wayne tracks, near 51st Street, and fires that were started have been suppressed. Mob just captured mail train at 47th Street, and troops sent to disperse them."

On the 8th day of July the following Executive Proclamation was issued and at once extensively published in the City of Chicago —

Whereas, by reason of unlawful obstruction combinations and assemblages of persons, it has become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce by the ordinary courses of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within the State of Illinois, and especially in the City of Chicago within said State, and

Whereas, for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting its property and removing obstructions to the United States mails in the State and city aforesaid, the President has employed a part of the military forces of the United States —

Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby admonish all good citizens, and all persons who may be or may come within the city and State aforesaid, against aiding, countenancing, encouraging, or taking any part in such unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages, and I hereby warn all persons engaged in or in any way connected with such unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes on or before twelve o'clock noon of the 9th day of July instant.

Those who disregard this warning and persist in taking part with a riotous mob in forcibly resisting and obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, or interfering with the functions of the Government, or destroying or attempting to destroy the property belonging to the United States or under its protection cannot be regarded otherwise than as public enemies.

Troops employed against such a riotous mob will act with all the moderation and forbearance consistent with the accomplishment of the desired end, but the stern necessities that confront them will not with certainty permit discrimination between guilty participants and those who are mingling with them from curiosity and without criminal intent. The only safe course, therefore, for those not actually participating is to abide at their homes, or at least not to be found in the neighbourhood of riotous assemblages.

While there will be no vacillation in the decisive treatment of the guilty, this warning is especially intended to protect and save the innocent

On the 10th of July, Eugene V Debs, the president of the American Railway Union, together with its vice-president, general secretary, and one other who was an active director, were arrested upon indictments found against them for complicity in the obstruction of mails and inter-State commerce Three days afterwards our special counsel expressed the opinion that the strike was practically broken This must not be taken to mean, however, that peace and quiet had been completely restored, or that the transportation of mails and the activities of inter-State commerce were entirely free from interruption It meant only the expression of a well-sustained and deliberate expectation that the combination of measures already inaugurated, and others contemplated in the near future, would speedily bring about a termination of the difficulty

On the 17th day of July an information was filed at the United States Circuit Court at Chicago against Debs and the three other officials of the Railway Union who had been arrested on indictment a few days before, but were then at large on bail This information alleged that these parties had been guilty of open, continued, and defiant disobedience of the injunctions which were served on them on July 3rd, forbidding them to do certain specified acts tending to incite and aid the obstruction of the carriage of mails and the operation of inter-State commerce On the footing of this information these parties were brought before the court to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt in disobeying this injunction Instead of giving bail for their freedom pending the investigation of this charge against them, as they were invited to do, they preferred to be committed to custody—perhaps intending by such an act of martyrdom either to revive a waning cause or to create a plausible and justifying excuse for the collapse of their already foredoomed movement Debs himself, in speaking of this event afterwards, said “As soon as the employees found that we were arrested and taken from the scene of action they became demoralised, and that ended the strike ”

That the strike was ended about the time of this second arrest is undoubtedly true, for, during the few days immediately preceding and following the 17th day of July, reports came from nearly all the localities to which the strike had spread, indicating its defeat and the accomplishment of all the purposes of the Government's interference Conclusive proof of the successful assertion of national authority is found in the fact that on the 20th day of July the last of the soldiers of the United States who had been ordered for duty at the very centre of opposition and defiance, were

withdrawn from Chicago and returned to the military posts where they belonged

I hope I have been thus far successful in my effort to satisfactorily exhibit the extensive reach and perilous tendency of the convulsion under consideration, the careful promptness which characterised the interference of the Government, the constant desire of the national administration to avoid extreme measures, the careful limitations of its interference to purposes which clearly seemed to be within its constitutional competency and duty, and the gratifying and important results of its conservative but stern activity

I must not fail to mention here, as part of the history of this perplexing affair, a contribution made by the Governor of Illinois to its annoyances, though it was not permitted to add greatly to its embarrassments. This official not only refused to regard the riotous disturbances within the borders of his State as a sufficient cause for an application to the Federal Government for its protection "against domestic violence" under the mandate of the constitution, but actually protested against the presence of Federal troops sent into the State upon the General Government's initiative, and for the purpose of defending itself in the clearly defined exercise of its legitimate functions

On the 5th day of July, twenty-four hours after our soldiers had been brought to the City of Chicago, pursuant to the order of July 3rd, I received a long despatch from Governor Altgeld, beginning as follows —

"I am advised that you have ordered Federal troops to go into service in the State of Illinois. Surely the facts have not been correctly presented to you in this case, or you would not have taken the step, for it is entirely unnecessary, and, as it seems to me, unjustifiable. Waiving all question of courtesy, I will say that the State of Illinois is not only able to take care of itself, but it stands ready to-day to furnish the Federal Government any assistance it may need elsewhere." This opening sentence was followed by a lengthy statement which so far missed actual conditions as to appear irrelevant, and, in some parts, absolutely frivolous.

This remarkable despatch closed with the following words: "As Governor of the State of Illinois, I protest against this, and ask the immediate withdrawal of Federal troops from active duty in this State. Should the situation at any time get so serious that we cannot control it with the State forces, we will promptly and freely ask for Federal assistance, but until such time I protest with all due deference against this uncalled-for reflection upon our

people, and again ask for the immediate withdrawal of these troops " "

Immediately upon the receipt of this communication, I sent to Governor Altgeld the following reply —

" Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the constitution and the laws of the United States, upon the demand of the Post Office Department that obstructions of the mails should be removed, and upon the representation of the judicial officers of the United States that process of the Federal Courts could not be executed through the ordinary means, and upon abundant proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between the States To meet these conditions, which are clearly within the province of Federal authority, the presence of Federal troops in the City of Chicago was deemed not only proper but necessary, and there has been no intention of thereby interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city "

It became at once evident that the Governor was unwilling to allow the matter at issue between us to rest without a renewal of argument and protest On the 7th day of July, the day after the date of my despatch, he addressed to me another long telegraphic communication, evidently intended to be more severely accusatory and insistent than its predecessor Its general tenour may be inferred from the opening words —

" Your answer to my protest involves some startling conclusions, and ignores and evades the question at issue—that is, that the principle of local self-government is just as fundamental in our institutions as is that of Federal supremacy You calmly assume that the executive has the legal right to order Federal troops into any community of the United States in the first instance, whenever there is the slightest disturbance, and that he can do this without any regard to the question as to whether the community is able to, and ready to, enforce the law itself "

After a rather dreary discussion of the importance of preserving the rights of the States, and a presentation of the dangers to constitutional government that lurked in the course that had been pursued by the Government, especially relating to the use of troops, this communication closed as follows —

" Inasmuch as the Federal troops can do nothing but what the State troops can do there, and believing that the State is amply able to take care of the situation, and to enforce the law, and believing that the ordering out of the Federal troops was unwarranted, I again ask their withdrawal "

I confess that my patience was somewhat strained when I

quickly sent the following despatch in reply to this communication —

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D C , July 6, 1894

While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress, discussion may well give way to active efforts on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property

GROVER CLEVELAND

Hon JOHN P ALTGELD,
Governor of Illinois

This closed a discussion which, in its net result, demonstrated how far one's disposition and inclination will lead him astray in the field of argument

I shall conclude the treatment of my subject by a brief reference to the legal proceedings which grew out of this disturbance, and finally led to the adjudication by the highest court in our land, establishing in an absolutely authoritative manner, and for all time, the power of the National Government to protect itself in the exercise of its functions It will be recalled that in the course of our narrative we left Mr Debs, the President of the Railway Union, and his three associates, in custody of the law, on the 17th day of July, awaiting an investigation of the charge of contempt of court made against them, based upon the disobedience of the writs of injunction with which they had been served forbidding them to do certain things in aid or encouragement of interference with mail transportation or inter-State commerce

This investigation was so long delayed that the decision of the Circuit Court, before which the proceedings were pending, was not rendered until the 14th day of December, 1894 On that date the court delivered an able and carefully considered decision, finding Debs and his associates guilty of contempt of court, under the provisions of the law of Congress, passed in 1890, entitled "An act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraint and monopolies," sometimes called the Sherman Anti-Trust Law Thereupon the parties were sentenced on said conviction to confinement in the county jail for terms varying from three to six months

Afterwards, and on the 14th day of January, 1895, the parties imprisoned applied to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of habeas corpus to relieve them from imprisonment, on the ground that the facts found against them did not constitute disobedience to the writs of injunction, and that their commitment in the manner, and for the reasons, appearing, was without justifi-

cation, and not within the constitutional power and jurisdiction of the Circuit Court

On this application the case was elaborately argued before the Supreme Court in March, 1895, and on the 27th day of May, 1895, the court rendered its decision, upholding the proceedings of the Circuit Court, and confirming its adjudication and the commitment to jail of the petitioners thereupon

Justice Brewer, in delivering the unanimous opinion of the court, stated the case as follows —

“ The United States, finding that the inter-State transportation of persons and property, as well as the carriage of mails, is forcibly obstructed, and that a combination and conspiracy exists to subject the control of such transportation to the will of the conspirators, applied to one of their courts, sitting as a court of equity, for an injunction to restrain such obstructions and prevent carrying into effect such conspiracy Two questions of importance are presented First, Are the relations of the General Government to inter-State commerce and the transportation of the mails such as authorise a direct interference to prevent a forcible obstruction thereof? Second, if authority exist—as authority in governmental affairs implies both power and duty—has a court of equity jurisdiction to issue an injunction in aid of the performance of such duty? ”

Both of these questions were answered by the court in the affirmative, and, in the opinion read by the learned justice, the inherent power of the Government to execute by means of physical force through its official agents, on every foot of American soil, the powers and functions belonging to it, was amply vindicated by a process of reasoning, simple, logical, unhampered by fanciful distinctions, and absolutely conclusive, and the Government's resort to the court, the injunction issued in its aid, and all the proceedings thereon, including the imprisonment of Debs and his associates, were also fully sustained

Thus the Supreme Court of the United States has written the concluding words of this history, tragical in many of its details, and in every page provoking sober reflection Nevertheless, even those most nearly related by executive responsibility to the troublous days whose story is told, may at this time congratulate themselves that they have had to do with marking out the way and clearing the path, now unchangeably established, that shall hereafter guide our nation safely and surely in the exercise of all the functions belonging to it which represent the people's trust

GROVER CLEVELAND,
Ex-President of the United States

THE REORGANISATION OF RUSSIA

THE events of the last six months have swept the board of political speculation as clean as when the cloth is pulled off the nursery tea-table with all the china. A broader gulf has never opened in an equal period between past history and present politics. Theories of foreign policy, which seemed valid before the outbreak of the war, have been rendered hopelessly out of date in the turn of a hand. This is true of Russophobe theories, Russophile theories, and merely realistic ones alike. It is wisdom to recognise that the best thought of six months ago upon the question of our international relations as a whole has become almost useless in presence of a totally changed situation. It is the more necessary to think out our problem anew, nor can the attempt be considered premature in view of the extent to which the fundamental factors of the situation created by the convulsion in the Far East are unlikely to be altered by future developments.

Japan has clearly entered the inner circle of the Great Powers. Upon one element Russia has been struck out of the list of Great Powers. She will be as permanently commanded by Japan in the Yellow Sea as by Germany in the Baltic. A new naval alliance, a revised and more concentrated foreign policy, are no less vital to her future than are constitutional and economic reform. The problem of internal reconstruction is inseparable from that of her Imperial status. None but superficial critics can imagine that any mere modification of the autocratic system would suffice. Constitutional reform would be useless without economic reform. No economic reform can be effective unless it reduces the pressure of taxation, or at least permits of a drastic redistribution of expenditure. Taxation cannot be lightened or diverted to a sufficient extent from strategical to social purposes unless some radical change is effected in the character of Russia's relations with her neighbours. Did the Tsar summon to-morrow a representative assembly to his assistance, the new body would at once discover that external policy would have to be dealt with before the life and death questions of educational and agricultural development could be touched. From this point of view the whole subject of Anglo-Russian relations must assume a deeply altered character, and one of more, rather than of less, urgency. It is already tolerably safe to predict that at the close of the war both Powers will be presented for the first time with the choice between definite alliance and rigid antagonism. We may go further and say that upon this issue the ultimate regrouping of the Great Powers, as a whole, will be almost certainly determined.

Some preliminaries, however, must be made clear at the outset. It is impossible to discuss the problem of our future relations with Japan's adversary, except in a spirit of complete and generous loyalty towards Japan. Not only must obligations of our existing alliance be fulfilled to the letter during the term of the present treaty. That treaty, within another eighteen months, will naturally be renewed either by Mr Balfour's Government, or by any Radical Cabinet which may succeed it. The temper of the country will allow the Opposition no option in this matter. Any Radical Ministry which should venture to drive the Tokio Government into the arms either of St Petersburg or Berlin, would be thrown from power with a speedy repetition of the fate of Mr Gladstone's Government after 1880. This country can, under no circumstances, desire the naval power of Japan to be overthrown by any other Power, or to be allied to any other Power after a breach with ourselves. The ordinary contention of our Continental enemies that an English alliance is a quicksand upon which no solid trust can be reposed must be disproved in the present instance.

Under no circumstances can we desert Japan for the purpose of settling with Russia, in the manner of which some Russian advocates of a *rapprochement* with England seem to dream. Could the present war have been avoided the situation would have been different. Since the war has happened, we must face the logic of it. The failure of our allies now would mean to us an Imperial disaster of the greatest magnitude. It would compel Russian policy to act in the future with greater efficiency and foresight than in the past. It would give Russia a just increase of vigour and self-confidence. She can never fight under greater disadvantages, and if she could win now in spite of the disasters which have befallen her, she would have every reason for renewed faith in her unlimited powers of expansion in Asia. The repercussion of the present conflict would be sharply felt upon the outer frontiers of our Indian Empire—upon Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet. The rise of Japan in all probability has alone prevented a colossal military struggle between England and Russia. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon have definitely committed the nation without distinction of party—since no responsible statesman among the Opposition has repudiated them in this matter—to what has been called the Monroe Doctrine in the Persian Gulf. Japan has removed the pressure from that quarter, and the British control of the Persian Gulf is as much at stake in the Far East as is Japanese control of the Yellow Sea. We ourselves could not have asserted our position in the Middle East by arms without wider changes in the voluntary basis of our military

system, and the fiscal basis of our finance, than are dreamed of by Radicals who think it necessary to be on the side of autocracy. The impression of the man in the street that Japan is fighting our battles is not altogether astray.

* * * * *

But again we should expect it to be asked—and again from some Liberal quarter rather than from another—what of the reverse of the medal? What of the yellow peril in consequence of the success of Japan? Here it is really high time to point out the extraordinary confusion of reasoning which propounds the question in that form. Let us at least clear up our minds upon the nature of the issue. Let it be admitted that the yellow peril, should it ever materialise, will proceed from the organisation of China, not from any isolated efforts of Japan. The struggle is essentially a struggle for China on both sides. That is the fundamental issue. If Japan does not secure the ascendancy at Peking, Russia secures it. How would the “yellow peril” be removed by that event? Would it not rather be intensified? The choice does not lie between a yellow peril and no yellow peril but between the form it would certainly assume under Russian direction, and the shape it may possibly take under Japanese direction. If the organisation of China is really to be regarded as an evil—if the levelling up of the yellow part of mankind nearer to the white plane of civilised intelligence and efficiency is to be looked upon, and by people of Liberal mind, as a mistake—can there be any real question for one reflecting moment as to which form of the yellow peril would be the more perilous?

Japan cannot, for generations or ever, be invulnerable. She depends upon the sea. That element will continue to be controlled, either by some one white Power, as now, or by a combination of white Powers—either by the British Empire, or the American Republic, or by both united as an Anglo-Saxon sea-league. The Japanese are far too sensible not to perceive this fact. With all their desperate heroism and tenacity in action they are singularly sane and circumspect in thought. Their minds are full of daylight. They know that the tacit protection of British sea-power alone has made their successes in the present war possible. Otherwise they would have been attacked and crushed again by the fleets of more than one Continental State. An alliance with one of the three principal white sea-powers—with England, America, or Germany—will continue to be indispensable to the island-empire for as long as there is need to reckon, and while that is so the “yellow renaissance” led by Japan can be kept well within control. If the Chinese Empire, on the contrary, were to fall, as a result of the present war, under Russian influence, and to be gradually re-

organised from the north, the yellow peril, under Slav leadership, would assume a form unassailable by sea-power, a form the most overwhelming for aggressive purposes, the most invulnerable for defensive

What injury, after all, has Japan ever inflicted upon white interests? It was Russia which dismembered a white nation in the case of Poland, which trampled out Hungarian liberty in 1848, which attempted in our own time to stifle the growth of a real national life in Bulgaria, which abandoned Christianity in Armenia to chartered massacre, which in Finland is stretching a higher civilisation than its own upon a bed of Procrustes, which repels Western ideas of intellectual emancipation and political liberty, which creates famine to finance conquest. The autocracy lives, and can only live, by darkness, and the modern Japanese spirit is in everything the work of light as far as it goes, the endeavour of a people to progress onward and upward by the best means they know. Even in 1894—and Japan has made vast strides since then—the massacre of Port Arthur was not a patch for calculated horror upon the massacre of Geok Tepe. Let us clear our minds of cant upon these matters, and free ourselves from the fetters of mechanical phrases. A possible yellow peril under Japanese leadership could be regulated by the white sea-powers. Four hundred millions of Mongols amalgamated to more than a hundred millions of Slavs would mean the yellow peril in its most portentous shape as regards the interests of all white nations except Russia.

It is well, no doubt, to disbelieve in all political nightmares on principle, and to disbelieve almost equally in both hypothetical forms of the yellow nightmare. China will probably prove quite capable of a considerable amount of passive resistance to both her neighbours, and may be expected to play off either against the other as need may arise from time to time. The Middle Kingdom never can be a magnified Japan. China does not possess the same clan organisation, the same hereditary leadership, the same intense fighting tradition, nor the directing nerve and brain of the Japanese national spirit. Japan did not receive these things from the West, and she cannot give them to China, nor make the subjects of the Empress Dowager anything near as formidable, head for head, as the subjects of the Mikado. There is a strict limit to the mass of military force that can be effectively deployed, however much of it there may be in reserve. Russia, for instance, has illimitable forces in Europe, but she can only maintain a small fraction of that force in Manchuria. In the same way no man has ever tried to work out the mathematics of the yellow nightmare, or to show how millions of Mongols are to be mobilised,

equipped, fed, and manœuvred for any far-reaching aggressive purposes under the conditions of modern war Japan owes her efficiency of every kind in a very great degree to her national and insular compactness The world which insists upon obsessing its own slumbers by yellow nightmares, forgets that the Turks were always a small people, and that overgrown armaments have usually broken down by their own weight Upon purely objective grounds it is impossible not to prefer the complete success of Japan in the present war, and the consequent establishment of a certain counterpoise between two Great Powers in the Far East to the unchecked ascendancy of Russia, which an opposite issue would have created in that quarter

* * * * *

The practical question, therefore, is, whether a sufficiently permanent identity of interests between England and Japan can be compatible with an effective *rapprochement* between England and Russia? The decisive victory of our allies must be desired by us It would increase the modern sense of the capacity of mankind If our wishes could prevail they would, nevertheless, dictate a different solution from that which seems but too likely to be determined by events

No fallacy can be greater than to imagine that the indefinite weakening of Russia ought to be desired in the interests of this country For various causes, as the present writer has repeatedly contended during the last few years, the power of Russia bears but a very low proportion to the bulk of her territory and the size of her population Her mass of national gristle is far from having hardened into bone, and whether the Slav peoples are capable of developing civilisations upon the Roman or the Anglo-American models—as highly organised, as widely spread—remains open to doubt It is sufficiently certain, however, that the one great fact with which this country has to reckon against in the future is not the power of Russia, more apparent than real, but the power of Germany, more real than apparent We must shake off here the slavery of the modern mind to the sense of size In the sixty millions of the Kaiser's subjects there is a potential force many times more formidable than resides in the 130,000,000 of the Tsar's Germans were the military instructors of Japan, they maintain an army as undoubtedly efficient as our own navy, they still lead the world in general research, they are still intellectually the most thoughtful and thorough of Western peoples, they are creating a navy fitter than any before to measure with our own, ship for ship They are building up this striking power not in the Yellow Sea, but upon the other side of the North Sea, where the triumph of any foreign flag would shatter the whole fabric of the

British Empire by one central blow They are developing trade and wealth more rapidly than we, in proportion as they develop a larger population Let us consider more closely than we usually do what this means We are content to reason that the income of the average German is only two-thirds the income of the average Englishman The discrepancy, in any case, tends to decrease But take it as it is Sixty million Germans, with a somewhat smaller taxable capacity, head for head, may furnish their State with financial resources equal to those of forty million Britons with a rather larger taxable capacity head for head

The great State asset—total national wealth apart from any question of its distribution among individuals—tends to become equal in Germany to what it is in this country The conscript system is less expensive in the Fatherland than our voluntary system In spite of the recent and passing difficulties of her finance—which were owing partly to the trade depression now overcome, partly to merely technical reasons connected with the separation of direct taxation in the particular States from the indirect taxation which fills the Imperial Treasury—Germany is becoming more and more capable of maintaining fleets If the pressure of her present military situation could be reduced by an agreement with Russia or by the internal collapse of Russia as a consequence of an utter overthrow in the Far East, Germany would become perfectly well qualified by her financial, commercial, and industrial resources to bid for sea-supremacy We cannot rely mechanically, as some amongst us are still tempted to do, upon the precedent of Colbert's failure That is no true criterion Louis the Fourteenth ruined his naval prospects by his land wars If the military danger becomes altogether subordinate for Germany, as a result of great changes in the traditional position and policy of Russia, then our chief mercantile rival will be able to concentrate her financial strength to a far greater extent upon the development of sea-power And the "Admiral of the Atlantic" may lead the Baltic fleets of the Tsar in alliance with his own This is the most undesirable reaction that events in the Far East could exert upon the development of strategical conditions in the North Sea It must be one of the main purposes of English policy to avoid that danger by offering Russia a better combination

The Tsardom has hitherto provided a powerful military check upon Germany That check, if it remained effective, would be in reality one of the greatest securities for British sea-power Its too complete removal, whether through the prostration or the anarchy of Russia, or an eventual alliance between St Petersburg and Berlin, would be one of the most serious disadvantages to our future policy that could result from the war It might be argued

in a somewhat paradoxical form, but with a very great degree of serious truth —

- (1) That Russian power has been enormously over-estimated ,
- (2) that Russia has not the degree or the kind of power required to make her a real menace to India ,
- (3) that all the power Russia possesses is required as a check upon Germany ,
- (4) that the maintenance of Russian power is a British interest

Here irresponsible paradox may seem to reach a startling climax. But the more carefully the proposition is examined by reasonable men, the more clearly in the conviction of the present writer will its substantial soundness appear. It is not necessary that an Anglo-Russian alliance should be directed against Germany—against which Power no aggressive designs are directed from either London or St Petersburg. But it is extremely desirable that a Teutonic-Slav combination, acting simultaneously in the North Sea and upon the Indian frontier, should never be directed against us.

If British statesmanship could control the ordering of the present war, it would desire the minimum injury to Russia compatible with adequate security for the legitimate interests of Japan. Korea would become part of the Japanese Empire. Manchuria would be handed back to China. The fortifications of Port Arthur would be dismantled. Dalny would become a treaty port like Newchwang and Tientsin, and Russia and Japan would have parallel rights to maintain railways terminating at the two former points, from Siberia and Korea respectively. For all commercial purposes Russia would have as free an outlet upon the Yellow Sea as she possessed before the war. She would have to work her Far Eastern trade through Manchuria under greater advantages than are possessed by the German Empire, for instance, in having to work a vast proportion of its commercial traffic through Holland. Japan would no doubt demand the definite limitation of Russian naval force in the Far East, or otherwise would require that the Powers should guarantee the observance of what we may call the ideal terms of peace just outlined. It may be objected that international sanction did not prevent the Treaty of Paris with the Black Sea clauses from being turned into waste paper. The cases are in no wise parallel. Sebastopol as a menace to British sea-interests is a bagatelle, for instance, by comparison with Kiel. Russia's Black Sea fleet is a poor thing, though her own. It contributes nothing in the present struggle to the sea-power of the Tsardom, and the closing of the Dardanelles to ships of war is a measure of protection in the Black Sea which Russia would be only too glad to enjoy in the Baltic. In the same way, if

Russia cannot recover naval ascendancy over Japan in the Far East she would strengthen, rather than weaken, her strategical position by relinquishing the political control of Manchuria. Without the mastery of the sea Port Arthur becomes a source of danger rather than of power. If it cannot be the base for triumphant fleets, it can be nothing but a trap for besieged garrisons. If some such terms as have been sketched could be arranged through British mediation in the winter, the maximum security for the interests of Japan would be combined with the minimum injury to the European power of Russia, and in this way the compromise most in accordance with the true principles of British policy would be achieved.

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It is now probable, however, that events will follow a course very little in harmony with these desires. Japan, counting upon asserting the ascendancy of her arms, is prepared, there is much cause to believe, to crown the reputation of her statesmanship by the moderation of the terms upon which she would be prepared to make peace after the fall of Port Arthur. The overwhelming probability, however, is that Russia will insist upon prolonging the struggle. In that case, all rational calculations would lead us to expect that she would find in a renewed campaign that the utmost forces she could put into the field next year would be wholly inadequate to the larger task that would then confront her.

Japan's plans, it is thought in well-informed quarters, and with obvious probability, will be as follows. She counts with certainty upon reducing Port Arthur, and we must assume that it will be reduced. Then she will attack Vladivostok, which must fall in its turn. If this base passes into the possession of Japan, General Kuropatkin's communications would be so gravely menaced as to compel his retreat upon Harbin, if the operations of the Mikado's armies in southern Manchuria had not driven him back upon that depot before. Harbin is about equi-distant from Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Even if General Kuropatkin next year had half a million men under his command for the purpose of renewing the struggle—even if the Siberian railway could maintain that number, and the Russian Treasury could bear the strain—what would be the position of the Tsar's Commander-in-Chief? He could not advance into southern Manchuria with the Japanese able to move from Vladivostok without leaving a huge proportion of his forces at Harbin and upon his lines of communication. If he attempted to recapture Vladivostok in the first instance, he would have to undertake very prolonged, bloody, expensive, and doubtful operations for that purpose alone. Once in the hands of a Power possessing the control of the sea, Port Arthur and

Vladivostok cannot be completely invested or prevented from receiving reinforcements and supplies

The probability, therefore, is, that Russia, with dogged desperate persistence in the effort to reverse, by military force alone, what never can be reversed without the assistance of sea-power, will embark upon a process of bleeding to death. Japan will be severely taxed, but if she can once secure possession both of Port Arthur and Vladivostok, and compel General Kuropatkin during the next few months to fall back to Harbin, all of which events are among the high probabilities of the future, the permanent factors of the situation will count with increasing weight upon the side of Japan. Russia will suffer not the minimum injury to her power and prestige, but the maximum injury, and the "Eastern neighbour" may be weakened to a degree immensely advantageous to the strategical interests of Germany, and extremely prejudicial, as will be shown in somewhat fuller detail at a later point, to the naval interests of the British Empire

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The maximum injury to Russia in the present war would mean the ruin of her prospects in the Middle East, and, above all, in the Near East, unless she can obtain the alliance of another Power in addition to France. She is threatened with the exhaustion of her finances, and with the recrudescence of a revolutionary movement against the autocratic system. She owes her failure largely to a miscalculation of the permanent geographical and racial conditions of a struggle with Japan for Manchuria and Korea. But the evil goes deeper than this. In spite of the lurid conceptions of our Russophobes, the policy of no Power has been as unsuccessful as that of the Tsardom during the last generation. The principal result of the Russo-Turkish War was to place Austria-Hungary in possession of Bosnia, and in command of the road to Salonika, to erect Roumania, on the other hand, into a barrier across the path to Constantinople, to make Bulgaria independent and not subject, to throw open the Ottoman Empire to German enterprise. In the Far East the Siberian railway has only led Russia into greater dangers than its construction removed. Her prestige throughout Asia threatens to be shaken to the foundations by the present struggle. Her expenses and her debt are enormously greater than they were a generation ago. Her people and her soil are, on the contrary, much poorer. She cannot restore her internal strength, let us repeat—and the consciousness of this thought lay behind the Peace Rescript and the Hague Conference—without revising her external policy in order to readjust her Budget. What lies before Russia is what the most far-seeing of her revolutionaries prophesied two generations ago as the

ultimate and inevitable alternative—reconstruction or ruin In the solution of this problem England, as has been shown, possesses a direct and, one had almost written, a vital interest

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Alexander Herzen, the ablest political brain that Russian revolutionary movements have produced, declared half a century ago that the Empire of the Tsars could not permanently hold together Many educated Russians are of the same opinion still They reason from the Slav character, and from the fate which the Slavs have always experienced under hard foreign pressure No definite Teutonic or Latin State, once created after the dissolution of the Roman Empire, has been extinguished by foreign conquest But Poland was, in its day, a country which bulked very large upon the map of Europe Bohemia was a separate Slav State, which sank and remained submerged for two centuries It has not yet recovered its national identity, and fears to be crushed into subjection by the Hohenzollern, as it was once by the Hapsburg Bulgaria and Servia, in mediæval times, had periods of fluctuating greatness They were shattered by the impact of Turkish conquest, and the liberties restored to them are due to no efforts of their own The incorrigible politics of Belgrade show the old anarchist tendency

Most of the mediæval Slav powers had lasted longer before their downfall than the Muscovite power has endured since the days of Ivan the Terrible It is well known that military opinion in Berlin is much of the view that if Teuton and Slav could be left to fight out the issue alone, the fate of Poland would be the precedent for the fate of Russia There are, it is true, some facts upon the other side The Poles chastened, sharpened, trained in the struggle against oppression, are more fit for political liberty to-day than at any time in the centuries of their independence The Czechs are brilliant agitators But agitating power does not of itself argue ability in government Up to the present the Slav, when left to himself, has shown the same lack of architectonic power in politics that Matthew Arnold attributed to the Celt in literature, and both the facts are explained by similar defects of temperament The survival of autocracy in the Europe of the twentieth century is almost as singular a phenomenon as would be the browsing of mastodons in Hyde Park The Muscovite system, as it has hitherto existed, will, no doubt, be made finally untenable by the present war, but it is to the binding power of autocracy that Russia owes its existence

This is the root of the purely constitutional difficulty No country has substituted despotism for liberty except by force, and the effort has been usually violent and brief From Magna Charta

to the revolution of 1688 Barons, Roundheads, and Whigs had to resort to arms in order to limit the power of the Crown by the power of Parliament. Germany almost, in our time, has been partly revolutionised from above, and partly from below. National intellectual development had reached a stage which compelled automatically the concession of representative institutions. But in all these cases the decisive impulse came from within. There was the will to be free. There was the definite conception of freedom, as inseparable from the parliamentary idea. But England had her middle-class, her indigenous constitutional instinct, her nobles, as the natural leaders of the land, her towns, her dissenters, all the consequences of commerce and the reformation. France had her brilliantly dissolvent literature, of which a bourgeoisie, full of administrative aptitude, made themselves the political executors. Germany had her universities as the organs of the deepest and most searching intellectual movement of modern times.

It would be idle to ignore the peculiar dangers that must attend constitutional transition in Russia. She is not intellectually prepared. She has no aristocratic or middle classes marked out for leadership, capable of checking the passions behind them, of converting the forces of revolution into those of evolution. The Nihilist movement was more anti-national in spirit than autocracy itself, it would have substituted communal for Imperial ideals, it expressed the very philosophy of disintegration. The Tsar and his advisers may well fear that if any concession whatever should be made, all the revolutionary instincts in Russia may be encouraged to burst as before into mad activity. There is a clear danger that the assembly of the States General may either lead straight to the Terror, or that pure autocracy may have to be re-established to quell anarchy. Nevertheless, tentative changes must be made lest more drastic ones should be forced. Some risks must be run to avoid the certainty of greater. The Russian peasantry is still in the Middle Ages. It is generally as unfit for parliamentary institutions as France in the epoch of the hundred years' war would have been for universal suffrage.

We must judge the autocratic system in strict relation to its environment. It was successful during many centuries for national purposes, as no other system could have been, and to it the development of one Slav State as a Great Power is due. If it is to be condemned, as it must be, we must condemn it upon purely practical grounds—not as an iniquitous monstrosity, but as an institution which has ceased during the last few decades to make for efficiency in competition with the more dynamic institutions of Western freedom and Japanese oligarchy. The Tsar ruins Russia.

by repressing, instead of stimulating, the thought and energy of its people. Intellect and energy, developed and organised to the fullest possible extent, are the supreme assets of States. Russia must use every effort to raise, and rapidly, the level of her educational and economic condition, if her power is not to fall utterly like that of all the Slav States of the past. Unless new effort and purpose throughout the nation can be excited, and disciplined by constitutional reform—unless a new political soul can be put into Russia by an intellectual awakening, such as all the Western peoples have owed either to the Reformation or to the French Revolution, or to both combined—the Empire of the Tsars will be plunged into a gulf of disaster

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But no mistake can be greater than to imagine that constitutional change of itself is the most urgent need of Russia. The party of revolution has avowed its destructive purposes. No clear scheme of constructive policy has yet been suggested by the party of moderate reform. If an assembly of the representatives of the Zemstvos were summoned at the present moment to meet in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and were invited to attempt the overhauling of the entire system of government, they would be appalled by the most colossal and depressing task that could confront a parliamentary body. What would be their policy towards Finland, Poland, and the Jews? We have no reason to think that it would be either milder or wiser than the policy of the autocracy. The systematic persecution of the Poles goes on in Germany with the consent, and to a large extent through the medium of a constitutional majority. We may assume, however, that the question of economic and financial reform would occupy the first attentions of the representatives of the Zemstvos. The weight of taxation is pressing the life out of the Russian people. Upon the principle of the German proverb that a man's skin is nearer to him than his shirt, the revision of M. Witte's financial system would naturally be attempted at the outset.

M. Witte has always professed to be a disciple of Friedrich List, but it would be impossible to discover from the external evidences of his policy that he had made any very profound or original study of "The System of National Economy," or that he appreciated the discriminating character of the doctrines preached by the apostle of scientific Protection. The strength of the modern Protectionist movement abroad, as represented, for instance, by its most distinguished living representative, Professor Gustav Schmoller, lies precisely in the fact that it opposes a policy of pure economic opportunism to the rigid formulas of Free Trade, as understood in this country. Adjustment to circumstance is the

principle of the school which derives from Friedrich List List thought that Free Trade or Protection might be wise, according to circumstances The advocate of national tariffs on the Continent believed that England, under Peel, possessed such an overwhelming industrial ascendancy that she might adopt Free Trade with impunity and advantage He believed Free Trade, moreover, to be generally the best policy for an agricultural community bent, in the first instance, upon creating an internal market by developing the wealth of its soil Under present conditions, for instance, in the British Empire, an economist who endeavoured to apply List's principles closely would be in favour of a tariff against foreign competition for industrial defence and development in the Mother Country, and of absolute Free Trade between the Colonies and the Mother Country According to the "System of National Economy," which advocates the freedom of all raw material, taxes on food, for instance, are regarded as only to be justified by political reasons, as distinguished from economic It is uncertain what view the great writer whom M Witte claims to have taken for his master would now form as to the economic remedies for the state of Russia But it is extremely probable that for that country the apostle of Protection would have recommended the nearest possible approximation to Free Trade Nor would such a position be so paradoxical or casuistical as the average English reader will perhaps be inclined to suspect

M Witte can claim no real sanction for his prohibitive system from the pages of the author of "National Economy" List's doctrine depended strictly upon his theory of "stages" in economic progress He regarded the requirements of the distinctively agricultural stage as wholly different from those of a country with a population and a consuming power sufficient to provide a sufficient internal market within the tariff The United States, for instance, developed their agricultural wealth and population largely by the means of free exports for their produce to this country When they had sufficient wealth and numbers to support, by the purchasing power of their single market, a vast internal industry, the tariff was put up to a prohibitive height with success But the development of agricultural wealth and of adequate consuming power among a large population, under Free Trade conditions, enabling farmers and their labourers to purchase all their implements and requirements cheaply, was regarded by List as a step properly precedent to effective Protection Hence Free Trade in this country was originally the Tory policy of the squires, while Protection was the doctrine of the Whigs and the cities Hence the Prussian junkers were the original mainstay of the Free Trade cause in Germany, until the competitive import of American wheat

tried their principles and changed their views. The German agrarians would turn Free Traders once more, and vote for revoking the industrial tariff, if the parallel protection for corn and cattle were withdrawn.

Friedrich List would refuse to accept M. Witte as a sufficiently discriminating disciple. He would assert, as John Stuart Mill admitted, that the industrial prosperity of a country cannot be founded except under Protection against the overpowering competitive ability of countries long established in manufacture. But the German thinker would have urged, there can be little doubt, that Russia is far from the stage of agricultural progress at which the effort to establish a great industrial system may be commenced with a sound prospect of success. Everything in modern Russia depends upon agriculture. The mujik is the Atlas who bears the vast orb of Slav fate upon his shoulders. Atlas, however, so far from being nourished, is being slowly bled to death. The peasants are becoming more and more impoverished from year to year. The fertility of the soil is being reduced. The export of wheat is to a large extent a forced and unnatural export, which creates artificial starvation. Peasants, to meet the demands of the Treasury, and to finance Imperial policy, from Cronstadt to Port Arthur, are compelled to sell for money what they should keep for food. The consuming power of the nation as a whole is declining faster than the population increases. In other words, what exists within M. de Witte's prohibitive system is a shrinking home market, and one which, under present fiscal conditions, must continue to shrink, and will shrink alarmingly, in case of the disastrous conclusion of the war in the Far East. This is the problem of problems for Russia—to relieve the peasant from part of the weight of economic oppression which is crushing him to the earth—to squeeze less revenue out of him, and to use more of it for his benefit.

These are arguments which an overwhelming majority of any constitutional assembly in Russia would probably urge. It is quite possible, for aught we know, that M. Witte, if arraigned for his policy in office, would fully admit the abstract force of the indictment. He would, perhaps, at the same time challenge any parliamentary committee, without possessing a veto upon Imperial policy, to act much better or much differently. The greatest need of Russia is the reduction of taxation. But how is taxation to be reduced consistently with the defence of interests vital to the future of the nation? That is the crucial point of national economy in modern Russia. When we examine the history of British taxation during the eighteenth century we find, as war follows war, as the permanent debt accumulates, and the strength of the fleet grows from reign to reign by leaps and bounds, that it

becomes next to impossible to distinguish between real economic intention and the blind pressure of sheer financial necessity. It was essential to tax everything upon which an indirect revenue could be readily raised. As the scope of the excise was extended, import duties, with a view to the compensation of home industry, became disproportionately higher. So the Chinese wall of an almost prohibitive tariff rose round the island haphazard and almost unawares. In the same way it becomes impossible in studying M. Witte's methods to separate his economic intentions from his revenue necessities. Bismarck could not have drawn a hard and fast line between the two influences upon his tariff policy in 1879.

We are led to suspect that M. Witte endeavoured to make a fiscal virtue of his fiscal exigencies, like our eighteenth-century Chancellors of the Exchequer, after Walpole. But necessity was their law, as it ultimately proved law to the enlightened economic mind of Pitt, and as it was to the ex-Finance Minister of the Tsar. For immensely increased armaments, and for strategical railways alone, M. Witte had to raise something like £100,000,000 sterling annually, in addition to about £30,000,000 sterling for the service of the debt. In those figures lies the crucial problem of Russian reorganisation. A constitutional assembly could not repudiate the debt, for instance. It could not abate armaments without some fundamental change in the spirit and aims of Russian external policy. Would the representatives of the Zemstvos prefer to abandon Manchuria to Japan, Persia to this country, and the Balkans to Germany? The answer must be doubtful. But the great game cannot go on without costing the candle. If a normal Budget of something like £230,000,000 a year is to be raised, that cannot be done in Russia by direct taxation, or by any method dispensing with a prohibitive scale of Customs duties. Nor is it now easy to foresee the consequences of such an industrial collapse as would follow the drastic reduction of the tariff. The new industrial population in the towns, if rendered workless by Free Trade reform in the agricultural interest, might create the most dangerous revolutionary movement by which Russia has ever been threatened. And if anything is more necessary to Russia than reduced taxation, it is—increased expenditure. For instance, upon education. The Hague Conference betrayed, under generally philanthropic pretexts, the torturing urgency of Russia's economic problem.

Whether autocracy becomes liberalised or not, will now alter nothing in the fundamental character of the national problem. Taxation cannot be lightened by placing a check upon military, naval, and strategical expenses, unless compensating security can

be found in a new foreign alliance* Thus we come back to the point, that the real key to the constitutional and economic questions of internal reorganisation can only be reached through a sweeping change in the whole traditional character of Russian external policy

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The war has shown the enormous advantages for every active purpose possessed by an empire extending over the fluid element over an empire extending across the solid element Russia has relatively illimitable numbers Her numbers in the Far East cannot reach their objective You can only carry a trickle through a quarter-inch pipe, though all the volume of Niagara were pressing at one end of it Again, the outlying portions of the British Empire, in all matters of internal development, pay their own way at the expense of their own people India is as self-financed as Egypt, yet the possession of both is a source of additional wealth to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom We are not taxed to build Canadian or Australian railways For inter-Imperial purposes, the sea is a permanent way which swallows no capital When the Trans-Siberian Railway is built at the cost of over £100,000,000 sterling, the burthen is borne by the Russian peasant, who gets no personal benefit whatever from Siberia Indispensable as that territory will be to the vast Russian population of the future, it now contains only five or six millions of Slav inhabitants The expense of Asiatic empire goes far to check the economic development of European Russia The Tsardom, for all present purposes, though not, of course, for future, would undoubtedly be a far stronger and more prosperous power if it did not possess Siberia, and if Yermak had never crossed the Urals The war may teach the lesson that sound development must begin at home, and that the Railway Budget for Siberia must be retrenched The Naval Budget and the Military Budget will present more formidable difficulties

Russia needs, above all, time and peace She cannot hope, under existing conditions, to wage a successful war upon any frontier, and no country can desire to engage repeatedly in unsuccessful wars Eventual failure would be at least as certain in Persia as in the Far East In the Near East Russia can never secure Constantinople by her unaided power while the German veto is interposed, and the Turk alone can place, for the last supreme struggle of Islam, a million fighting men in the field The overpowering growth of the German fleet is turning the Baltic into a German lake The prospect of recovering naval ascendancy in the Far East may well appear hopeless, once Port Arthur has fallen Russia will soon realise that she is checked

at last upon every frontier, and commanded upon every coast except the Caspian Russia needs peace literally, at next to any price But she also needs security against the prospect of stronger Powers taking advantage of her disadvantages, and destroying the Slav dream of the future This security the alliance with France alone has ceased to offer, and Russian policy cannot be solidly reconstructed, except upon the basis of an alliance with either Germany or England

An alliance with Germany, the latter Power being unmistakably the predominant partner, would mean the indefinite postponement of Russian ambitions in the Balkans and Asia Minor It would enable the Kaiser to increase his naval expenditure, the Tsar to reduce the military estimates, which have been swollen during the last twenty years, chiefly by the preparations against the possibility of an eventual breach with Berlin A combination between Germany and the "eastern neighbour" would necessarily be a menace to this country, if it led to expansion both of Teutonic and Russian naval power, with a view to eventual concerted action in the North Sea It would also immensely increase the danger to India, if railway development were more vigorously undertaken in that direction, and slackened in the Far East Germany, in her turn, delivered from the danger of a double attack, and confident of being able to deal under any circumstances, on land, with France alone, would have Holland at the mercy of her military power

There are serious possibilities in this direction If we ourselves realise that nothing in the circumstances of the present war has made an agreement with Russia less desirable in our own interest, it is improbable that Russian statesmen should fail to perceive the superior advantages of such an arrangement It would be compatible with the retention of the French alliance, as a check upon Germany It would bridle the latter at sea, and prevent the Baltic from becoming, as it now tends to do, a German lake Above all, it would enable Russia to concentrate her strength upon the Balkans, and would open the Dardanelles The conviction will return after the war that the destiny of the Slav race must be decided on the route to Constantinople There is still a future in that direction, or in none, and if Russia is to have the strongest guarantee for the maintenance of peace without the loss of her prospects even in the Near East, she must endeavour to retain the French alliance and to supplement it by an understanding with this country It is difficult to be sanguine in any case about the prospects, whether domestic or foreign, of Russian policy, internal reform and development must be the slow work of more than one generation, all that can be done at the outset is to check the pro-

cess of economic decline and to make the beginnings of constitutional and educational progress The Russian nightmare which has oppressed the imagination of the nervous world since Napoleon's overthrow, has proved as illusory as the Yellow nightmare, as even the American nightmare, will yet appear Two generations ago there still loomed in the Continental mind a British peril of vampire character, and the "Yellow Peril" is but the latest form of that inveterate propensity described by Lord Beaconsfield—"We make ourselves miserable in the anticipation of evils that never happen"

CALCHAS

THE LAST OF THE "ENGLISH SCHOOL" OF PHILOSOPHERS ¹

ONE of the earliest contributors to the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, under the editorship of G. H. Lewes and Mr. John Morley, was the distinguished philosopher whom Sir George Cornewall Lewis had just appointed, in spite of numerous protests, to the Chair of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. The two great books on which Alexander Bain's title to fame chiefly rests—"The Senses and the Intellect," and "The Emotions and the Will"—were written before the appearance of this Review, but several of his later works were first given to the world in these pages. The files of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW contain also some evidence of the hostility which his school of philosophy had to meet. To hold unpopular opinions was to adopt a bolder attitude than now, and the opposition which his materialism evoked from men sometimes less wise than well-meaning, had a serious adverse effect upon his career. In later years, he used to tell of the influence which was brought to bear upon the Home Secretary to prevent his appointment to the Aberdeen Chair (as he had been previously deprived of similar opportunities of securing a competence), and of the information given him by John Mill (an intimate friend of Lewis), of the receipt of numerous letters from important personages, "all testifying to my great unfitness." The bitterness of feeling by which he was assailed may be judged from the treatment accorded to him in the Cambridge lectures on "Conscience," delivered by a controversialist usually so fair as Frederick Denison Maurice, a treatment which drew a vehement protest, in this Review, from Cotter Morison. The opposition, originally religious, assumed in recent years a more definitely philosophical form, and even those who had profited most by the great work he accomplished were not always mindful of the rock from which they were hewn, and joined the adherents of a more "Idealistic" school in depreciating his services. One of the most distinguished of American psychologists recently expressed his concern at the attitude towards Professor Bain of some of the younger workers in the same field. Yet, in spite of open opposition, and of less generous depreciation, Bain's doctrines

(1) "The Autobiography of Alexander Bain," edited, with an additional chapter, by William L. Davidson, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen (Longmans)

have influenced thought in Europe, in America, and in India alike, and his books have been translated into almost every European language. His reception in France has been most cordial of all, those who use the well-known "Dictionnaire Complet," by Pierre Larousse, may recollect an entry in the reference pages of that volume—"Aberdeen, port sur la mer du Nord, 131, 600 h, Patrie de Bain," and M. Ribot's "La Psychologie Anglaise" remains an important tribute to the effect of Bain's teaching.

No writer of our times has more sternly repressed all temptation to obtrude his personality upon his readers, and none was more opposed to anything like self-advertisement. The whole-hearted devotion to work which was the ruling motive of his life left no room for the intrusion of personal ambition or individual prejudice. If his writings are in any sense a self-revelation, it is in so far as they reveal the self-repression of which he was capable, the strictly scientific spirit which dominated all his books left room for little more emotion than is to be found in the propositions of Euclid. His pupils at Aberdeen record how complete was this control over the personal factor, he lectured on John Mill or George Grote without once betraying any knowledge of them beyond what might have been derived from their published works, and readers of his "John Stuart Mill" will recall the detached criticism of the character of his friend, which makes that book unique among personal appreciations.

That such a man should have left a record of his quiet and laborious life may surprise those who knew him slightly, but the "Autobiography" which Messrs Longmans have just published leaves no room for astonishment. Professor Bain had a story to tell, which will interest disciple and opponent alike, and which, though in some ways not quite adequate as a full revelation of a noble character, yet contains the record of a noble life. Among the stories of those who have achieved great things in spite of well-nigh insuperable obstacles, the "Autobiography" of Alexander Bain will find a notable place, even in the annals of Scotland it is a classical instance of the conquest of genius over circumstances. He was born in 1818, at Aberdeen, the son of a hand-loom weaver, who had been a private in the 92nd. "I have a dim recollection," he writes, "of its being said that a man like my father, who was both expert and industrious, could earn considerably over a pound a week. But it was the sad experience of our family, that the remuneration of piecework steadily fell from year to year, and my earliest feelings of bitter distress were due to my father's announcing, time after time, the reduction of the rate per piece of the fabrics that he wove. As the increase of

his family was steady at the same time, the result was that he increased the amount of his production until, I may say, for a number of years, his working day ranged from thirteen to fifteen hours " The second son of a family in such circumstances must needs find employment at an early age, but before Bain earned his first wages, at the age of eleven, he had mastered, in addition to the "three R's," the rudiments of Latin, and Algebra up to quadratic equations A temporary failure to understand Euclid was the result of incompetent teaching, and of an effort to learn the propositions by force of memory alone His reading in theology was, naturally, extensive for his tender age Like all Scots children, he had learned by heart the metrical Psalms and the Shorter Catechism, but he had also read the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Scots Worthies," and a work of English origin, entitled "Dialogues of Devils," which delighted the boy by a horrible picture of Priestley's sufferings in hell An illustrated Bible and Watson's "Body of Divinity" completed his theological equipment His father belonged to the sternest school of Calvinism, and one of the most interesting passages in the work relates what children had to suffer from these terrible doctrines We can quote only a sentence from this remarkable story It describes a scene of regular weekly occurrence, as the children gathered round their father after breakfast on Sunday morning "His most iterated theme was a denunciation of one and all of us, as in a headlong career to hell, without any reservation For this state of things he could think of no possible solution but that God should either plunge us into deep affliction or cast us into hell " The boy took all this very seriously, and although he adopted, early in life, a very different speculative position, which he retained consistently to the end, the unmitigated severity of the Calvinism of his childhood had a marked effect upon his thought Some few years later he came into contact with an ardent evangelicalism which knew nothing of "election," but "it impressed me," he says, "in a way that I might now describe as maudlin At all events, I should have been ashamed to confess to such a sentiment, even if I possessed it " Of the two opposing systems, the logical Calvinistic doctrines were the more likely to retain his respect, though not his adherence, and, to the close of his life, he disliked to hear of modifications in the traditional Scottish practice The cold simplicity, for example, of a Scottish funeral appealed strongly to his sense of propriety, and I well remember the indignation with which he listened to the details of the unusually ceremonious burial of a distinguished layman of the Church of Scotland The early chapters of his "Autobiography" will become a *locus*

classicus for the religious and moral conditions of Scottish life in the early nineteenth century, and no student of the history of the Scottish people can afford to neglect this valuable source

For two years the future philosopher acted as errand-boy to an auctioneer, and he used to tell how he was once sent to the house of a professor in Old Aberdeen, and saw, for the first time, a set of the works of Voltaire. This was about 1831, when Bain was thirteen. Eleven years later he was in London for the first time, and was received as the friend of John Mill, and a member of the circle of *literati* of which Mill was the centre. The development of the boy of thirteen, with his smattering of Latin and his vague questionings about religion, into Mill's most valued assistant in the preparation of his epoch-making "Logic," was the work of a decade. It is a result attributable to two causes—Bain's natural genius, and the educational system in Scotland before the days of School Boards and Universities Commissions. The boy's interest was awakened at the age of fourteen, and in his spare hours he followed out a consistent course of mathematics up to the Differential Calculus. His first glimpse of Newton's "Principia" was afforded by a watchmaker, who, "with great pomp and ceremony allowed me to look at his copy of Mott's Translation. I had to spread my handkerchief on the counter before it could be placed there. I inspected it for half an hour, so as to get some idea of its drift, and hoped one day to be able to attack it." In his mathematical studies he had the advantage of an evening school, and he covered, in the space of a week, Analytical Plane Trigonometry, Spherical Trigonometry, and Analytical Geometry—an achievement worthy of being recorded along with Mill's precocious performances. He was now himself working at the loom, and snatched from sleep and rest four precious hours a day for his books.

In 1835, Bain was fortunate enough to attract the notice of an Aberdeen clergyman, the Rev. John Murray, who insisted upon his preparing himself for College by acquiring a sufficient knowledge of Latin. This he gained in a year's time, during which he found it impossible to satisfy himself with merely linguistic effort, and, besides pursuing his mathematical course, he read Hume's "Treatise of Human Nature."

Three months at the Grammar School equipped Bain for competing for an entrance Bursary at Marischal College. He was not immediately successful, but arrangements were made for his entering the College. He was now eighteen, and considerably older than most of his college contemporaries. The chapters which describe his student days at Aberdeen are equally important for the development of his own thought and for the history of

education in Scotland We know of no source where the reader will find a more suggestive analysis of what was, on the whole, competent University teaching, about the year 1840 But we must hasten on to the crisis in Bain's fortunes, which arrived in the summer of 1839, when he met an old acquaintance, John Robertson, who was now assisting Mill in the editorship of the *London and Westminster Review* Through Robertson's good offices, Bain contributed to the *Review* an article on the then new discoveries of the electrotpe and the daguerreotype Like other distinguished philosophers, Bain thus first appeared before the world as a writer on physical topics, but he seems to have felt all along that these were only subsidiary to his real interests, 'the study of the mind had now become incessant and overmastering' His next contribution, on "the accurate investigation of the Properties of Matter," which employed physical examples in "the ambitious attempt of laying down rules of inductive discovery or invention," inspired George Grote to write to Mill to inquire if its author had published anything else The way was now clear for the most memorable event of his early life, his first visit to London, in the summer of 1842

Bain was not quite twenty-four when he was introduced to the literary society of the day His first sponsor was the distinguished physicist, Neil Arnott, at whose hospitable table he met G H Lewes, George Lillie Craik, Wheatstone, and Edwin Chadwick An interview with Carlyle afforded an occasion for a characteristic remark which remained in his retentive memory "I have tried many recipes, Wordsworth and the rest, and but for the French Revolution and German literature, I see very little hope for this old earth of ours"—a verdict shaped, as Bain remarks, by the accidents of Carlyle's own literary labours at the time Among other distinguished men, Faraday and Thomas Graham showed the youth marked attention, but the chief feature of the visit was the opportunity of frequent walks with Mill, to and from the India House, while Mill talked on many subjects, and condemned recent London architecture So intimate did their relations become that Bain's last weeks in London were occupied in revising the MS of Mill's "Logic" "The only person from whom I received any direct assistance in the preparation of the 'System of Logic,'" says Mill, "was Mr Bain, since so justly celebrated for his philosophical writings He went carefully through the manuscript before it was sent to press, and enriched it with a great number of additional examples and illustrations from science, many of which, as well as some detached remarks of his own, in confirmation of my logical views, I inserted nearly in his own words"

The work which Bain had actually accomplished by this date, though slight in amount, had thus received ample recognition in his rapid promotion to the esteem and confidence of the leaders of contemporary thought, but nearly twenty years had to elapse before he obtained the position he most desired—that of a University professor. His varied accomplishments, the distinguished testimony which he could command, the considerable experience he soon gained as substitute-professor in Aberdeen, were alike powerless to remove the prejudice against his system of thought. Even in his applications for Chairs of Physical Science he found this prejudice an insuperable obstacle, he had added to his lack of orthodoxy in speculative thought a dangerous radicalism in political doctrine, and it was felt that, at all hazards, he must be debarred from contact with youth. In one instance, this successful opposition proved a tactical mistake, for the defeated candidate for a Chair of Natural Philosophy was very nearly successful, a year later, when a vacancy occurred in the Chair of Moral Philosophy, his occupation of which would have been so much more distasteful. Had Lord John Russell been able to form a Government in 1846, Bain would have realised his ambition at the age of twenty-eight, instead of at forty-two. As it was, he occupied a post under Chadwick, on the Board of Health, from 1847 to 1850, but otherwise he subsisted, up to 1860, mainly on literary work.

During these years, in spite of some necessary "pot-boiling," Bain produced his systematic exposition of the phenomena of mind—"The Senses and the Intellect" and "The Emotions and the Will." His work was on the lines of the traditional English Psychology, but it retained the mark of Bain's individual genius. "Those who have the highest appreciation and warmest admiration of his predecessors," wrote John Mill, in the *Edinburgh Review*, "are likely to be the most struck with the great advance which his treatise contributes over what his predecessors had done, and the improved position in which it places their psychological theory." Apart from special doctrines, the novelty of Bain's work lay in its application of the Inductive Method to Psychology, and this alone would make his two volumes part of the permanent literature of the subject. His remarkable analytical power, his gift of happy phraseology, and his wealth of illustration combined to make his special contributions not merely valuable at the time as the best expression of the results then achieved, but full of suggestion for his successors. "With the exception of Locke," says Professor Ward, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "perhaps no English writer has made equally important contributions to the science of mind."

That Bain's works should have stood so well the test of the

criticism of half a century is the more notable when one recollects that they were published some years before Darwin turned speculations of this nature into a new channel, and that, although they were modified, from time to time, in successive editions, their author made no effort to bring them more definitely into line with evolutionary theory. His view was that the doctrine of evolution had lightened his inquiry by rendering it unnecessary for the psychologist to attempt "to define the absolute commencement of any of the great fundamental notions," and by restricting his task to the observation of their growth. In this way, he regarded himself as a worker outside the field of evolutionary inquiry, but in no sense hostile to it.

In 1860, Bain became Professor of Logic and English Literature at Aberdeen, and his consequent departure from London resulted, naturally, in a much less close association with Mill and Grote, but he remained in constant correspondence with them until the end of their lives, and the long summer vacation of the Scottish Universities in those days afforded opportunities for renewed personal intercourse. He shared their general views in politics as in philosophy, joining especially in their hatred of the measures by which Louis Napoleon raised himself to power in France. He was fond of quoting Mill's expression of disgust on hearing of the *coup d'état*, in December, 1851 ("The fellow has succeeded!"), and of telling how Mill cherished a belief that an unguarded expression in Parliament would some day render impossible his residence at Avignon. The "Autobiography" contains an interesting letter from Grote, written when Napoleon III was in London in 1855—"I am glad Mill is not here to witness the scenes of this week—the public adoration paid by the English people to the greatest political criminal who has been seen in Europe since the despots of Greece and mediæval Italy. I am consoled for having turned sixty years of age last November when I see the accursed state of public opinion in which my old age is destined to move. Very luckily, my interest in science remains unchanged and unabated, as for the hope of ethical or political amelioration, the sooner I can root that out the more comfortable I shall feel." Something of this feeling was evident in Bain's own attitude towards public events in the closing years of his life. His standard of public morality was high, and even austere, and alike in local and in national politics he disapproved of recent tendencies to unnecessary expenditure upon what he regarded as more or less vain display. It seemed to him, too, that the respect for human life which occupied so large a place in his own ethical teaching had considerably decreased. When the newspapers were printing summaries of the events of the year 1902, he

remarked with some sadness upon the very casual references to the loss of life in the great volcanic outbursts of that summer, as contrasted with the space assigned to such subjects as, for example, athletic records "Hushing up the earthquakes," he called it, in one of his favourite violent metaphors

Bain's Aberdeen career divides itself into two periods—twenty years of teaching in the University, in the course of which he sent forth many distinguished pupils, and twenty-three years of retirement Almost to the end he took an active part in public affairs He was an advanced Liberal in politics, and did much for Liberalism in Aberdeen His interest in University business continued unabated even after the termination of his double term of office as Lord Rector, and his advice proved most valuable as recently as the last Commission He was a member of the first School Board of Aberdeen, and a warm supporter of the Public Library To all these activities he added an unceasing devotion to philosophy, and book after book came from his pen, dealing not only with Logic and Psychology, but also with Education and English Grammar and Rhetoric Only twelve months ago, in his eighty-fifth year, he published a volume of "Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics," mainly reprinted from *Mind*, the journal which he initiated, founded, and maintained for many years at very considerable pecuniary loss

The principles which guided his conduct of *Mind* were thoroughly characteristic of his general attitude He has been described as a bigoted adherent of the experientialist school, and if "bigoted" means "definite," he has every claim to the title, for it was his guiding principle that "experience or acquisition is the remote genesis of what transcends our available sources of knowledge" But, while his own view was perfectly clear, he was most tolerant of differences of opinion, and he never allowed *Mind* to become the organ of any one school of thought Still more remarkable was his tolerance of his pupils' divergences from his own views The liberty that a man permits to the outside world he frequently denies to his own disciples, and rarely has such perfect confidence subsisted between a teacher and followers who differed from him even on ultimate questions This tolerance was, doubtless, rendered easier by the purely negative attitude he himself adopted in relation to some such questions The words he applied to John Mill may be used to describe his own position "In everything characteristic of the creed of Christendom he was a thoroughgoing negationist He admitted neither its truth nor its utility" Those who were present when Sir George Stokes completed his course of Burnett Lectures on Theism at Aberdeen, will remember the interest of the audience when Professor Bain

rose and gave a rapid sketch of the history of the argument from Design. His hearers waited eagerly for his conclusion. Stokes had been lecturing for the most part on the Theory of Light, and only in his last lecture had he dealt with any theological implications, and Bain's exordium proved to be a defence of the lecturer's method. "Our real position," he said, "is given in the pathetic lines of Tennyson—

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,"

and to satisfy this yearning every available indication of the supposed origin of the universe continues to be in request. And among such are to be included the facts of nature which scientific research is more and more unveiling in their august and commanding character."

Holding this position, he was able, in spite of the thoroughly definite nature of his own teaching, to believe that it is no man's duty to attempt to convert the world or any portion of it to his own view. He must be satisfied if he can stimulate thought and help other men to their solutions. Hence, when his favourite pupil, the present occupant of his Chair, Professor William Davidson, prepared the last series of Burnett Lectures and traced the theistic argument in its psychological aspect in the course of a learned and original treatise, Bain's sympathetic interest was unaffected by his personal antagonism to the doctrines his friend was unfolding. He attended the lectures, and followed with keen appreciation the course of the argument. This is but an instance, though the most remarkable one, of a liberality of view which characterised him. He was never to be found among the intolerant advocates of toleration; freedom of thought was, to him, no mere figure of speech. The really remarkable point is not that he held this view, but that he held it in conjunction with his definite repudiation of metaphysic and his contempt for the logomachies of some of the opposing schools of philosophy. It is necessary to guard against giving the impression that a tolerant amiability was in any degree characteristic of him. He was "ever a fighter," and while his blows were invariably delivered fairly, they were far from half-hearted. He was not given to rushing into controversy, and he sometimes refrained from entering into discussions in which he was personally concerned (*e.g.*, with F. D. Maurice), but when he fought, he did so with zest and vigour, enjoying the delight of battle. Towards anything that seemed to him to savour of cant, humbug, or ostentation, he was absolutely merciless. Meaningless eloquence disgusted him, however well chosen its language. His own style could at times be distin-

guished and even graceful, but all flowers of rhetoric he abominated. His life was thoroughly simple, and he disliked extravagance in food or dress, but he was too good a utilitarian to regard asceticism as admirable in itself, and the *men  ge* of the house he built for himself and occupied for the last forty years of his life was comfortable and appropriate to his station. He was fond of travel, and almost every summer spent some weeks on the Continent until he became too old for the fatigue of a Continental journey.

His death severs a link with a great past. He was the intellectual descendant of Locke and the English School, and the last representative of a distinguished tradition to which he added distinction. For several years he had lived in complete seclusion, tended by the devoted care of his wife, and seeing only a very few intimate friends. He had outlived not only his contemporaries, but many of his pupils, and few men have gone to the grave with so full a sense of completed work. The book he has left behind him is a modest record of what he accomplished in his eighty-five years of life—a record which Philosophy will not forget. Those who knew him best will miss in it many personal traits which they had learned to reverence, but it cannot fail to leave the impression of what was, after all, his most notable characteristic—an unwavering honesty of purpose and a simple and straightforward nobility of word and action.

ROBERT S. RAIT

MICHAIL IVANOVITCH GLINKA

I

B JUNE 1ST, 1804 D FEBRUARY 15TH, 1857

AT the country town of Smolensk, some 150 miles from Moscow, the passing tourist may, if he be so disposed, view the unimposing statue of a small, somewhat clumsily-built man, with the square forehead, the short, fleshy nose, and deep-set eyes of a typically Russian physiognomy. The monument itself is commonplace enough, and would easily escape notice, but for the original device with which it is encircled. This consists of a wrought-iron railing representing the five lines of the musical staff, inscribed with a number of melodies, above which one reads the simple, but pregnant dedication "To Michail Ivànovitch Glinka, the father of Russian Music, born 1801." The melodies are the leading themes from the works of the composer, whose centenary takes place this year. To music-loving Russians, the name of Glinka suggests a kind of Peter the Great in music. Few national events are celebrated in Russia without some allusion to the shipbuilding, carpenter Tsar, and so, likewise, scarcely any great national rejoicing takes place without a practical tribute being paid to Glinka's memory, in a gala performance of his famous opera, *Jizn za Tsaria* (Life for the Tsar). Peter created a modern empire. Glinka founded a musical kingdom. There was, however, this radical difference between the political methods of the Tsar and the artistic aspirations of the composer. Peter's relentless policy was to open the windows of his country wide to western air. Glinka, on the contrary, wished to shut out every foreign breath and influence. At the close of the eighteenth century, music was a purely foreign importation into Russia--music, that is to say, belonging to the opera or to the concert hall, for the Russian folk music is probably unrivalled in variety and originality, and the vocal liturgy of the Orthodox Church is of great antiquity and singularly impressive in the richness of its unaccompanied harmonies with which no instrument is allowed to mingle. Thus for centuries the chants of the Eastern Church and the songs of the people have been unique and potent factors in the national life. From his childhood upwards there seems to have floated vaguely through Glinka's mind a desire to blend the two elements, and fertilise therefrom a national school of secular music, which

Russians might easily recognise as emanating solely from their race

But more than half his brief lifetime of fifty-three years had to elapse before his ideas crystallised sufficiently to bring forth tangible results. Michail Ivanovitch Glinka was the son of a retired army officer, living on his property in the village of Novospass, in the Government of Smolensk. As was then not unusual amongst Russian country gentlemen, Major Glinka maintained a household orchestra of serfs, as did also his brother-in-law, occupying a neighbouring estate. The symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, together with the overtures of Cherubini and Méhul, formed the chief items performed by these bands. In this way little Michail Ivanovitch had an early opportunity of coming in contact with some of the best European music of that epoch, albeit it was probably rendered in a somewhat crude fashion. Moreover, his sensibility to native music must soon have been awakened by the chanting of the choristers in the church as well as by the peasants singing their *pyessni* and *horovodi*.¹ We are told that the young Glinka especially delighted in the clanging and pealing of bells, which he made many curious attempts to imitate, and he would amuse himself for hours together striking a number of brass bowls alternately as hard as he could, with any suitable weapon that lay at hand. As an outcome of these childish fancies and pastimes, it is interesting to notice that one of the finest features in Glinka's subsequent treatment of an orchestra consists in the originality and discreet sonority of his parts for the brass instruments. We catch another striking reminder that the child was truly father to the man in the closing bass chorus of the *Jizn za Tsaria*. To a wonderful accompaniment of many-toned bells the deep voices interweave their chant —

"Slavsya, slavsya, nash Roussky Tsar,
Gremi, gremi, Moskva"
("Gloiy, glory to our Russian Tsar,
Thunder, thunder, all ye bells of Moscow")

Glinka was educated at home up to the age of thirteen, when he was placed in the newly opened "corps," for the nobility, in its day, the foremost educational institution in St. Petersburg. Here he proved an exceptionally apt and intelligent pupil. With even more than the ordinary Russian facility for mastering languages he learnt English, French, German, Latin, and

(1) The *pyessni* are a solo form of popular song, as distinguished from the *horovode*, or choruses, peculiar to Russia. The word is probably derived from the noun *hor*, a chorus, and the verb *vodit*, to lead. One chorus does actually lead another. There are *horovode* for each season and every event. Very beautiful are the spring and autumn *horovode* heard in Little Russia.

Persian, and exhibited great interest in various branches of science, notably in zoology. His recreation hours he spent in studying music. He took violin, singing, and piano lessons, but always with foreign masters. There were, indeed, no native teachers to be had, and when he talked with his different instructors about "folk" songs, they brushed the subject aside as quite beneath their notice. With all this, there was, of course, no thought of Glinka himself adopting music seriously as a career. In the interests of his art instincts, one is glad to find that he had not to battle with poverty. There was no necessity for him even to earn a livelihood. At twenty, though, in the usual course open to well-born Russians, family influence obtained him a position in a Government office, where he remained for some four or five years. That he displayed no enthusiasm for his occupation is not surprising. Judging from his autobiography and letters, it is impossible to imagine him even developing into a *chinovnik*. Neither did he appreciate the social advantages afforded him by his official rank, for Glinka was decidedly not of a social disposition, habitually shunning the company of all except a few intimate friends, mostly women. His nervous shyness amongst strangers earned him the nickname of "Mimosa," or the "sensitive plant." A marriage contracted in 1835 did not add to his happiness, and soon his wife and he separated. There were doubtless faults on both sides, but as far as her husband's musical proclivities were concerned, Madame Glinka was wholly incapable of offering him sympathy. Their marriage took place when he was in the throes of composing his *Jizn za Tsaria*, and all his wife could do in the matter was to express surprise and vexation at the waste of music paper involved. Glinka was by no means robust physically, he suffered from a weakness of the chest, and was, besides, always hypochondriacally inclined. As time passed, he occupied himself more and more seriously with music. His *idée fixe* of national Russian compositions haunted him incessantly, but whenever he tried to focus a national theme according to the laws of harmony and composition, picked up with this or that foreign teacher, he produced something hardly to be distinguished from the compositions of Western composers. It may be mentioned that several of these have made frequent use of Slav folk tunes—Haydn, for example, and Beethoven, but for all that their music is not Slav in its character, and the uneven rhythms of Russian popular songs, 5—4, 7—4, &c., have also occasionally been incorporated into Western music, but the results obtained have no affinity with the music of the Russian school. That Glinka should have resorted so repeatedly to foreigners for help may seem an odd proceeding on the part of a man who avowedly

wished to shut out the foreign element from Russian art. But we must reiterate the fact that there had never yet been a genuine Russian composer, consequently he had absolutely no traditions to guide him, and it does not appear to have occurred to him that he could possibly acquire the technical knowledge required for carrying out his purpose, otherwise than by studying with men who had behind them the accumulated experience of generations of cultivated musicians. He did not perceive that he was in reality frustrating his heart's desire. In a way it was his own nature which set up obstacles to his success. It is easy to picture this shy, sensitive hypochondriac shrinking from ridicule, with an exaggerated dread of failure, clinging tenaciously to his ideal, but with little confidence in his powers of realisation, and with only the haziest conception of how to set to work. He craved encouragement from his compatriots, but was afraid to solicit it. When educated Russians were actually ashamed to speak their own mother tongue what would it avail to try and interest them in their own country's music? The very fact, though, that Glinka stood so completely alone in his conviction was certainly a proof of his singular originality. To give the crucial impetus to a hesitating, yet intense, temperament, such as his, it was essential for some outsider to probe beneath his shy exterior, and discover the note of genius indwelling in his soul. Involuntarily, we contrast this diffident type of character with the headlong impetuosities of a Berlioz, bowing to no authority, scorning all tradition, or with a Wagner, believing so implicitly in his own supreme greatness, that he verily compelled others to believe the same, or, again, with a Mendelssohn, winning immediate success, thanks to personal charm and a happy knack of never soaring too high, either for his own enjoyment or that of his audience. To deepen Glinka's despondency, the foreign teachers from whom he was so anxious to obtain information continually rebuffed him by their adverse opinions. According to the average views then prevailing—and still held, it must be admitted, by many latter-day critics—good music should be impersonal, and above all, international. Nationality in art merely signified narrowness of range, and consequent inferiority. Moreover, what did Glinka wish to imply by "music which should represent a nation"? Russia, like other countries, had evolved a national anthem, what more could she have? During a long sojourn in Italy from 1830 to 1833, Glinka was still struggling hopelessly with his vision of nationalism. But at least, his Italian experiences provided him with what afterwards proved a very valuable insight into the dramatic and scenic construction of opera. Still, the shallowness and effervescence of Italian music in general were very repugnant to his grave and

penetrating disposition "I cannot endure the spirit of this Italian music," he wrote to a friend, "it is so horribly insincere and frivolous. But for all that I envy the ease and dexterity with which the Italians compose. I wish that I could transplant just a little—but only a very little—of their finish and lightness to our heavy, but rich Russian soil." From Italy, Glinka proceeded to Germany, where he determined to take a course of systematic training in theory with yet another foreigner, to wit, Dehn, reputed to be the best master of musical theory then living. And now came the turning point in Glinka's career. In Dehn he at last found his kindred affinity. German though he was, this master at once perceived the magnitude of Glinka's aims, and, unlike the Russian's other advisers, he by no means dismissed the quaint characteristics of the Russian tunes and chants, as being obsolete and useless in the light of the Western science of music evolved by Rameau and Bach. On the contrary, he announced that here was something quite original promising a new musical harvest. "I owe everything to Dehn," was Glinka's characteristic acknowledgment, "he not only put my heterogeneous, chaotic jumble of musical knowledge into shape, but he altered my whole view as to the principles of true art, and emboldened me to act upon my own unconventional initiative." Dehn made it clear to Glinka that he was wasting his energy in attempting to create Russian music according to the tempered scale and chromatic modulations in vogue in the West. Rather must he identify himself as closely as possible with the curious tonality of the native productions, with their whole-toned, robust, and vigorous, yet withal plaintive and melancholy harmonies. He must systematically employ their unsymmetrical rapidly changing rhythms, their long, recitative-like curves of melody, their abrupt, unclosed cadences, only thus could he hope to reach his goal and achieve an independent Russian style. And if at the same time he could find a clue to the natural harmonisation of the popular music, and systemise it into a theory, so much the better. Stirred and incited by Dehn's enthusiasm and evident belief in his ultimate success, Glinka hastened back to Russia. Only eighteen months later, in 1836, appeared the *Jizn za Tsaria*, followed, in 1842, by his second opera, *Rousslân i Ljudmilla*. Before discussing these works and the impression which they produced, it may be well to give a brief outline of the remainder of Glinka's life and musical activity.

An especially important event was his appointment in 1837 to the directorship of the Imperial Church Choir, a body of about 100 picked male voices, sought out and imported from all parts of Russia. His post naturally helped Glinka to study the old Church

modes and strict style used in the liturgy His frequent travels through the Empire in search of new voices for the far-famed choir, also gave him an occasion to collect a quantity of material for an elaborate analytical work upon the Russian national songs A journey through Spain for the benefit of his health, in 1845, in like manner assisted him to study the popular melodies of that country, where, to his great surprise, he discovered that in many details, both of scale formation and rhythm, the national songs of the Spaniards had much affinity to the Slavonic types This was a remarkable coincidence, and is, we believe, the only instance yet known of anything approaching semblance to the Russian melodies As a sequel to his Spanish tour, Glinka wrote his *Yota Aragonesa*, and *Une Nuit a Madrid*, two very brilliant orchestral works upon Spanish motives

The incidental music to the Jewish tragedy, *Prince Holmski*, is also a fine piece of descriptive music, and thoroughly Russian is the *Kamarinskaja*, a lively fantasy for orchestra and voices, founded upon two Russian dance rhythms, the animated boisterous *trepák* of the men, and the slow, graceful "Roússkaïa" or "woo-ing" dance, in which a feminine element is admitted These two rhythms now alternate, now combine with extraordinary effects To Western ears, the whole work is full of bizarre originality Glinka's *Kamarinskaja* was speedily followed by Dargomúshki's *Kazachók*, the two served as models for most of the later Russian concert music Glinka composed over eighty songs, full of romantic pathos and sentiment, many of them have since become standard works in Russia He composed, further, a number of interesting *a capella* choruses, taking the fascinating *horovode* as his pattern To these may be added a fairly long list of chamber and symphonic works, and besides his two completed operas, he had planned two others, *Dboumoujnitza* (The Bigamist), and *Taráss Boulba*, suggested by Gogol's fine prose epic of "Little Russia" Of these works, however, he only left the outlines In 1856, after nearly twenty years of research, Glinka once more repaired to Berlin with his collected material, intending to again consult Dehn And at Berlin, with his problems only partly solved, Michaïl Ivánovitch died of the effects of a chill, in the February of the following year His body was conveyed back to St Petersburg, and is there interred in the Alexandro-Nevski monastery Glinka's material as to the sources of the ecclesiastical and folk modes of Russian music has apparently never been published Some half-dozen excellent collections of the songs have been made during the past fifty or sixty years, and an Imperial commission is still engaged in the work In this way some thousands of melodies have been taken down from the lips

of the people But hitherto no authoritative theory has decided the root of their tonality Subsequent Russian composers have all worked more or less upon the lines indicated in Glinka's compositions, and, like him, they have trusted chiefly to their own intuition and initiative powers in producing Russian effects Naturally, though, each generation acquires greater freedom and dexterity of manipulation

II

That Glinka turned especially to opera as the medium in which he might best express the genius of the Russian people was assuredly no accident The art form suitable to represent his race and the vast expanse of its country must of necessity be on a large and grandiose scale Also, it could not be otherwise than vocal, since it was in the Russian's inborn love of song that the composer first conceived his idea of a national art True Russian art, again, must have a realistic, all-convincing spectacular element In order to appeal to the right emotions of a Russian you must attract his eye with a show of reality, as well as his ear with a flow of melody From his very birth he is accustomed to the sight of the gorgeous vestments of "Ikons," and the sparkling, gemmed images of saints, which heighten the vocal solemnity of the "orthodox" ritual, and an abiding impression of these splendours remains with him through life There must also be a distinct dramatic note in any representative Russian music It must re-echo the quaint pageantry of dramatic symbolism, linked for centuries with Russian rites of betrothal, marriage, or burial

In opera alone, Glinka must have felt that he had ready before him a vocal, dramatic, and scenic canvas large enough to contain all these manifold properties of national trait and character For his subjects, he turned to Russian legend and history In his groundwork of musical treatment, he adhered scrupulously to Dehn's advice Authorities declare it impossible to pick out a single tune or chant in its entirety from either the *Jizn za Tsaria*, or *Rousslan i Ludmilla* But all the features which give to the music, whether of the Church or the peasant, its racial flavour were skilfully and subtly assimilated "Pfiu!" exclaimed an elegant court dandy during the initial performance of the *Jizn za Tsaria*, "quelle musique plébéienne, est-on à l'église ici, ou au village? Certes, on n'est pas à l'opéra! Comme ça sent le paysan"

Higher praise than this unconsciously uttered truth could not well have been paid to the realisation of Glinka's chief aim It assured him his place as a pioneer of a galaxy of artists—writers, painters, musicians—whose creations for a century long, could, each and every one of them, *sent le paysan*

The eventful episode embodied in the plot of the *Jizn za Tsaria* is taken from one of the most sombre and heroic pages in Russian history, at the turning period when it seemed almost certain that the Poles were destined to become the predominant Slav people. The date is 1613. On the death of the Tsar Boris Godounov, the Poles had invaded Russia, and had advanced to the very walls of the Kreml. The Russians, fierce to protect their threatened independence and orthodox faith, rushed to the rescue of their newly-elected Sovereign, the young Michail Feodorovitch Romànov. A party of Poles, scouring the country, fall in with a peasant, Ivan Susanin. They fondly imagine that by threats and bribes they are compelling him to lead the way to the Tsar's hiding-place. But Ivan is not the mean soul they take him to be. He has secretly contrived to dispatch his adopted son, Vania, to warn Michail Feodorovitch of imminent danger, and he himself determines to entice the Poles in an opposite direction, further and further into the mazes of the dense forest. The enemy at last discover his subterfuge, and enraged at being foiled, they stab him to death. Ivan Susanin gives his "Life for the Tsar," and the opera closes with Michail Feodorovitch's triumphant approach to Moscow.¹

This patriotic story had long circulated amongst the people as a *bulina*, or "old time" ballad.² It was first put into literary form by the poet Ryl'cev (1796—1826). The unquestioning devotion of Ivan Susanin to his holy *Batushka* Tsar, which is the pivot of the ballad, has always been a conspicuous attribute of the long-suffering Russian peasantry. Should its spirit one day cease to move the hearts of the peasants, who still constitute the bulk and backbone of the Tsar's loyal subjects, then, indeed, Russia must inevitably fall into the thralls of a revolutionary movement, such as the world has rarely, if ever, witnessed. Throughout the opera Glinka dwelt persistently upon this spirit of devotion. Thus, politically, no less than musically, he was able to produce an artistic entity of patriotism unknown, we think, in the opera of any other country, and which, moreover, amongst modern nations,

(1) It happens incidentally that the monument raised to Glinka's memory at Smolensk is in the neighbourhood where Ivàn Susanin is supposed to have met his death.

(2) The word *bulina* is obviously derived from *bul*, the past tense of the verb *biti*, 'to be'. Hence, its meaning is, as near as may be, "there was," or "once upon a time." The *bulina* circulated freely through Russia from the Pagan era down to the Napoleonic invasion, and occasionally, even nowadays, a fresh one on a modern theme is discovered in some remote district of European or Asiatic Russia. Not until the nineteenth century was well on its way did educated Russians become aware of this treasure trove of national epic in their midst. Numerous collections have since been made and arranged in mythological and historical cycles. "Ivàn Susanin" belongs to the latter category. *Rousslan et Ludmilla*, on the other hand, is a fairy *bulina*.

is nowhere so strikingly applicable as in Russia. Glinka has occasionally been ridiculed for the somewhat elementary fashion in which he has typified the Polish and Russian nationalities in this opera. Poles, it is said, are not always dancing *krakoviaks* and *mazourkas*, neither does a Russian usually express himself in solemn chants and invocations. In a certain sense, the criticism would appear just. From a Russian point of view, however, Glinka did not fail—if almost with *naïvete*—to embody two diametrically opposed national ideals. His intention was obviously to represent that the Russians were all for God and the Tsar, the Poles for amusement and self-seeking. Putting aside Russian prejudice where Poland is concerned, it may rightly be suggested that the composer was, after all, perhaps not far wrong in his estimate of the Polish national character. For has not one of their distinguished poets defined the Deity itself as “A fiery plume on a broad helmet”?

Ivan Susanin, by the way, was not an entirely new subject to Russian opera-goers, and Glinka was fully aware of this fact. Already, in 1815, an opera of this name by the Italian, Catterino Cavos, had been given at St. Petersburg. Cavos was an industrious manufacturer of light Italian opera. For nearly half a century he held his own as a fashionable teacher and composer in St. Petersburg, where he directed the Court opera and concerts. No better evidence can be brought forward of the drastic changes effected by Glinka on the Russian lyric stage than the contrast between his *Jizn za Tsaria* and the *Ivan Susanin* of Cavos. The tactful Italian never thought of offending the delicate susceptibilities of his aristocratic patrons by the tragic *dénouement* of the original story. At the critical moment, therefore, Ivan Susanin was opportunely rescued from the Poles by a gallant and adventurous nobleman, attended by a gorgeously attired suite and as the curtain fell Ivan Susanin, reclining comfortably in a gilded chair, complacently declaimed a moral couplet—

“Let the wicked be afraid, and tremble for ever,
But the virtuous man is confounded never.”

Cavos was still to the fore when Glinka put the finishing touches to the score of the *Jizn za Tsaria*, and at least the Italian proved himself a most generous rival. It is just possible that he did not scent any very formidable competitor in the modest and retiring Russian. In any case, he was pleased to play the part of a kindly and condescending patron, and when Glinka's opera—by very reason, it may be, of its strange newness of style—was rejected by the St. Petersburg opera management, Cavos exerted himself in its favour. Thanks to his efforts, the work was recon-

sidered, and in the end accepted. Glinka received no remuneration whatever for his pains, but not many years later numerous publishers were squabbling as to the sole rights of production and publication of this same *Jizn za Tsarà*, which remains to this day the most popular opera in the Russian *répertoire*.

Glinka's second opera, *Rousslàn i Luidmilla*, is founded upon a half-human, half-supernatural Circassian *bulina*, modernised by Pushkin in most fascinating, melodious verse, and percolated with a deep vein of Orientalism. In his new score Glinka showed that he had made great advances as a master of technical resource. He freely introduced Persian scales and Circassian rhythms, which he cloaked in a modern guise, as ingeniously as Pushkin had embodied the original metres of the *bulina*. The music of *Rousslàn i Luidmilla* conveys a mingled impression of that languorous, dreamy suavity of the East, and the ponderous, brusque strength of the West, which can perplex one so often in Russian nature, both in its climatic and human aspects. The romanticism of the subject was, of course, quite opposed to the historical basis of the *Jizn za Tsaria*, neither was there any scope for the full diapason of patriotism which had attracted the composer in his first opera. The very existence of a rich national heritage of *bulini* being at that time practically unknown, Glinka's name associated with a "fairy" opera suggested to the public that he had abandoned his national theories, and reverted to European sources. His audience forthwith prepared itself for a light and sparkling *extravaganza*, interpolated, probably, with the latest Parisian or Viennese ballet. Nothing was further removed from Glinka's intentions, and the first performance of *Rousslàn i Luidmilla* was little more than a fiasco. Opera amateurs were not yet sufficiently enlightened to rightly appreciate either the poetic fantasy of the tale, or the consummate art with which its spirit was exactly delineated in the music. After a few abortive attempts to obtain a fair and adequate hearing for this opera, it disappeared from the *repertoire* for nearly sixty years. But when the trend of Russian thought finally turned in absolute favour of national, as opposed to foreign, art, the merits of Glinka's work began to be esteemed at their true value, and *Rousslàn i Luidmilla* was resuscitated. Several conditions, though are likely long to prevent it from winning the popular suffrage accorded to the *Jizn za Tsarà*. The music is peculiarly subtle and difficult of rendition, the parts require very delicate interpretation, and the complicated staging must be in strict accordance with the local colour of the opera.

Undoubtedly the weakest part of both operas is the wording of the libretto. That of the *Jizn za Tsarà*, strange to say, had to be pieced into the music after Glinka had completed the whole

score "The plan of the opera evolved itself so rapidly in my mind," he wrote, "that my pen could hardly keep pace with the flow of my ideas. I could not possibly await the preparation of the text." To fit this into the score would have been difficult enough for a Russian. Unfortunately, the task fell to a German, a certain Baron Rosen, to whom the Russian language was as unfamiliar as were Glinka's Slav rhythms. The result is ludicrously feeble from a literary standpoint, and the cadence of the words is often gratingly at variance with the musical phrasing. But for Pushkin's untimely death, he himself would have prepared the libretto of *Rousslan et Ludmilla*. It is pretty certain that the gifted poet would have fully understood how to identify the spirit of word and music. The "book" of Dargomïushki's opera, *Roussalka*, was his work, and is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful opera libretti in any language. As it was, for Glinka's second opera no less than five librettists prepared an act apiece, quite independently of each other. From this mutilated patchwork of the original, the composer selected his material as best he could. He was so preoccupied with the primary object of erecting a national code of music, that he had not time to study the euphonious prosody of the Russian language, which lends itself with remarkable ease to musical treatment. This next important step in the evolution of Russian opera belongs to a later date, and has been strikingly exemplified by Tchaïkovski, and the contemporary composer, Rimski-Korssakov.

III

The *Jizn za Tsaria* and *Rousslan et Ludmilla* had both been produced before Wagner propounded his "Leit Motif" theories. It is, therefore, worthy of note that Glinka, too, on his own independent lines, was an advocate and practical demonstrator of the uses of leading themes, which play a systematic part in his operas. But the functions relegated by Wagner to the orchestra, Glinka religiously reserved for the voice. In this manner he once and for all established the main tenet of Russian opera, viz., that it is essentially a vocal and not a symphonic art. First in degree of importance come the voices, either the soli or the chorus, and after these only the orchestra, which must, however, like the scenery, be thoroughly appropriate, and accurately accentuate the characterisation of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the dramatic action of the plot. At the present day the generality of foreigners know but little concerning Russia, her people, her history, her art. In Glinka's time we knew and cared still less. Hence, it is all the more significant that several contemporary connoisseurs like Berlioz, Schumann, and Liszt did not hesitate to proclaim Glinka

a true genius, and to predict that he would found a great school of operatic music. And this, indeed, he did, in a measure achieved by few musicians. Already, during his life-time, appeared Dargomïshki, Ssërov, Moussorgski, and Borodin, all of them composers of national operas which keep the stage. The cosmopolitan Rubinstein left at least two operas written to Russian subjects in a Russian mood. Tschaikovski bequeathed seven complete operas to the *repertoire*, and no less than fourteen typically national operatic works by Rimski-Kôrssakov have appeared. All this, it must be remembered, has been accomplished in little more than half a century. At present there is a vigorous younger school making its way, to whom the traditions of Glinka are still sacred. Amongst their names may be mentioned Àrenski, Gretchàninov, Koroshenko, Kallinnikov, Rachmaninov, Rëbikov, and Vassilenko.

The interpretative needs of a great school of composition in their turn created for Russia a great school of native performers, so that Russian opera is now sung, played, and conducted by Russian artists. It is not to be supposed, though, that these desirable conditions have been brought about by the unaided efforts of the composers themselves. Financial exigencies are rife in Russia as elsewhere, and opera is the most costly form of music to produce. Democratic England, with all her wealth and enlightenment, is yet behind autocratic "semi-civilised" Russia in one chief element of popular education—her State encouragement of the fine arts. The State provides the Russian public with all that is best in intellectual amusement, in the respective branches of music, painting, and the drama. Russia can to-day boast of one of the finest opera institutions in the world, subsidised by the State, as well as by private means. During the autumn season of 1903, five out of fourteen of Moscow's theatres were apportioned to the performance of opera. We began by styling Glinka the Peter the Great of Russian music. It is, perhaps, permissible to conclude by recalling another title bestowed upon him by the famous critic Bielinski, who named this composer the "Pushkin of music." And, certainly, what Pushkin did for Russia's language, Glinka realised for her music. Poet and musician were co-workers, not merely in the visible results of their labours, but also in the inward spiritual impulse which prompted their genius. Pushkin's view of the aim and object of a poet's art might in all truth be equally applied to Michail Ivanovitch Glinka. —

"Not for the tumult of the world,
Not for booty, not for battle,
We were born for inspiration
And sweet melody"

THE TARIFF SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

THE Tariff is only prevented by political expediency from immediately becoming a live issue in the United States. Throughout the country there is a strong undercurrent of revolt against the rigidity of the present law. Briefly and generally stated, the American Customs Duties are fixed at a certain point, and there is no power in any branch of the Government, other than Congress, to increase or abate them by a fraction.

The present high level of import duties was established to afford not only revenue and a full measure of protection, but also to allow of reductions in favour of foreign countries offering trade advantages in return. The original law carried with it a reciprocity clause but with a time-limit for its operation which has long since expired. The United States Government, through the executive department, has since negotiated a number of treaties involving changes in import duties, but the Senate, the co-ordinate treaty-making power, has for one reason or another failed to ratify these agreements, and consequently they have never become operative.

One of the principal reasons why these treaties have failed of ratification is the general belief among members of Congress in both Houses that in the absence of specific authority from the law-making body, the executive and treaty-making function of Government has no power to raise or lower the national revenue, that, broadly speaking, having been given by the Constitution entirely into legislative hands. It is now generally accepted that there can be no changes in the Customs Duties of the United States, by treaty or otherwise, until Congress as a whole takes the matter in hand, and enacts a measure to that effect.

The actual legal situation is, therefore, that the United States Tariff law is an unchangeable quantity, and Congress is the only source of any possible modification, either for domestic reasons, or for reasons of foreign policy. This condition of affairs is not endorsed by public sentiment. As stated, the belief is general that there should be some elasticity in the provisions of this law, and it is conservative even to go further and say the belief is prevalent that many items on the Tariff schedule are entirely too high to fit existing trade conditions. The peculiar phase of this entire matter lies in the fact that while the Democratic or Opposition Party never neglects an opportunity for advocating a lower

Tariff, the real and practical revolt against the present law is to be found within the ranks of the Republican Party, now in power.

This does not mean that the Republicans advocating Tariff reform would go so far as to vote with the Opposition at a Presidential Election, for the people of the United States, by a vast majority, are apparently well satisfied with the principle of protection to trade and industry at the Customs houses. It means merely that the rank and file of the Republican Party are demanding of their leaders that some attention should be given to this matter, and that the Party itself should go on record as favouring an intelligent revision of the Tariff schedules, one which would lessen the burdens upon the people in certain directions, while at the same time retaining adequate protection for all forms of American industry.

To reach the Trusts through a decrease of import duties upon commodities they control is a popular idea. To treat with foreign nations for trade advantages, giving something tangible but not harmful in return, is a suggestion which meets with general endorsement. To modify a Tariff law, framed for a people living in the temperate zone, so that it will benefit as well the new citizens of the tropics, is recognised as a necessity of the near future. All of the agitation is not for a lowering of the Tariff, for conditions have changed, and some articles, such as coffee, long upon the free list, are now looked upon as legitimate revenue-producing imports, taxation of which would carry a desirable degree of protection to the products of the new possessions, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Public opinion upon this Tariff question was aroused, however, at a time considered unfortunate by the practical managers of political campaigns. The Republican Party has a record of great accomplishments. It has been the Party in power during the phenomenal growth of commerce and industry in the United States during the past few years. It has conducted a war of no small magnitude. It has administered what, for lack of a better term, may be called Colonial Possessions most successfully. It has carried to successful issue negotiations for the greatest enterprise of modern times—the Panama Canal. In all these great adventures it was impossible that criticism should not have arisen, mistakes should not have been made, and doubt should not have come to the minds of some of the voters as to the forethought, sagacity, and political honesty of the men in control of the Party in power.

To meet this criticism and to answer these doubts is no small task, and the campaign managers consider it ill-advised that such a disturbing and far-reaching issue as the Tariff should be allowed

to come to the surface immediately preceding a national election. Every effort has been made to keep it in the background, and up to this time with apparent success. The Democratic Opposition has not been blind to this opportunity to make capital, and the leaders, with considerable sagacity, have abandoned their Free Trade arguments of ten years ago and, in the attempt to cater to the popular fancy, are talking of Tariff reform along the lines advocated by the Republicans.

The Republican leaders, among whom are found the shrewdest and ablest public men in the United States, are not at all blind to the sentiment within their own Party or to the Democratic effort to make capital therefrom. They expect to carry on the present campaign to the election of President Roosevelt in November of this year without going into detail or being forced to take any definite stand upon the matter of Tariff revision. They recognise, however, that it is a question to be dealt with in the near future, and in a most serious and thorough manner. A promise to this effect will be given the voters this summer, but that is about as far as the Republican Party will go in Tariff matters at this time.

The man in the United States Senate who knows most about the Tariff and wields the greatest influence with his *confreres*, is Senator Aldrich. He stands to-day as a most positive opponent to any revision of the Tariff, and it was largely through his opposition that the Reciprocity Treaty negotiated with France, a treaty most admirable in the advantages secured to the United States, was defeated. It is believed, however, that Senator Aldrich will in course of time declare himself in favour of a more elastic Tariff law, one constructed on the so-called maximum and minimum lines, which would allow of the recognition by the United States of nations willing to give trade advantages to her exporters.

The American people, as a nation, are well satisfied with the results of a Protective Tariff policy. They are confronted with the fact that in no other country in the world are wages so high, work so plentiful, and general conditions so satisfactory. To let well enough alone has been the slogan of the Republican leaders, one which has been instrumental in keeping Tariff agitation down to the minimum. How far the great natural resources may be responsible for the conditions above cited, taking into account also the isolated geographical position of the United States, it is unnecessary to estimate, for the people are quite willing to give the national Administration credit for their enjoyment of superior advantages, without analysing their economic sources. This is one reason, if not the principal reason, why the Opposition Party finds such difficulty in making headway. The most recent administra-

tion of the Democrats was marked by disaster and widespread ruin. Bad crops, financial depression, and a deficit in the national Treasury came coincidentally with a radical change in the fiscal policy. The Democrats lowered the Tariff at a time when everything conspired to bring confusion upon them. In this case, as in a period of prosperity, it is again useless to analyse causes, for the voters judged by effects, and the moral was apparently obvious.

There are few real Free Traders in the United States to-day. Recent declarations as to party policy, made by Democratic leaders, carefully avoided the Free Trade idea, and reverted to the Tariff for revenue theory, such Tariff to carry incidental protection where it was most needed. This position is partially due to the fact that the men directing the fortunes of the Democratic Party in both House and Senate are from the South. Representative Williams, the minority leader in the House, is from Mississippi, where the great sugar interests have felt the benefit of protection from foreign competition, and although strongly Democratic in their *personnel*, these interests will not endorse the Free Trade theory. Senator Bailey, of Texas, one of the minority leaders in the Senate, and its readiest debater, comes from a State chiefly concerned with the sheep and cattle industry. With a population apparently unchangeably Democratic, its voters have gone so far as to instruct their representatives in Congress to vote in favour of measures carrying protection for wool, cattle and hides. These apparent contradictions have placed the Opposition Party in an equivocal position in all Tariff matters, and perhaps it would not be too much to say that there is no sharp dividing line between Democrats and Republicans on the Tariff issue. Many Republicans can be found who are in favour of Tariff reform, even to such an extreme point as to meet the views of voters who class themselves as Protection Democrats.

The Republican Party has always been wise in its generation, and has profited by the mistakes of the Democrats. With a large number of Republicans openly in favour of Tariff revision, it is a foregone conclusion that when actually forced to show their hand, the Republican leaders will defer to this sentiment, and take a position on the Tariff which will deprive the Democratic Party of this issue, for the very reason that Free Trade is no longer among its tenets.

The American farmer is a Protectionist, for the Republican vote is strongest in rural districts, except in the Southern States which are Democratic by reason of traditions originating with the Civil War. The Southerner is a Democrat because the negro is a Republican. In the political campaign of 1896, the white men of property and influence in the Southern States were

Republicans in principle, and entirely in sympathy with a Republican Administration, standing as it did for the gold standard. For local reasons they were forced, however, to align themselves with the Democratic Party on the race question, that being of far greater importance from a personal point of view than the national issues at stake. In the North, the Democratic strength lies in the cities. The Labour vote is naturally Democratic, because the platform of the latter organisation is generally one of protest against existing conditions and represents the cause of those who have not against those who have. This is curiously illustrated in the political situation this year. Should the Democrats be able to carry the States of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Illinois, they would probably triumph at the election next November. It takes but a superficial analysis of the votes of these pivotal States to show that the result rests largely in the ballots of the dwellers in the large cities of those States. In this fact lies the only danger confronting the Republican Party in the approaching campaign.

It has been more difficult to convince the farmers that Protection was beneficial to them than to secure the support for that idea of any other class of people. The argument advanced was that while few products of the farm came directly under the influence of the Protective Tariff, the home markets for domestic farm produce were so improved and enlarged by the high wages and numerous employment due to Protection that the farmers shared fully in its benefits. This plea has been eminently successful. Once convinced that their interests were identical with those of the Republican Party, the farmers gave it their support, and a long period of ample crops and high level of prices has firmly fixed them in this belief.

In granting reciprocity to Cuba, the Republican Party made a dangerous venture, in that Cuban competition with Western beet sugar interests was accentuated. The beet sugar industry of the West is of recent growth, but has become an important item in the resources and development of a number of States, most of them firmly Republican in their political leanings. Sugar was one of the few things to which the Republican could point as a farm product directly benefited by a Protective Tariff. No sooner had this been emphasised than the same Party proposed to fulfil its pledges of help for Cuba by making the American farmers pay the bill. Even with the natural irritation which arose from this incident, the farming interests of the United States may still be counted as on the side of Protection. California is the only State which may possibly be turned into the Democratic column by the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty, but as that State gives but a narrow

majority for the victors at any election, such a result would not be highly significant

Not being a direct beneficiary of the Tariff, the farmer is perhaps more open to accept new ideas or to advocate changes or modifications in carrying it into effect. From this class of voters has come, therefore, the strongest support for the reciprocity idea, and among them is found a widespread belief that the Trusts can be shorn of much of their power by refusing them the Protection given to individual enterprise. For this very reason of independence of thought, the farmer vote is tricky from the practical politician's point of view, and while it may be led, or even restrained, along certain lines to a degree, the party asking its support must in time answer its dictates. These voters are now restless even to giving signs of dangerous revolt. The Republican Party, finding its chief strength among them, will answer their demands.

With all its great foreign trade, the domestic commerce of the United States is estimated to be at least thirty times as great. A vast majority of the American people are only slightly interested in the doings of the outer world. In fact, it is only within the past five years, or since the Spanish War, that foreign affairs have troubled the average American citizen more than enough to furnish a topic of conversation for idle moments. A measure affecting domestic affairs excites a keen and lively interest in every farm and cottage. It is eagerly discussed in all its bearings. Its effect upon the individual or his pocket-book is intelligently estimated, and the Party advocating the same soon discovers its standing throughout the country. A measure affecting the foreign interests of the United States is discussed in proportion as it may present sensational or dramatic features appealing to the imagination rather than to the knowledge of the agricultural voter. He knows that the products of his land do not come under the operations of the Tariff in their contact with foreign trade. He recognises that the price of wheat is regulated by the law of supply and demand, the rise or fall indicating the varying consuming power of the bread-eating peoples, and the prosperity or poverty of the bread-raisers. Tariff discussion is, therefore, confined to generalities rather than to specific experiences.

The Republican Party has been favoured in the matter of its Tariff position by the injection of the money question into the last two Presidential campaigns. This overshadowed all other issues, and where there were signs of revolt against high Protection, they have been suppressed by emphasising the importance of continuing a party in power which stood for the gold standard, or "honest money," as it was called. This issue is no longer before the country, for a very large majority of the voters of all shades

of political opinion have cast it forth as a dead issue. There being no other important and compelling question now before the country, the Tariff resumes its position as a leading issue, and, in fact, promises to become the bone of contention over which a Presidential Election will be fought in 1908, and possibly a Congressional Election in 1906.

The rise and fall of prices in the United States has shown that the cost of an article is not directly dependent upon the amount of the import duty. When the western livestock men received twenty-six cents a pound for wool at the sheepsheds of the ranches, the Republican orators illustrated their campaign arguments by asserting that wool would be but fifteen cents a pound if the eleven-cent duty was removed. Later on, when wool sold at the same ranches for eleven cents a pound, notwithstanding the import duty of the same amount, no Party campaigner had the hardihood to represent that wool would be worth nothing at all with Free Trade. The American people have to-day a far more intelligent understanding of the Tariff question than when high Protection was adopted. They know by actual experience that prices to the home consumer are not necessarily increased by the amount of the duty, but that when the foreigner enters their market he must add the full amount of the duty to his cost of production.

To a certain extent the Tariff is a local issue. The country, as a whole, is fairly harmonious commercially and industrially, but the industries peculiar to different sections bring about wide differences of opinion as to how the Tariff should be revised. The Massachusetts shoe manufacturer wants free hides. He brings his sole leather from South America. The Texas cattle-man figures it out that this would lessen the value of an animal by at least one dollar, and he opposes any such free importation. The New England housekeeper would like to get oranges from the West Indies cheaper than the price she is now paying. The owners of the California orange groves fear the competition of the countries to the south, and demand protection for their industry. The prairie State man needs lumber, and would like to get it as cheaply as possible. He favours the free importation of Canadian wood. The lumber dealer of Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Washington opposes such competition from his near neighbour, and rejoices at a Tariff which enables him to work his American mills at a profit. Such instances might be duplicated by the score. The obviously correct principle to govern such a condition would be the greatest good to the greatest number, but as the legislative branch of the American Government is constituted, each district, or industry, has in the Senate one or more powerful

representatives who, by well-recognised legislative methods, can block any measures calculated to injure his constituency. It is true, however, that there are a large number of men in Congress who are willing to rise superior to local pressure, and favour legislation for the benefit of the country as a whole.

The Tariff is so much of a local issue that, unless the country is insistent upon the passage of a measure of general import, personal political considerations and desire to advance local industries influence all legislation of this character to a very marked degree. An instance of this is shown in the treatment given by the Senate to nearly a score of treaties of trade and friendship negotiated by the State Department within recent years. In dealing with these conventions, however, the Senators representing States whose industries were affected adversely, were sustained in their oppositions by the general doubt prevailing in Congress as to whether the revenue laws could be changed by treaty without specific authority given by the entire law-making body.

At this time no nation could hope for the ratification of a reciprocity treaty with the United States, no matter how successfully negotiated with the Executive Department. Until Congress takes up the matter of Tariff revision, and indicates some general line of action to be followed by the Executive, and at the same time grants new authority for the making of such treaties, the entire situation will remain as it is.

American politicians are too well aware of the enormous labour involved in a revision of the Tariff to welcome a movement in that direction. Tariff agitation always results in business uncertainty, generally causing depression. With the opening of the discussion comes the clamour of each and every industry for recognition, the fight to prevent a reduction of import duties is naturally made by every enterprise flourishing through the Tariff as it now stands, the demand of the manufacturers for raw material, the demand of the raw material men for protection against foreign competition, the difficulty of being just to both, and at the same time not to institute a system of robbery against the consumer, resulting in confusion worse confounded. Too often principles are lost sight of in the desire to placate all interests, and the construction of a Tariff law degenerates into a barter for political support savouring of the bargain-counter.

It is also difficult to arouse the Press of the country to active Tariff propaganda. From the viewpoint of the American newspaper man, the Tariff is not an exciting question. The nervous energy of American newspapers prefers to expend itself on matters less profound, and affording more points of dramatic interest. The Tariff campaigns of previous years are recalled, and the many

columns of laboured editorial, treating of matters familiar only to students of economics, are remembered with almost a feeling of horror. There is no such field in the American newspapers as is presented in the English Press for appeal to the argumentative mind. The editorial page in a great majority of the American newspapers is filled in perfunctory manner without much hope of its influencing the public mind, and a hundred instances at hand support this view. The American public is reached through the news columns of the Press, and not through its leaders. A Tariff campaign presents, therefore, a most unattractive field for newspaper enterprise, and until actually forced into taking up a topic of this character, and presenting it as the leading issue in a Presidential election, the Press will refuse to give it the prominence warranted by its importance.

Reciprocity for Cuba presented many dramatic and sentimental features. The island was the ward of the United States, and the latter country had presided over the birth of a new republic. Nearly every American looks upon Cuba as almost part of his own country. He takes a personal pride in the part he played as an American citizen in freeing Cuba from Spanish rule, and he holds himself as responsible in proportion for her present and future welfare. In addition to this sentiment, there was a general understanding that as soon as Cuba was independent, and sailing her own ship of State, the United States would lend a helping hand in the matter of trade relations, possibly getting some return, but primarily with the intention of bringing prosperity to a former ward, now a *débutante*.

The American Press was practically unanimous in its demand that Congress should fulfil this implied promise. Popular sentiment throughout the country apparently supported this position. Notwithstanding this universal demand, which was most strenuously upheld by a Republican President and his advisers, it was a long and weary time before the achievement. This was due to the fear that the debate over the proposed Tariff Law for Cuba would open up a general Tariff discussion, and thus defeat the purpose of the Republican managers to keep the Tariff out of the Presidential campaign of 1904, and to the pressure of local interests influencing representatives from their sections of country. In this instance, popular sentiment prevailed, but it required extraordinary reasons to bring about the result. No such reasons as these are available at the present time to secure a modification of the Tariff in favour of any other foreign country. The cause of Canada appeals with considerable force, sufficient at ordinary times to induce consideration, but, in all the debates of an entire

session of Congress, reciprocity with Canada has failed to receive even a momentary hearing

The American people must settle among themselves the great Tariff problem now presented for solution, before any Administration will receive encouragement to treat with a foreign country for reciprocal relations. At the present time it is not a question of the rate of import duty into the United States on this or that article of commerce. It is a question of principle, to be fought out to a conclusion before the people themselves know upon what basis they are willing to enter into negotiations. Then, and not until then, can any foreign nation expect recognition for an attempt to bring about better trade relations through mutual concessions.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHILLPLEY

A LIBERAL CATASTROPHE?

THE long eclipse of British Liberalism has been followed by a re-appearance so decisive as to warrant the popular belief in its return to power after the next election. Such a belief is in itself of the essence of a successful campaign. Under its cheerful influence the patient husbandry of Mr Herbert Gladstone has sown the field with a plentiful crop of presentable candidates, containing a very fair infusion of men of real ability and character, and has provided a sufficient purse to maintain the organisation they need. Once more a Liberal Party is "in being," and the dual aspect of our politics recurs. Even the always threatening warfare with Labour has been averted by a partial, informal truce, by which the younger party stands to gain in material and in moral power, and the older at least postpones a direct rupture. When we contrast these achievements with the almost complete destruction of the Liberal Party in Germany, we are bound to recognise some elements of statesmanship in the councils of the Opposition. It is something to have survived the war, to have survived Mr Chamberlain. Moreover, good fortune has come in to reinforce good management. Two years ago the Party seemed hopelessly divided between opposite conceptions of policy and rival claims to leadership. To-day, the concrete issues of Free Trade, education, and Chinese labour overlay the abstract and more attractive side of Imperialism, while the antagonism between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt counts by lapse of time for so little that a Liberal Government, formed in 1905, is unlikely to include either.

For the rest, no acute personal contention now stands in the way of the formation of a Liberal Cabinet. Two years ago such a combination would have been impossible. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr Morley could hardly have sat in council with Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. There remain some personal reservations. But the official meetings of ex-Ministers have been resumed, though Lord Rosebery does not join them, it is clear that they are harmonious in purpose and policy. Therefore, it can no longer be said of the present Administration as Greville said of the Russell Ministry of 1848, that "they represent the only possible Government." Should Mr Balfour resign without dissolving, the decision of the Liberal leaders will be practically unanimous. If, according to an arrangement foreseen and provided for, Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are sent for by the King, one of them will undertake to form an alternative Ministry. If the Prime Minister dissolves, and the elections are

favourable, there will be a similar issue. The road to a Liberal Government has practically been laid down for it by its opponents, certainly by Mr Chamberlain. It is a prepared, a calculated, result. Both Parties expect it, it may almost be said that both desire it. As for the country, its view may fairly be stated in the words in which Bright described the advent of the Palmerston Administration of 1859. It desires a Ministry "acting with some measure of boldness and power, grappling with abuses, and relying on the moral sense and honest feeling of the House, and the general sympathy of the people of England for improvement"¹

Thus far, therefore, the machinery of politics is ready to swing back to its accustomed groove. New elements have indeed appeared, and I propose to deal with them, but they are not yet powerful enough to determine the immediate course of our statesmen. Some of these elements are familiar. For Peelites read Free Food Unionists, and for Cobdenite Radicals read Labour Party, and you have a tolerable reproduction of the political situation in the middle of last century. But there are differences. To begin with, the stage was more brilliantly occupied than it is to-day. A nation that had in reserve such personal forces as Russell, Palmerston, Stanley, Cobden, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, could boast an endowment rich enough to keep the Party system going for half a century. We command no such affluence to-day. A younger generation does indeed knock at the door, but the inner circles of government and responsibility are mainly held by men who have never attained more than a Secretaryship of State.

There is a second factor of novelty and importance, it is the Irish vote, which sprang, fully armed, from household suffrage. Since 1885, English politics have turned, sometimes insensibly, on a new pivot. There have been periods in these times when one Party or the other has used the Irish Nationalist vote, and again has suppressed it, or shaken itself free of its morbid and depressing influence. But it remains, and I dismiss the calculation that any practical scheme of redistribution can get rid of it. In the first place, it is not the interest of the Party in power to carry such a Bill, and Mr Balfour's known opposition to it must be based on the highly practical consideration that if he reduces the voting power of the Nationalists, he thereby smooths the task of his successors. The Liberal Party might vote against a Bill reducing the Nationalist Parliamentary forces from 85 to 65, but its managers would do so tongue in cheek. Not that such a reduction would in itself constitute a real or a lasting relief to the English Party system. To begin with, the Unionists must consent to lose

(1) See Morley's "Life of Gladstone," vol 1, p 632

in the representation of the smaller boroughs almost as much as they would gain in the reduction of the Irish representation, even on the calculation that the Irish vote is necessarily anti-Conservative. Then, again, every Parliamentary observer is aware of the fact that Mr. Redmond's available voting strength is much nearer 60 than 80, and that the Irish leader could see with equanimity the lopping off of a score of claimants on the maintenance fund. The Irish incubus, therefore, persists. Even the modification introduced by the Home Rule interval has disappeared. The Irish-Liberal compact has lapsed with time, with Mr. Gladstone's death, with the anti-Home Rule movement set up by Lord Rosebery, with the revival of political Nonconformity on lines that antagonise the Catholic sentiment of the Irishmen and their educational views.

A third phenomenon of real political importance to those who desire to keep intact the two-Party system, is the continued identification of the House of Lords with the Conservative or Unionist Party. The lapsing of the Home Rule controversy has brought about no substantial change in this attitude. Forty-one peers voted for the second reading of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. But only twenty-three voted against the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal out of a House of about 560. Even the small group of Liberal peers is divided between attachment to Lord Spencer's leadership and a tendency to follow Lord Rosebery in his playful incursions into an arena where no self-respecting combatant thrusts in tierce when the rules prescribe an attack in quart. There is a slight corresponding diversion on the Unionist side. A small, but able, coterie stands for Free Trade and the Duke of Devonshire, while Lord Lansdowne, perhaps the most notable master of debate that the Upper Chamber has known since Lord Salisbury's death, exchanges a moderate not unbending, Whig tradition for the high Tory traditions of his great predecessor.

But let Lord Lansdowne, or another, lead, the House of Lords as a whole stands as the constitutional executioner of a Home Rule Government, powerless in finance, but otherwise able to resume its secular strife with Liberalism from a triple wall of entrenchments. Amenable to democratic Toryism of the Chamberlain stamp, its guns are out against the historic enemy, and the first Liberal Cabinet will have to construct its programme with instinctive reference to an Opposition that never goes out of power. In this sense, therefore, the English constitution has ceased to work. The popular electorate swings with its old hesitating balance between the two Parties, unconscious of the defection of one of the forces which formerly co-operated fairly enough with its instincts. Liberal statesmen have to make a double calcula-

tion of their power to impress the voters, and of their ability to get behind the fact that Conservatism possesses a permanent ally where two generations ago it could only count on a casual helper. Among a people trained, as are the French, to abstract political thought, such an anomaly could not survive. In England it fitfully troubles the Liberal wire-puller and the Constitutional student, and troubles no one else.

Nor does the disappearance of Liberalism in the Upper House affect only the measures of a Liberal Cabinet. It is bound to modify the composition of the Government itself. The whole effective work of Opposition is now concentrated in the Commons, and the occasional demonstrations by Lord Spencer's handful in the Lords only accentuate the feebleness of the Liberal peers. Such a body cannot claim to absorb so large a share of offices as Mr Gladstone allotted to those representatives of the Whig aristocracy who clung to him through the shattering experiences of his later career. It is conceivable that a Radical Premier *in extremis* with the Lords might ignore the hereditary Chamber altogether, and constitute his Government without reference to it. When the first Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Granville were members of the Liberal Cabinet, the contribution of personality, of ideas, was fairly balanced as between the Commoners and the Peers. No such equality of service exists to-day, and though it is certain that the next Liberal Government will include a sprinkling of members of the House of Lords, their inclusion will largely be an act of homage to the past.

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I come to a final consideration—the composition, tendencies, and spirit of the Party which approaches the threshold of power, conscious that whatever may be its defects, a genuine national call awaits it, and that, on the other hand, the weariness and disgust caused by a long tenure, no less than a threatening confrontation of principles and personalities, denote the approaching exhaustion of the Unionist mandate. And first, as to the leaders. From them it is, as I have indicated, necessary for the purpose of forming an administration to except Lord Rosebery. No one expects a Constitutional King to ask the parent of the Liberal League, which has diverted large sums from the Liberal exchequer, to form a Liberal Administration, least of all Lord Rosebery himself. He, it may confidently be assumed, awaits the disruption of Party Liberalism. When a man has broken with his Party, says Burke, in one of his penetrating strokes at the type of human character that he knew so well, he is presently driven to some act of personal hostility to its leaders. Lord Rosebery is the more drawn to such a course that, like the chiefs of the faction against which Burke

inveighed in 1770, he has set up the doctrine that "the rule for forming administrations is mere personal ability" Accept this new-old recipe for forming a Ministry of Talents—a recipe which has become a working constitutional principle with our Australian Colonies—and add to it the personal isolation from Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, dating from the failure of the Berkeley Square interview, and accentuated by Lord Rosebery's line of independence in the House of Lords, and you have the elements of a formal separation between the last Liberal Premier and his colleagues There is the separation of character as well as of opinion Lord Rosebery's friends claim for him that, in comparison with Sir Henry, he is the attractive figure That is true Captain Osborne (an excellent type of the British public) forgot Amelia Sedley when Rebecca Sharp was in the ball-room at Brussels But Amelia is the *legitime*, and no bad hand at managing a situation, and there lies Lord Rosebery's difficulty The Premiership he cannot have, or the working machine of Party Government breaks down, a smaller office is forbidden him by his past distinction, his sensitive self-critical temperament, his consciousness of the chill that has fallen on old relationships, and of his estrangement from idealist Liberalism What he hopes for is not a two-Party Parliament at all, but a freshly-grouped formation, under which the seductive formula of "Men, not Measures" would temporarily, at least, prevail against the fixed ideas of Liberalism, or of a semi-Socialist Labour Party, as well as against Mr Chamberlain's logical but crude development of Imperialist doctrine

Is that an impossible issue? The answer depends on three personal factors in the situation—on Lord Rosebery himself, on the Liberal Leaders and their helpers, and on Mr Redmond If Lord Rosebery is to lead a Party with success, the nation will be agreeably disappointed in him He has not the habit of association, he lacks the Cabinet, the Committee, mind, which in England is the preparation for statesmanship, even if it be not the essence of it A distinguished member of Mr Gladstone's Governments once told me that the sharpest difference with his chief arose on a Cabinet matter on which he strongly desired to resign Mr Gladstone was in complete sympathy with him But the veteran had no words too strong to reprobate the idea of leaving a Government on any question but that which touched its central purpose Such views may be held to adorn public life, or to cheapen and degrade it, but they are completely alien to Lord Rosebery's temperament He is reluctant to put his mind into the common stock, he withdraws it only too readily If he has broken with a colleague so placable and even-tempered as Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman, he is unlikely to work with more difficult men. Partnership in effort presents no attraction to the *virtuoso*. Lord Rosebery would never consent to lose his artistic successes, he would rather say with the dying Nero, "*Qualis artifex pereo*," than join a humdrum Government.

Humdrum the next Liberal Administration may be. Mr Morley, indeed, is not humdrum, distinction, moral and intellectual, belongs to him, and he keeps the political air serene, and yet quick with ideas. Sir Edward Grey's Parliamentary capacity, warmly appraised by Mr Gladstone years ago, grows, and his mind is an original and interesting mixture of Radicalism and Whiggery. But here the romance of Front Bench Liberalism ends. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has done his Party great service. He has saved it from disruption, he has brought a twice deserted ship within hail of port. He is able, honest, shrewd, an adept at the amenities of public life, and (rightly) master of the Liberal situation. No Government can be formed without his co-operation—least of all a hostile combination, no statesman can supersede him if he claims the Premiership. But he is almost as unpopular with the ruling classes as was Mr Gladstone in 1880. If he finds these influences over-powerful as against the voice of the Liberal rank and file, he will loyally, perhaps too readily, yield place to Lord Spencer, and the Democratic Party, powerless in the Lords, will again be led by a peer with a maximum following (save on Free Trade), of thirty. The Prime Minister will then be a good administrator and a man of blameless character and record, but without magic, not young, not inspiring, not deeply versed in affairs, not an orator like Mr Morley, not so good a speaker as his colleague in the Commons. The essential defect of such a Government, if it be chosen on conventional lines, will be that it will strike the country with the sense that it represents a past phase—that it is a raft built to receive the derelicts of two political shipwrecks. That would in the end prove a fatal deficiency. No event returns, no problem in affairs presents itself *in vacuo*. The Liberal Government's attitude to the land question, to education, to temperance, to naval, military, and civil expenditure, to South African and Colonial policy, will be conditioned by the action of its predecessors, and must be thought out by unjaded minds as a substantially original contribution to the national life. On one hand the local veto formula, the undenominational education formula, have been superseded. On the other hand, the excessive pressure of taxation, the resulting depression of credit, the partial failure of the anti-English combination in Europe, and the reduction of Russia's naval strength, have made a good deal of Unionist policy obsolete, and open the way to a perfectly safe and prudent

course of retrenchment, in which both the military and the naval heads would probably concur. Nor on the question of the grant of self-government to South Africa is there any longer a substantial difference between the Imperialist and the "pro-Boer" sections. As for the country, it calls less for idealist politics than for solutions of practical difficulties. Its best minds perceive the fatal weakening of its arm and brain that its long indifference to education has brought about, they feel that while its material resources are overstrained its intellectual endowment has long been starved, and that it has been stinted, too, of the true capital of a great nation, its more generous instincts and emotions. Unfortunately, it hardly boasts a personality on the Liberal side able to concentrate the real but confused energies of the Party, and keep in check the growing tendency to sectionalism.

Above all, large changes are not conducted by men in the sixties and seventies unless they have a touch of the Ulyssean spirit, or unless younger hands are there to press them forward. The Front Opposition Bench largely consists of oldish men, some range back to the Government of 1880, none "date" later than that of 1892. Behind it stands a Party fairly rich in under-secretaries, but possessing only two fresh Parliamentarians whose names have thoroughly caught the public ear, Mr Lloyd-George and Mr Burns, or three, if we add Mr Winston Churchill¹. However, if the heads of the new Government are wise, they will follow the example of the reorganised Progressive forces in France, create

(1) Assuming that these men are asked to join a Liberal Government, the best view of the possibilities promises a Ministry composed after the following fashion —

Prime Minister and Lord Privy Seal	Lord Spencer
Leader in the Commons and First Lord of the Treasury	Sir H. C. Bannerman
Foreign Secretary	Sir Edward Grey
Colonial Secretary	Mr Morley
Under Secretary for the Colonies	Mr Runciman or Mr Emmott
War Secretary	Sir Charles Dilke or Lord Tweedmouth
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr Asquith
Indian Secretary	Sir Henry Fowler
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Crewe
Duchy of Lancaster	Mr Lloyd George
Minister of Education	Mr Bryce
Minister of Labour	Mr Burns
Parliamentary Secretary	Mr Lough
Minister of Commerce	Lord Farrer
Lord Chancellor	Sir Robert Reid
Home Secretary	Mr Haldane
Secretary to the Treasury	Mr Winston Churchill
Irish Secretary	Mr Gladstone or Mr Russell
Under Secretary for War	Major Seely
Under Secretary to the Admiralty	Mr Macnamara
President Local Government Board	Mr Robson or Mr Buxton
Chief Whip	Mr McKenna

a Ministry of Labour as an adjunct to that of Commerce, fearlessly select the best of their younger men, fearlessly reject the weaker members of the Administrations of 1886 and 1892, cast the net of policy and of personal attraction as wide as the circumstances of the hour permit. Failing to do this they will become the easy prey of a situation of unexampled difficulty, and of the most powerful individual character in English politics.

Unfortunately, there is, as I have foreshadowed, one consideration which may make the task even of a promising Liberal Government impossible, and that is a reversion to the memorable year, 1885, when the Irish balance first came into being, coupled with an Irish demand for the Bills of 1886 and 1893 "on the table." An Irish predominance cannot, I conceive, be avoided. The high-water mark of Liberal hopes gives a Liberal gain at the election of 150 votes. I premise that the figures of the majority will be swollen by the Irish vote in the English and Scottish constituencies, where it holds the balance. This would make the Liberal-Labour strength 350 against 320 Tory and Nationalist votes. But who imagines that this Party would be solid on the first division which showed that an anti-Home Rule Administration was in power, or that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Spencer, Mr Morley, Mr Bryce, Sir Robert Reid, and Mr Herbert Gladstone would survive the Cabinet decision to abandon the cause of self-government in Ireland? Such a decision would carry with it an implied return to coercion. But the mild rule of Mr Wyndham, the Viceroyalty of Lord Dudley, the appointment of Sir Antony Macdonnell, the introduction of Local Government, and the popular receptions of the King in Ireland, give to coercion a belated, even an odious, air. The question, therefore, remains whether, if a Government favourable to Irish self-government, but unable to formulate an heroic policy, comes into power the position will be forced by Mr Redmond, as it would be forced against a Rosebery administration. Mr Redmond, inheriting the Parnellite anti-Liberal tradition, and probably holding that Mr Balfour has not exhausted his Irish policy, and would, with a little pressure, give both a separate Exchequer and a Catholic University, might, on his own initiative, reject any plan of administrative or delegated Home Rule.

It is impossible to say when or how the life of such an administration would end. But only one thing could long avert such a coalition of Irish and Conservative forces as now exists (for the purpose of turning out the Government) between Liberals and Irish. That one contingency would be a division of the Irish Nationalist Party, in which Mr Dillon and Mr Davitt, representing affinities with English Radicalism, would pronounce for a

waiting policy as against Mr Redmond's claim for "Home Rule on the table" But if the Irish Party remain united on the extremity of its constitutional demand, a Ministry not chosen on such an issue, disunited on it, and conscious of the growing coldness between Irish Home Rulers and English Dissenters, must succumb

With it would fall the historic Liberal Party Men like Mr Morley, while they might consent to a gradual working out of the constitutional problem in Ireland, would feel that a reversion to Unionism would spell moral bankruptcy, would make Liberalism a name for office-seeking rather than a living symbol of individual and national freedom He and the chiefs would inevitably retire, with the approval of the Radicals and the Labour Party, and the country would suddenly find itself endowed with a House of Commons in which every group except the Free Traders was powerful enough to defeat the ends of every other at the expense of its own—with Protectionists unable to carry Protection, Radicals unable to forward social or political reform, Nonconformists unable to amend the Education Act, Irishmen unable to carry Home Rule, Conservatives unable to form a Conservative Government From such a conflict of irreconcilable principles, wills, and passions, the nation would free itself by the old device of a coalition of Moderates—Unionist and Liberal—promoted by Lord Rosebery, and faced in its turn by an almost incoherent opposition of Radicals, Labour men, Irish Nationalists, and not impossibly English Protectionists The ethical stock-in-trade of Liberalism must in such a confusion largely pass to the Labour Party, and the group system, supporting Ministries chosen on definite bargains, with casual supporters, would become, for an indefinite period, the characteristic of our politics

My own view is that such a *bouleversement*, imminent as it may be, is undesirable On the whole, the tendency of European politics is towards a revival of Liberalism In France, in Italy, and in Belgium, a Liberal-Radical-Socialist movement has proved itself able to produce a party aiming at constructive social reform, and refreshed by the greatest of all our modern ideas, the idea of international concord If the English Liberal Party fails through its own fault, or through the timidity, or the want of imagination and character and attractive personality in its leaders, even through constitutional difficulties with the House of Lords, we shall have lost but one Government the more But if nearly twenty years after the union of hearts Liberalism itself receives its death-blow at Irish hands, then, indeed, the nation will be bereft of a powerful instrument for its political education, and a squalid incident will be added to the tragedy-comedy of men's affairs

A RADICAL

THE SPECIALIST IN DOWNING STREET

THE Fiscal adventure of Mr Chamberlain and the Parliamentary adroitness of Mr Balfour stand forth in unmistakable relief as the distinguishing features in the record of the Sessions of the present year. From another point of view, the spring and summer of 1904 at St Stephen's have been, as the most temperate among Opposition speakers, Sir Henry Fowler, seems to consider, chiefly remarkable for a dangerous and really unprecedented impulse on both sides to employ all modes of procedure as forces, now of reaction, now of revolution. As for revolution, a closer scrutiny will perhaps show that some among the deliberative methods, or the executive expedients, denounced as innovations inconceivable to the responsible statesmanship of an earlier epoch, are in fact merely reversion to the lamented practices of that halcyon era. With regard to reaction, a few prefatory words may be permitted.

An individual will—*e.g.*, Henry VII in the fifteenth century, and Monk in the seventeenth—whose clearness and resolution are in contrast to the vague fluidity of contemporary opinion, the popular mind depressed by half-conscious and generally inarticulate regrets for lost ideals and vanished leaders. Such have generally proved the conditions most conducive to the reactionary temper in national life. This, at any rate, was the combination of circumstances under which England, after five-and-twenty years of the House of York, swung round in 1485 to the patriotic despotism of the Tudors. Morally analogous at many points to these earlier precedents was the nation's final acquiescence in the Revolution of 1689 only because William of Orange had married a Stuart princess. Nearer one's own day, almost the same agencies, whether as antecedents or accompaniments, might be seen at work when the year of the first Parliamentary Reform Bill witnessed the earliest organisation of spiritual and ecclesiastical forces, banded together for dissolving the secular supremacy, consolidated under Henry and Elizabeth, and in later days never seriously threatened, till Keble's Assize Sermon on National Apostasy, as Newman thought, called the Oxford Movement into birth. The twentieth century's opening has witnessed some startling developments of the spirit animating the neo-Anglicanism of the nineteenth, *Tendimus in Latium* is once more the flaunted motto of the clerical mutineers. The Prime Minister recognises the belligerent rights of the two combatants by appointing yet another Ritualist Commission, it would probably be too much to wish that

this body should investigate faults of omission as well as commission, and should, for the first time in the latter-day history of the Church, define the irreducible minimum of ceremonial demanded by law (if such there be) as well as the illegal maximum, or the excess that, if not criminal, may justly be resented by the "weaker brother"

To pass from Church to State, reaction, according to some political observers, is the key-note of the whole situation since in 1902, Mr Balfour's Premiership began. Half-a-dozen years ago, the re-imposition of food taxes in any form, or even the perfectly constitutional revival of the Crown's lapsed activities, would have been considered as likely or as possible as the restoration of the Star Chamber. From a time beyond which living memory scarcely reached, the sessional Speech from the Throne had been composed by the Cabinet. King Edward's opening Address to the Houses was announced to be written by himself, and all his subjects were delighted. Then, amid enthusiasm on both sides of the Channel, came that Royal intervention in Anglo-French relations which still influences the course of international policy. The Kaiser's visit to his uncle at Sandringham, followed by the joint action of the two Governments in Venezuela, proved less acceptable, but an attack on the Minister "in attendance" at the Sandringham meeting fell ignominiously flat. The first round of the great fight between Chamberlainism and Cobdenism is not yet over, and, to cool observers, the final issue seems an affair of even betting. The collapse of our military machinery under the unexpected strain of the South African War has transferred the initiative and responsibility of Army reform from Pall Mall to a little group of specialists, approved, if not nominated, at St James's. The doctrine of collective Cabinet responsibility having seemed at an earlier stage to be repudiated by the First Lord of the Treasury, it had become inevitable that we should hear of representative government, in its administrative capacities, being replaced by a bureaucracy after the Russian or Prussian pattern.

The supposed personal preferences of the Premier helped to give colour to such a charge. Mr Balfour, like other political thinkers who have taken many of their ideas from that apostle of reaction, the historian Froude, does not pretend to see in Parliamentary institutions part of the eternal scheme for the government of the world. Naturally enough, therefore, the incidents just summarised provoked the comment that Lord Salisbury's nephew and successor, having through his uncle inherited the great Lord Burleigh's distrust of the Commons, was now extending his contempt to the Cabinet. The country has heard these

charges or insinuations without alarm or even interest Unvisited by misgivings, it has seen the Cabinet, which is in effect the select representative committee of the Parliamentary majority, divest itself of executive attributes, traditionally considered its inalienable property The subject, indeed, was entirely ignored during all the recent bye-elections Ex-Ministers, in the narratives of their resignations, have given the public a familiarity with Cabinet matters which may well have bred a certain contempt Moreover, certain details of Cabinet structure were already left to the Premier of the day Innovations of a sort were made in the Cabinet system by the late Prime Minister, without any ill results following or, perhaps, the fact itself being generally noticed From 1806 to 1886 the First Lord of the Treasury had been synonymous with the head of the Government In the last year Lord Salisbury subordinated to the Premiership the First Lord, making him, in the person of Mr W H Smith, Leader of the Commons A like arrangement obtained in 1891, the year of Mr Smith's death, Mr Goschen had been at the Exchequer since Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation in 1886, he remained there when Mr Smith's death left Mr Balfour both First Lord and Leader of the Commons In 1892 the Conservatives went out When, in 1895 they returned, Mr Goschen was at his old post, the Admiralty, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had become the nation's purse-holder These changes did not result in the re-establishment of the traditional connection between the First Lordship and the Premiership Nor, excepting the Gladstonian interval, 1892—1894, were the two offices reunited till Mr Balfour filled Lord Salisbury's place in 1902

Popular beliefs seldom grow up by any logical process, but the details now recalled may have led up to the impression out-of-doors that the Cabinet is the creature of constitutional progress, and, as such, is as properly liable to changes in its internal economy as are other human institutions So far from the bureaucratic methods, of which much has lately been said, implying any antagonism to the Cabinet system, the development of the Cabinet itself, historically regarded, is essentially a bureaucratic growth, That forms the probable explanation of the early and long-continuing unpopularity of a word which had been tainted by its associations with Charles II's Cabal The thing itself existed in his father's time and, for the matter of that, at a still earlier date The first mention, however, of a Cabinet Council, as distinct from the Privy Council, is contained in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion" (Book II, page 226, ed 1819) The passage wherein the word occurs describes the condition of the Government at the time of the Royalist council at York, just before

the war broke out. The expressions "Cabinet" and "Cabinet Council" appear sporadically through the reigns of Charles II and William III, they, however, indicate an institution, as yet not even informally organised. The expression was used as a convertible term for "Ministry," and even so late as Walpole it had a sinister sound to English ears. During a debate in the Upper House in 1711, Lord Scarsdale spoke of the "Cabinet Council", immediately afterwards he apologetically substituted "Ministers," to the evident approval of his hearers. This was the occasion on which Lord Peterborough drew his distinction between the Cabinet Council and the Privy Council, defining the Privy Counsellors as those who were thought to know everything and knew nothing, and the Cabinet as those who thought nobody knew anything but themselves. In the next sentence he explained the unpopularity of the word, when he said the Cabinet Council disposed of all, fingered the money, meddled with things they did not understand—Spanish affairs included. Even then popular parlance drew no distinction between Cabinet and non-Cabinet offices.

Walpole's Cabinet was, at most, the merest embryo of that now in existence. How gradual was the growth of the institution to its later structure is proved by the fact that no reference to the Cabinet is contained in Blackstone (1723—1780), in Delolme (1740—1806), or in the writings of those concerned in framing the constitution of the United States. Under Queen Anne the Cabinet was the third of three bodies participating in the transaction of State business, distinct from Parliament on the one hand and the executive orders of the Secretary of State on the other. First of the two other bodies came the Great Council, discussing and ratifying treaties of commerce and peace, a second body, called indifferently the Committee of Council and Lords of the Council, held its meetings at the Cockpit. Different in its composition from the Cabinet, as is shown by Bolingbroke's words, December 15th, 1711, it is conjectured by Mr Morley¹ to have consisted of experts, and to have discharged functions closely resembling those of the Cabinet to-day. Originally, as every one knows, due, in its conception, to Sunderland, the Cabinet system might not have rooted itself so deeply in the Parliamentary soil, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but for the fact that the first two Georges, foreigners in blood, in language, and in sympathies, welcomed the assistance, and so promoted the ascendancy, of the Ministers about them, who at once managed Parliament and relieved the Sovereign of the trouble of ruling.²

(1) Walpole, ' pp 144 and 145

(2) May's 'Constitutional History,' 1, 7

Assuming, therefore, Mr Balfour to have matured any points of policy by taking counsel outside the executive committee, over which, in virtue of his office, he presides, he can cite precedents at least as old as Walpole's foundation of the Parliamentary system. The imputation, however, rather is that, at least in diplomatic and military matters, he has used his influence at Court for overriding the Cabinet by a junta of his own nomination, as if he were Chancellor to the Kaiser or Tsar. Macaulay wrote the beginning of his History some time during 1845. In a stock passage on the origin and growth of Cabinet power, he pointed out that, "notwithstanding its having drawn to itself the chief executive power, the names of the noblemen and gentlemen composing the Cabinet are never officially announced to the public." A glance at universally accessible reference volumes shows Macaulay's words to have held good up to about the middle of the nineteenth century. The well-known handbook of political history by Messrs Acland and Ransome draws no distinction between Ministers and Cabinet Ministers till the Aberdeen Administration of 1853, and then not explicitly, but in the way of incidental inference, when, for example, in a footnote on the ministerial *personnel*, Lord John Russell is mentioned as being in the Cabinet without office from 1853 to 1854. The Aberdeen Government was followed by Palmerston's, which, in the same popular manual, is the subject of a comment exactly analogous to that just quoted. No list, that is to say, of Cabinet Ministers is given, but Lord Lansdowne is mentioned as belonging to the body 'without portfolio.' Some of us may have forgotten that the practice of publicly notifying the Cabinet's personal composition in a newly formed Government only dates from 1858. As the executive committee of the ministerial majority, the Cabinet is the creature of the House of Commons. At the same time, its germ is older than the House, and existed before representative rule had been dreamed of. The first Minister containing in himself the Cabinet potentiality was Henry III's Secretary of State, appointed to assist the King. From the thirteenth to the twentieth century the Cabinet's numerical growth has been almost unbroken. In 1433 there were two of these Secretaries, that continued to be their normal number until the eighteenth century, then, between 1707 and 1746, the business of Scotland called for a third, in 1782, Colonial affairs for the first time formed a separate department and were entrusted to one of the two Secretaries. Between the pair was also distributed the supervision of English relations with the northern and southern States of Europe respectively. Gradually a further subdivision of work proved necessary, in 1782 all business beyond the four seas was

devolved on the Foreign Secretary, to the Home Secretary fell Irish and Colonial affairs, while the civil controller of the Army, known as Secretary at War, was also, in a way, subordinate to the Minister of the Interior. The prospect of the struggle with revolutionary France necessitated the War Minister being a Secretary of State in 1794. Seven years later he took over the Colonies as well. Not till 1854 was the civil head of the Army relieved of this charge, and a fourth Secretary of State, for the Colonies, appointed. The close of the Indian Mutiny and the absorption of "John Company" by the State resulted in an Indian Secretaryship. The union of England and Scotland under Anne had created a Secretary for North Britain. Pitt's Irish policy, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, involved the addition to the Cabinet of at least one high Irish official, sometimes two, to-day there are two—the Chief Secretary and the Lord Chancellor. At the present moment Agriculture and Commerce have their own portfolios, held by officials practically of Cabinet rank.

In this way, and by such stages as these, the Parliamentary executive has naturally grown, from a body of twelve or fifteen in the earlier days of Victoria, to one nearer fifteen or twenty as presided over by Lord Salisbury or Mr Balfour. No commercial board of those dimensions could transact its business, except on the principle of devolution. That machinery received its practical recognition towards the close of the eighteenth century. The Cabinet dinners, as well as the Cabinet committees, formed essential parts of the system. The Cabinet dinner has gone out, or is alone represented to-day by the official banquets given on the eve of the session by the leaders on both sides, when the Speech from the Throne is discussed and read. The Cabinet committees not only remain, but are credited with doing the chief work of the Administration. The movement in the direction of bureaucracy, now talked about, is in reality nothing more than a practical extension of the principle of these committees. This, too, is an arrangement closely consonant with the temper of the times. The growing absorption of small business concerns by great, sees the specialist the master of the situation. The assumption underlying, from the first, our administrative arrangements has been that the intellectual and moral qualities born in English gentlemen, or developed in them by quarter-sessions and county business generally, will enable them to conduct the affairs of an Empire. The invention of gunpowder and of arms of precision was soon followed by standing armies. The increasing complexity of civil and military government caused a demand for the expert. Probably the earliest instance of that person's

promotion to the Cabinet was the admission of Lord Sidmouth's friend, Lord Ellenborough, then Chief Justice, to the Grenville Ministry of 1806. Public opinion condemned that appointment then, it would probably have raised no protest against it now, certainly nothing could have fallen more flat to-day than the attempted agitation against the "triumvirate," which, without any real opposition, might, had it pleased, have given a seat in the Cabinet to Lord Kitchener or the Duke of Connaught himself.

If Mr Chamberlain and his Tariff Commissioners can draw up a satisfactory Imperial price-list, it will not be refused national consideration because it did not originate in Downing Street. The latest scheme for making the Army efficient has not been prejudiced for a moment because of an alleged failure to comply with certain Cabinet formalities at one stage or other of its inception. August as may have been its history, and, in real truth, impressively dignified as is the manner in which its secrets have been kept, the Cabinet exists for the convenience of the country, and as an instrument for the better management of its affairs. If that end can be secured by the head of the executive or its Parliamentary nominee, the Premier, recurring at times of national necessity to advisers who are neither high Ministers of State nor, it may be, even Privy Councillors, the nation and its representatives are certainly in no humour to take pedantic exception to the agencies employed.

The House of Commons may complain of the increasing sacrifice of private members' conveniences to Cabinet arrangements, throughout the last century it was, indeed, the exception for Wednesdays and Fridays to be appropriated by the Government before Whitsuntide. Now the private member is apt to find his traditional privileges gone almost as soon as the session has fairly begun. The nation, however, is conscious of no abridgment of its liberties, it only sees at St Stephen's the slowly working legislative machinery that the Government controls. "Pray, Mr Speaker," according to the well-known story, said Queen Elizabeth, "what hath passed in your House since I last heard of you?" "Nothing, so please your Majesty, save six weeks," was the reply. Like the Tudor Empress, the public chiefly associates with waste of words and time the sittings of a Parliament that it pays Cabinet Ministers to manage. If, therefore, the work of government can be performed with less of loquacity and more of promptitude by divesting either Parliament or Cabinet of some of its duties, the end gained will assuredly be held to justify the means.

In the Palmerstonian period, and again under Disraeli's management from 1874 till the day he left it for ever, the Lower House remained at the highest point of reputation and efficiency that it

had ever reached. The ready, practical knowledge on every point which successively came up in committee of the whole House then shown by the average M P profoundly impressed every visitor to the assembly, as well as all who read its reports. Since then neither the collective ability nor the information of the assembly may have fallen off seriously. Mr Gladstone indeed—an incomparable authority on the point, if he meant what he said—declared the mental power of St Stephen's to have improved every session during his long experience, and to have reached its culminating point in the second Home Rule session of 1892. To-day the Parliamentary stage may be without any actors on it of the same calibre as in the Gladstonian epoch. Plenty of evidence, however, could be supplied by the managers of the great newspapers to show that there was never a time when popular interest in St Stephen's was wider or deeper. That is to say, the political education and intelligence of the masses are now unprecedentedly advanced. The Westminster debates were never followed from the Strangers Gallery or in print with closer attention. That, of course, does not in the least degree mean any extraordinary access of respect for the mechanism of representative government. To the observers now mentioned, Parliament and the Cabinet really mean one and the same thing. It is the Cabinet which controls the Chamber that is the manufactory of statute law, which profits by its wisdom and is discredited by its ignorance or mistakes. Here Lord Palmerston's "man in the white hat," or Charles Greville's "man in the street," finds some startling disillusionments awaiting him. It was only the other day that the Leader of the Assembly, who is also the chief of the Cabinet, speaking on the Easter Motion for Adjournment, showed himself to be entirely ignorant or forgetful of the Dulcigno demonstration in the autumn of 1880 and its significance to the Christian subjects of the Porte. Still more amazing was the assertion that the Gladstonian Government formed in the spring of 1880 had shut their eyes, while the elections were going on, to the condition of Ireland, and that the Irish problem suddenly "burst on the astonished gaze of the new Ministry." And this, though Beaconsfield, still Premier when the elections began, had addressed to his Viceroy, My Lord Duke of Marlborough, quite the most Disraelian of his later rescripts, this was the letter wherein the writer declared that if the visor of the Land League were to be lifted it would disclose the features of Home Rule, and appealed to the men of light and leading throughout the realm to avert such a disruption of the Empire. The practical value of accurate knowledge, brought home to men of all ranks and conditions in the affairs of daily life, is realised by the most inexpert

among those who hear or read debates and the newspaper comments on them. If, therefore, Parliament, as containing the material of the Cabinet, cannot be trusted for exact knowledge of what is now passing, or of what happened "the day before yesterday," by all means let the deficiency be made good from some other quarter. Such, no doubt, are the popular considerations raised by the idle talk about an irresponsible Premier conspiring with his Sovereign to degrade or ignore the executive committee of Parliament.

During the military operations in Egypt of twenty years ago, the national uneasiness at the conduct of the campaign was sensibly relieved by the knowledge that one or two of the generals in command, temporarily visiting London, had been personally summoned by Ministers in Downing Street to give them, in their deliberations, the benefit of local and technical knowledge. This is practically all that has been done at the present season. The experience and skill, sufficient for military administration in ordinary circumstances, were at fault. A new situation had been created, the specialist was called in. The popular mind has long been preparing itself to approve the reasonableness of such an arrangement. Gradually it has learned, by reading, that national policy, foreign or domestic, civil or military, is seldom the exclusive creation of the officially responsible politicians. More recently people have seen experts, in newspapers or reviews minutely instructing the Whitehall executive as to what should be done and what avoided in any particular measure known to be under consideration. The relations inevitable between Parliamentary leaders and a political Press must in effect involve a certain extension of Cabinet confidence beyond Cabinet limits. That confidence has never yet been abused nor tended to produce other than nationally wholesome consequences. It is absurd to suppose that a public which has witnessed, and perhaps profited by, these results should feel or feign indignation or alarm.

One practical moral in constructive statesmanship may seem to be pointed by the circumstances under which the latest scheme of Army reform has been promulgated. The projects recommended to the Crown by the expert acumen and the practised judgment of Sir G. S. Clarke, Lord Esher, and Admiral Fisher have been well received in the most opposite and impartial quarters, will doubtless receive a fair trial, and have every chance of proving a success. Whatever the result, there can, as has here been circumstantially shown, be no complaint on constitutional grounds against the agency employed. From Chatham to Palmerston, thenceforward to our own time, especially in the case of military crises, it has been customary for the Cabinet to invoke to its

councils the aid of professional experts. The hero of Kars, Sir Fenwick Williams, has been dead little more than twenty years. Any complete publication of his papers might throw an important light on the point now considered, for, before the surrender of the Asiatic fortress by its gallant garrison, many confidential communications had passed and repassed between Asiatic Turkey and Downing Street. Increased efficiency in the great spending departments was first made a political, not a party, war-cry by Lord Rosebery in his Chesterfield speech. The idea had been taken from Mr Spenser Wilkinson's and Mr Sidney Webb's writings, or from the reports of the Fabian Society. Mr Arnold-Forster's succession to Mr Brodrick at the War Office marked another stage in the ministerial adoption of the propaganda of these prophets. The movement will no doubt continue, and, for some time to come, the leader called upon to form a Cabinet will consider it his first duty to secure for it the technical experts in their different lines, who will relieve him in the hour of need from going outside for the particular knowledge that some sudden emergency may demand. By all means let the best information obtainable on every subject be represented in the Cabinet, as well as in the Privy Council. Whether that result will be more acceptable to those who now talk of the bogey of bureaucracy than the existing condition of things remains to be seen. A few years ago experts in handwriting, of the sort represented by a certain Chabot, were much heard of. They figured in more than one celebrated lawsuit of the period. Their contributions towards furthering the ends of justice proved less satisfactory than had been expected. One need not anticipate any analogous disappointment in the case of the specialists in their separate departments, of whom some people think the interior circle of every Administration should chiefly consist. English feeling, however, is rather against raising the trite tag of *cuique in arte suâ credendum est* to the height of an infallible and universal political verity. It is at least probable that any Administration which should be a faithful illustration of the Latin maxim would prove to be much more of a bureaucracy, after the Russian or Prussian pattern, than any arrangement which has ever existed or ever been contemplated in England. Nor, of course, is there the slightest chance of any experience of this kind being actually realised.

For jaded brains, however naturally powerful, accuracy is difficult. The languor bred of suspense, that now characterises affairs in Parliament, prevents individual leaders on either side doing full justice to themselves. Otherwise there would not have been witnessed, a few weeks ago, the singular spectacle of the Crown's First Minister failing to recall correctly the essential con-

ditions under which took place one of the most eventful general elections, challenged by the most famous of his predecessors. The whole thing is, of course, purely transient. Mr. Balfour may have read more of metaphysics than of politics, but if he had cared to give his mind to it he would have recalled that the distinctive feature of the appeal to the constituencies that gave Mr. Gladstone his last real lease of power was Lord Beaconsfield's national pose as the necessary man of the moment, the single statesman who could exorcise the spectre of Irish anarchy. As not unfrequently happens in cases of this sort, and as had been witnessed before in 1874, when Gladstone's Income Tax bribe was contemptuously rejected, the country would not see the facts from the statesman's point of view. That, perhaps, may seem only an additional reason why the entire episode should have indelibly impressed itself on Mr. Balfour's mind.

KOSMO WILKINSON

THE WAR KOREA AND RUSSIA

THE course of the war since last month has been a marvel of mechanism, weaving out the destiny of a nation as smoothly as did ever elaborate loom a wonderful tapestry. Step has followed step with exact precision, and, although it was found necessary in Japan to alter the course of the immediate campaign, there was no hitch in the forward movement. The blowing up of the *Hatsuse* by a Russian mine some ten miles from Port Arthur was accepted as a portent that the situation was impossible from a naval point of view, and that therefore the fortress must be taken immediately. This resolve gained strength from the moral support which Russia was receiving in Europe owing to her oft-reiterated and therefore believed intention of sending out her Baltic fleet to the Far East. Without Port Arthur, or the fleet contained therein, the Baltic fleet would be in but a sorry plight on its arrival in Chinese waters. To take away this moral support, which helps financially and internationally, would in itself be a victory for Japan, and so the early doom of Port Arthur was decided upon. General Oku, one of those old Japanese generals who demonstrate that the Japanese people differ from other Asiatics in that they do not age early, or lose their powers, marked a new epoch in warfare and in the history of the world, when he forced his way with his gallant troops through the Russian defences at Kinchau and Nanshan. Aided by that wonderful combination of the navy and of the army, which is such a marked feature of Japanese strategy, he forced by storm, against superior artillery, ranging up to eight-inch naval guns, the carefully prepared Russian earthworks, and demonstrated that frontal attacks against a narrow front can be successful. The conditions were so vastly favourable to the Russians that any hope formerly entertained of their ability to hold Port Arthur vanished. At Nanshan it was necessary for the Japanese troops to attack in close formation, so narrow was the front. At Port Arthur there is more room, the fortifications are more diffuse and less crowded with guns. Port Arthur forts require 50,000 to man them properly. General Stoessel has never had 30,000. Dalny, with all its stores and docks, has fallen into the hands of General Oku, and the world thus has the spectacle of the one free port in the Russian Empire serving to render more sure the fall of the fortress symbolic of the Russian military despotism. No more appropriate landing-place for stores and munitions of war could be wished by the Japanese staff, the railway being useful since the Russians left much rolling-stock in

their hurried flight Port Arthur itself has small chance, with its harbour full of damaged, although still valuable warships, which can neither escape nor be efficiently destroyed, commanded by a general who lost his head in the first days of the war, and has never regained it The troops forming its garrison have been shaken at Kinchau The defeat of General Stackelberg at Telssu with enormous losses, is a further demonstration of Japanese organisation and ability to win battles And if Kinchau was an epoch-marking event, the loss of Port Arthur is likely to prove one of the rudest blows ever received by Russia In its fall she might well see the Nemesis which slowly but surely has dogged her steps since she wantonly, for her own ends, tore the price of victory from Japan The fall of Port Arthur may well shake the Russian autocracy from its base, and bring into being a new order of things in that country, in which no autocrat will be found If to the fall of Port Arthur be added the defeat of Kuropatkin's army in Manchuria, the evolution of liberty in Russia may be yet more rapid And there is every indication that, bewildered by the attack upon Port Arthur, and pressed by ignorant orders from the highest quarters, Kuropatkin has played into the hands of Japan, for their one fear was that he and his army might escape to Harbin before they could be enveloped and forced to issue Alexeieff's jealousy and enemies at home have aided the Japanese, and Kuropatkin seems doomed Slowly, but surely, the Japanese forces have enveloped him, the last link in the circle being the western one, and here the transports long lay off Newchwang until the other sections were in place A Sedan, of still more vital consequences, seems to await Kuropatkin in Manchuria General Kuroki, having rested his forces and prepared his advance, early in June took the initiative again, and easily swept aside all opposition, and moved along several lines upon the Russian position The fall of Port Arthur will mean the release of a large army, giving the Japanese an enormous numerical superiority Besides this superiority in numbers, they have the greatest of all advantages, that their troops are a unit, there being no dissensions in the ranks The Japanese soldiers are conscripts, it is true, but in this war they fight as volunteers, with a personal reason for wishing to subdue the Russians Officers and men all have a common purpose, which is not smirched by any desire for self-advancement or motives of revenge On the Russian side the troops are far from being a unit, either in race or in desire There are pressed men from countries within the Russian Empire, who hate Russia more cordially than ever does any one outside—for these countries have had a close acquaintance with her The Jews, the Finns,

the Poles, the Caucasians, there is small likelihood of these being able to fight as Russians wholeheartedly. Amongst the officers, too, there is jealousy, from Alexeieff and Kuropatkin downwards, and dissensions in command do not aid the army in the field. Thus, from the point of *morale*, the Japanese have everything, the Russians nothing. In training and equipment it is the same. Much interest has been aroused in the public Press by the fact that some Japanese officers, who studied under a German officer, General Meckel, thought it polite to cable, after the battle of Kinchau, and congratulate him upon the results of his tuition. And Meckel has modestly taken to himself the credit of the Japanese military efficiency! It is probable that he imagines that the German army could do equally well. A bee gathering honey from a hundred and one flowers resembles Japan seeking knowledge on military things. It would be a presumptuous flower that would take to itself all the credit for the wonderful honey-comb constructed in the hive. The Japanese army has broader foundations of success than were ever taught by a German officer, were he never so able and gifted.

The rapid course of the war, with its unvarying tale of success for Japan, makes reasonable some discussion of the terms of peace which that country would accept as a basis upon which negotiations might be conducted. The rainy season set in on June 9th, and soon it will be difficult to conduct great military operations in Manchuria. It is for this reason that a speedy end may be predicted of the first phase of the campaign, with the fall of Port Arthur and the destruction of the Manchurian army under Kuropatkin as the culminating points. The rain will not, however, prevent operations against Vladivostok and against Sakhalin. The fall of Port Arthur will release the Japanese fleet, some for well-earned repose and overhaul, some to sail northward. Vladivostok is to be invested, and Sakhalin is to be occupied. It may be said that Vladivostok will, it is hoped, prove a very excellent investment for Japan. By its capture she hopes to have something for which Russia will be prepared to pay an indemnity to recover. Without such a definite object to offer in exchange, the Japanese statesmen do not feel certain that they could hope for any indemnity from Russia. To summarise the terms which Japan will expect after a successful war, they are, first, the handing back of Manchuria to China, under international guarantees, as an open country, second, the making of the Chinese Eastern Railway into an international concern, third, the possession of Port Arthur and Dalny should Japan wish to keep them, failing this, their return to China, fourth, Vladivostok to be returned to Russia in exchange for an indemnity, fifth, the island

of Sakhalin to be ceded to Japan, and sixth, Japanese predominance in Korea. The introduction of Sakhalin may surprise many, but the action of Russia in ousting Japan from her possession of this island early in the new era seared the Japanese mind more deeply with hatred and mistrust of Russia than any other fact. Sakhalin is not a fruitful land, but its fisheries are very valuable to Japan, it is, however, largely a question of principle which is involved, and also a desire to complete one more link in the chain of Japanese islands containing the eastern coast of Asia. Whatever the reasons, Sakhalin will be demanded. The importance attached to the restoration of Sakhalin may be gauged by the fact that a special association, known as the Sakhalin Restoration Union, has been founded this year in Japan.

It must be borne in mind that although Japan knows what terms she will ask, it will be Russia who will have to ask for peace, not Japan. Japan does not seek intervention or mediation, recognising well that for Russia to appreciate fully the lesson of the war, the Tsar's Empire must sue for peace, not have it offered. In making peace, Japan will take steps to have something more substantial than a mere paper treaty with Russia. By opening the country, by placing Manchuria and Manchurian questions altogether on the international plane, she imposes a more effectual barrier to Russia's advance than any other she could devise. Korea she can guard for herself. The question of influence in China is an undoubted asset which a victorious war means to Japan, although it will not appear in the terms of peace. Besides the indemnity from Vladivostok, Japan will gain the Russian warships, those in Port Arthur alone being valued at over £30,000,000. These she obtains as captures of war, and they will not figure in the treaty of peace. Made seaworthy, and manned by Japanese sailors, these vessels will prove a very welcome addition to the Japanese fleet. Especially would this addition be useful should there be any coalition of nations backing Russia at the close of the war. Should Germany and France again side with Russia, they may be assured that on this occasion they may look forward to having to bring into the field something more than moral power. This is a situation which would render the owners of Kiao-chau, Tonquin, and various useful Malayan islands rather chary of intermeddling. Germany is the great danger, and yet the prospect of a war with Japan cannot present much glory to the Kaiser, while it will certainly mean serious losses.

Korea seems to be accepted as having passed definitely under Japanese control. The interesting article in last month's *FORNIGHTLY REVIEW* gave a very full account of the country from the British point of view. Since it is the Japanese who are

going to govern the country, and to own it, there is every interest in knowing how they look upon its present condition, which is possible owing to the recent visit of Marquis Ito to Korea on a special mission. The following observations are those of a distinguished Japanese statesman who was with the mission, though many of his observations have been omitted as dealing with matters upon which the Japanese point of view is similar to the British. The actual words are not those of my Japanese friend, but the ideas expressed may be taken as very largely representing the views of the special mission and those of the Japanese Government.

Political life in Korea is centred round the person of the Emperor. He is the only individual in the country with any real degree of independent will. All Koreans have to obey him blindly on pain of imprisonment, or, if they render themselves troublesome, of assassination. While the Emperor of Korea is intelligent, his intelligence is abnormally developed, like that of the Sultan of Turkey. While he is keen and far-seeing in many directions, he is utterly blind and childish in others; he has certainly a very unbalanced intelligence. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that he is the product of an atmosphere of constant intrigue. In the beginning he was placed upon the throne, although not the nearest heir, by a family intrigue. He owes his accession to the fact that he was at that time a mere child, who promised to be entirely malleable in the hands of the leading intriguer of Korea, his father, then Regent, Taiwenkun. His accession brought him no relief from intrigue. Surrounded by all manner of clandestine plots, he has only just escaped with his life on more than one occasion. He lost his wife by an intrigue, in which a Japanese statesman foolishly became the tool of Taiwenkun. Amid such surroundings he has naturally become a consummate master of the art of playing off one party against the other, a past-master in espionage, and himself an initiator of perpetual intrigue. These intrigues are directed against his subjects when they threaten to become too strong for him, against his own family, and even against his own Cabinet. One of the Emperor's children lives an exile in America, and his nephew is a political refugee in Japan, the crime in both cases being their developing popularity among the Koreans. As fearful of personal assault as the Sultan, the Emperor of Korea does not sleep during the hours of darkness, preferring the daytime, when the broad daylight shall protect him more thoroughly than any guards. This attitude of the Emperor, and his ever-increasing and unreasoning suspicions, make it no wonder that his ministers and officials desire to consult his will before they initiate any action. This has, as a consequence, the

direct and personal supervision by the Emperor of everything, great or small, which in any way affects court or public life. For anyone to commit any action contrary to the Imperial will means dismissal from position, or from the world, as the case may be.

Thousands of sorcerers and soothsayers attend him every year in his palace to pander to his superstitions. Incredible sums are paid out to them, as also to the hundreds of *dames d'honneur* and eunuchs, whose only business seems to be to play some part in the perpetual intrigues. Always impecunious, the Emperor loves money for its own sake, although his ignorance of its real value leads to his being constantly defrauded. But if others defraud him, he defrauds his own subjects quite cheerfully. On one occasion he sent clandestinely 1,500 yen to a secretary of one of the legations. The secretary was prudent enough not to return the money by the bearer. He had the money returned directly to his Majesty. The latter was quite surprised, and remarked "Well, then, what has become of the money I sent him on two previous occasions?" He was only made conscious that the money had been embezzled *en route* when he was assured that the officials of the country which the Legation represented were models of purity in money matters. When the Korean Government buys anything from foreign merchants these latter are obliged to pay a certain amount of secret commission to the Emperor, otherwise he will veto the purchase. Of course the members of the Cabinet have also to be bribed, but on many occasions the Emperor manages to pocket these bribes too.

The Emperor has evolved an ingenious method of forming an administration capable of meeting outside pressure without serious results. This administrative system is composed of two distinct bodies. One is the nominal government, which, in theory, resembles the administrative body of other countries, the other is an almost exact counterpart of it, in the Department of the Palace Household. There is, for example, the Foreign Office proper, and a Bureau for Foreign Affairs in the Household Department. A policy of playing off the one against the other has been found to prevent either becoming too influential. The naïve point about it is that the Emperor personally dictates the decisions of each side, although these often are diametrically opposed to each other. This is a great convenience, as he is able to make his Government refuse assent to requests, while at the same time being able to secure for himself the appearance of an ardent advocacy of them *vis-à-vis* to the outside world. This has been the case in the many instances of internal reform which the Emperor has been said to favour, but which his Government has been reported too ignorant to consent to. The Imperial love of double-dealing

knows no limit, when the Emperor was a fugitive in the Russian Legation at Seoul, he maintained a constant secret correspondence with the Japanese Legation, about which the Russians knew nothing

With regard to family matters, the Emperor has a very clever *Regina imperfecta*, no more suitable name can be devised to describe a legally recognised status between a concubine and an empress. This lady has a son now eight years old, a very clever and promising boy. Around her rages the party and family struggle. The Crown Princess and her party, at present the strongest force in Korea, are opposed to her—the Crown Princess is the niece of the murdered Queen. The Crown Prince is below the average intelligence, and has no son, both facts calculated to increase the hatred of the parties. The Emperor presides over the scene, now pulling one string, now another. With all his intelligence, the Emperor's vision never soars higher than his immediate surroundings: his life, and the safety of two or three persons dear to him, or possibly of his lineal dynasty. State questions do not interest him, and even if they did he has neither sufficient will power to execute them, nor means of putting his will into practice.

And it is to this head of State that every Korean owes implicit obedience, and opposed to whom there is no question of personal property. All wealth throughout the Empire is at the mercy of the Emperor, life itself is not sacred. And every Korean aristocrat seeks to be an Emperor in miniature towards his inferiors. They resemble nothing more than so many domestic servants who seek to stand high in their master's favour, and to oppress those below them. More shrewd and more cunning than Japanese or Chinese, they yet lack absolutely moral courage. The obtaining of a lucrative or honourable post in Korea means simply that all the relations of the fortunate one descend upon him, and live upon his pay. One official holding a good position at court, receives only 65 yen per month, but has thirty relations hanging on to him who do nothing but smoke and lounge about.

It is quite clear that a pure and systematic administration, with the good of the State as its object, is impossible with such material. In the central Government there are no trained officials since, save for the occasions where the Emperor finds it convenient to place responsibility upon the shoulders of his ministers, there is almost no business to carry on. In the provinces the Governors have nothing to do but to gather in the taxes, or rather to discover the best ways and means of extorting as much private property as possible out of the citizens. Indeed, the corruption and oppression are much more deep rooted in the provinces than in the capital.

What, then, ought the Japanese Government to do? Should it assist the present Korean Government with advice? But what if such advice be given and not followed? Civilised administration is impossible in the hands of these people unless the younger generation are properly educated. And this would take at least fifteen to twenty years, during which time something must be done. There would be no difficulty were the Koreans ready to allow the Japanese to run the administration during those years. But it is certain that the Koreans will protest vigorously at such action, which would deprive them of the fruits of their corrupt practices. For them to live without corruption is impossible, unless their characters and the whole of the social usage of the country be changed, and this can only be done by education. Imagine a provincial Governor, drinking deeply to the music of loose-mannered Korean singers, and at the same time listening to the shrieks of the taxpayers writhing under the lash before his house, and sentencing them to still heavier punishments! The taxpayers cannot pay what is demanded of them, and these whips are not punishments, but administrative persuasions to enforce the arbitrary will of the Governor. To correct this condition of things is impossible without breeding a completely different type of officials. The only way to secure fair and equitable government in a country inhabited by such people as are the Koreans of the present day, is to place the reins of government temporarily, at least, in more civilised and humane hands. Justice and national well-being must be administered in the name of the Korean Emperor, and for the benefit of the Korean people, but by civilised methods, in spite of the probable uprising of the present governing classes. The fact that foreign public opinion is so very easily deluded renders the task of the Japanese Government a very serious one, and one demanding much resolution. All those who know the facts of the case will admit that no other course is possible. Count Inouye tried to reform Korea by kindness and benevolent outside pressure. But no sooner was the pressure withdrawn than the whole reform edifice fell to the earth in pieces.

The Koreans of to-day are incorrigible, and if the world is not to wait some twenty years for improvement, it is essential that the administration shall pass into Japanese hands, whatever the independent Korean nation may say. The position in which the Japanese Government now finds itself is one of extreme difficulty, and it is to be hoped that the support of public opinion in England, America and the world generally will be given to encourage the pursuing of a course calculated to save the Korean nation from

oppression, and brighten the lives of ninety per cent of the population

So far, the words of the Japanese statesman are fraught with much truth. Japan has assumed the responsibility of Korea, and it rests with her to do the right thing by it, even in the face of the world. But the world can afford to be generous in this case, since a reformed administration will mean an enormously extended market for all manner of goods, an international benefit which, properly understood, may be guaranteed to more than counter-balance any sentimental objections.

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a great nation gifted so absolutely with the international sense as is Japan. Possibly the fact that she has won so much that is good from every nation has influenced her in this direction, but it is, at any rate, certain that Japan sets a new standard of international equity before the world. She can think internationally, and in making her plans and carrying them out, she never loses sight of the result upon the nations interested. Of course certain nations play a greater part than others in her national policy, some see eye to eye with her, others just the reverse. Japan can be trusted to carry out her word in international affairs, and would be the last of the nations to break a treaty once signed. Even unwritten conventions are respected, and it may well be that on this point of internationalism and of equity light may come to the world from the East. How different would be the course of diplomacy if the Japanese standard of morality were adopted by all the nations. There would be the knowledge pervading every action that the summit of ambition was to live in friendly relations with all the world, and that fair treatment would be met with fair treatment. The story of the negotiations with Russia show clearly how straightforward Japan is in her diplomacy. She stated clearly the irreducible minimum which she considered equitable as a settlement, not adding to it any make-weight clauses to be possibly discarded to suit convenience. The Americans have brought into being a new diplomacy, one straightforward enough, but still always flavouring of bluff and violence, but it has been reserved to Japan to introduce the newest diplomacy of dignified, straightforward dealing between nations. And it is interesting to see how this newest diplomacy met and foiled the most ancient of old diplomacy—that of Russia. Subterfuge after subterfuge fell in St. Petersburg before the straightforward earnestness of the Japanese statesmen. Lamsdorff's quibbles to Kurino that he was not empowered to talk of Manchuria, that province lying in the jurisdiction of Alexeieff, were met by a request for information as

to who could speak for the Chinese province in St Petersburg Lamsdorff replied that only the Tsar could speak on this subject M Kurino promptly applied for, and obtained, a special interview with the Tsar, in which he explained the case thoroughly Thus those who urge that the Tsar never knew that there was any question of Manchuria are wrong, he knew, but was not strong enough to do his will, and it were his will to have peace Whatever may have been his ideas then, it is certain that now he is the heart and centre of the party who are determined to carry on the war to the bitter end, at any cost In this he is opposed to the opinion of the most intelligent of his subjects, who see no good to be gained in useless shedding of blood and waste of money While Japan's newly demonstrated army and navy may bring many changes into international affairs, her new diplomacy of morality in diplomacy will bring many more

And Japan's diplomacy will ever be exerted to bring about a closer understanding with England and America Of the differences and affinities between Japan and these countries Count Okuma, the veteran progressive statesman, writes as follows "In many respects the Japanese bear a strong resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon race, but they differ from it in one important point—in the form of the government England is, one might say, a democratic country, while America is a republic Japan, however, is under the Emperor, who is all-important, and the most readily obeyed of rulers From this point of view Japan may seem to have a better reason for uniting with Russia, or at least with Germany Why do we attach ourselves to the Anglo-Saxon race—the race which values the people's rights above all things? This may seem, at the first glance, quite strange But it should be noted that the Sovereign who enjoys so infinite a power has never been known to abuse it The Japanese Empire is a sort of patriarchy, and no doubt the patriarchal system is usually found in undeveloped societies, yet this seemingly undeveloped system is really the foundation of the country, and is the source of all that is purest and most loving No complicated theories needed to be invented in order to secure the Imperial Power, his Majesty's rights were self-existent and developed naturally Japanese civilisation has centred round the Imperial House The fine arts, morality, and literature, have all developed round it, or come out of it When the work of the Restoration was completed the Emperor granted the people rights and liberty of his own free will, in his admirable rescript proclaiming that Japan should seek for knowledge throughout the world, and also should have a great council of the people Can we find another such country under the sun? In every other land the Sovereign gave up part of his

power on being⁷ compelled by the people, or blood was shed to make the Constitutional Law. In our case, while we have never tried to lessen the Imperial power, the Emperor has ever been anxious to advance the people's rights, and it is not wonderful that the country in which rights and liberty are so much esteemed by the ruler should have joined hands with the Anglo-Saxon nations."

A remarkable exposition, which might well be recommended to the attention of those governing Russia, for apparently things are going from bad to worse in the internal affairs of that unhappy country. Soldiers decline to serve, make every effort to escape from the country, and even when enlisted are too antagonistic to the Government to be safe to be sent to the front. In many districts the reservists have been sent instead of the recruits. Disaffection, lacking cohesion and motive power, is rampant. In the higher circles officials talk of revolution and dream of infernal machines. The terror of the unknown is upon the bureaucracy, the Tsar is not strong enough to inspire confidence. The very Red Cross funds threatened, to the eye of M. Phleve, to afford the *zemstvos* an opportunity of concerting together and acting in common, and so a special proclamation was issued forbidding any intercommunication. At once the contributions fell off to an alarming degree. In Poland the officials levied the Red Cross contribution as a tax. At one great meeting in Warsaw the Governor addressed a crowded meeting on the subject, and concluded by saying that every person there should contribute two roubles. There was dead silence, until one fellow, more daring than the rest, rose in his place and said "Excellency, may we forego the option of a fine and go to prison?" A remarkable commentary, indeed! Of the revolutionary bodies the greater is in favour of waiting until the war should be at an end before acting, while the smaller has already shown its policy by the explosion on the *Orel*, the attempt on Kronstadt, and many other actions. Violence is to be deplored, but nobody thinks of blaming the steam in a boiler when it bursts its cage asunder as a consequence of the engineer being seated on the safety-valve. If the bureaucracy under the Tsar were not on the safety-valve it would be impossible to condone the violent actions of the revolutionaries, but as it is, little can be said. The Press of Russia has begun to speak out, although whether some of the utterances are not merely official bluff it is hard to say. Despite the double censorship imposed early in the war, some most surprising articles have appeared. It is well known that the censorship always existed, but early in the war the Government considered it advisable to impose also a purely military censorship for the papers as well, to which had to be sub-

mitted all articles, military or otherwise To pass through this double censorship must be something of a feat, and yet the *Novoe Vremya* recently contained an article of a nature never before seen in a St Petersburg paper In this article, which may well prove a landmark in Russian history, occurs the following trenchant lines —

“ Our people ought to have freedom Our national organism is shattered, and it can only be repaired by the infusion of new blood, that is, by the central authorities and the bureaucracy allowing the healthy, popular will to assert itself The present war is a terrible trial, but more terrible still is the moral weakness of State and society it has brought to light We want more truth and more freedom ”

Again, we would recommend the study of the recent history of Japan to see how an autocracy is possible along lines of liberty and freedom for the people Russia will doubtless pick up many military lessons from the war with Japan, let her look further and pick up some constitutional ones It seems to be her only chance of being able to stem the flood of disaffection There is nothing more terrible than an ignorant people in revolt, as witness the French Revolution All the elements are at hand in Russia for the introduction of reforms, the Tsar's position in the eyes of his people should enable him to do much There is no wonder that the liberal thinkers of Russia hope that Japan will win the war conclusively, and to the last degree, it is the only chance they can see of reform and progress and freedom from bureaucracy With this feeling of insecurity abroad in Russia, increased by the knowledge that money is likely to run short very soon, is it to be wondered at that the Russian army in the field is not a first-class fighting machine? The Russian troops arrive in Manchuria dejected and without military *morale* Many of the more intelligent soldiers do not hide the fact from their friends that they will gladly surrender In this connection, Alexeieff, in an official circular, warned the officers of the army that they must cease to use their clubs, which were only manufactories of insubordination Officers and men alike are permeated with unrest, with envy of the freedom of the enemy, and discontent with the condition of Russia Should the army feel disaffected, then what can the military autocracy have to hope for in case of disaster?

Russia's sorrow is Germany's opportunity, and that most dangerous of all rulers, the Kaiser, is not failing to take advantage of the moment By the decided adhesion of the Social Democrats to the cause of Japan, the Kaiser has been literally forced to be the good friend of Russia Germany has disregarded utterly any semblance of neutrality in the direction of limiting the sale of

ships or *matériel de guerre* to Russia. If Russia wins, Germany will be with her in the final diplomatic adjustment, if, on the other hand, she loses, she will have particular gratitude for those who, without being allies, at the same time have shown themselves to be friends. Recently the German Emperor has given to the Russian Government the most specific pledges that he will never allow Japan to occupy Port Arthur, should she prove victorious in the war. He regards a dominant Japan as dangerous to his designs in China, and is, therefore, ready to assure Russia of his support. It is, however, most doubtful whether he has any real intentions of carrying out his pledges, it is more probable that he seeks, by making them, to secure valuable concessions from Russia in Asia Minor, and that, these once obtained, good enough reasons will occur to him to prevent him from following a course which could only land his country in a disastrous war. Germany is looking out for herself, and not for the well-being of either Russia or Japan. France's attitude is biased by the enormous sums she has at stake in Russia, and she will probably be forced to lend still more in order to try to save the whole. It is, however, doubtful whether she would take any active pro-Russian and anti-Japanese measures at the end of the war.

The demonstration of Russia's military weakness has most effect upon the small Balkan States clustered round her south-west frontier, long accustomed to live in fear of their gigantic neighbour, their relief knows no bound, and is only kept under some semblance of restraint by the dread lest Russia's extremity be too good to be true. The fall of Port Arthur may well be the signal for the accomplishment of the first step in the formation of the Balkan Federation, which shall settle once and for all the Near Eastern Question, and bring into being a defensive force which cannot fail to have a steadying effect upon the European balance of power. With the Far Eastern and the Near Eastern questions settled, there is much more chance of a settled peace for the world than there has ever been before.

ALFRED STEAD

THE HUMANITY OF SHAKESPEARE

An address delivered to the students of the School of Acting

BEFORE reading my address to you this afternoon, I should like to say that the occasion affords me much gratification, for I am speaking for the first time to the students of the new school, whose interests I, with many others, have greatly at heart. Many distinguished men of letters will in turn, I am proud to say, follow me, but I feel sure that they will think it my appropriate duty to be the first to occupy the lecturer's chair. And I have thought it fitting that I should connect this inaugural address with the name of him who wrote the immortal advice to the players. So I have called my lecture 'The Humanity of Shakespeare.'

If I were asked what quality it is that distinguishes Shakespeare more than any other, I should say it is the quality of humanity. Imagination, observation, poetry, passion, humour—all these are his in a supreme degree—we are dazzled as we look up at them, rising like mountains from the common ground, but the highest peak of all, that which is the first to be touched by the morning sun and the last to retain its setting glory, is his radiant humanity. His is the supreme gift of viewing human nature from the heights, of discerning the reality of things below, and of dealing with them in that serene spirit of tolerance which is the attribute only of the great few—the master-poets of the world. Homer, Milton, Goethe, and Tennyson, these have also drunk deep from that Olympian spring. Shakespeare never strikes the note of a self-conscious moralist—indeed, it is often difficult to determine where his sympathies are. In this impersonality—this impartiality of mind—he stands almost apart. He never holds a brief for his characters, labelling this one good and that one bad, this one penny plain, and that one twopence coloured, he is the judge, not the advocate, allowing each character to develop, as it were, his own case, leaving the jury of mankind to draw their conclusions. He dwells for the time being in the minds of the men he is portraying, revealing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of their natures—extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice. His heroes have their weaknesses—his weak men their heroisms. He does not hesitate to afflict the noble character of the Moor with a foolish and unreasoning jealousy—he appears even to have a sort of intellectual sympathy with the dastard Iago. Like Rembrandt, he is the supreme artist who will paint with equal zest the front of Jove himself or the

carcase of a bullock He does not scruple to afflict the beautiful nature of Hamlet with unmanly hesitancy, with a corroding and disintegrating philosophy which drives that versatile prince to the admission that "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so" It was this little rift within the frail and delicate lute of Hamlet's character which was fated to make his music mute We cannot all be given the sturdy virtues of the trombone On the other hand, he is not only serenely tolerant of, but he even appears to regard with a feeling akin to affection, the concave character of Falstaff, and assuredly no two characters could be more opposite than are those of the sweet Prince and that incarnation of wallowing selfishness, that eternal creation of the poet's passionate humour, the fat Knight How opposite are their points of view of life and death, and of honour! And yet no one but he who wrote the "To be or not to be" speech, or that other speech on honour in *Hamlet*, could have given us Falstaff's speech on honour in *Henry IV* The passage from *Hamlet* is as follows —

"How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do'

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake
Oh! from this time forth my thoughts be bloody
Or be nothing worth"

The speech of Falstaff to which I refer occurs just before the battle—the scene is between Falstaff and Prince Hal —

FAL Hal, if thou see me down in battle, bestride me, so 'Tis a point of friendship

PRINCE Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship Say thy prayers and farewell

FAL I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well

PRINCE Why, thou owest God a death (*Exit*)

FAL It is not due yet—I would be loth to pay him before his day—what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter — honour pricks me on Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come

on? How then? Can honour set a leg? No Or an arm? No Or take away the grief of a wound? No Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No What is honour? A word What is that word honour? Air A trim reckoning Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it? No Doth he hear it? No Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead But will it live with the living? No Why? Detraction will not suffer it Therefore I'll none of it Honour is a mere scutcheon—and so ends my catechism

Take, again, the character of Marc Antony in *Julius Cæsar* I do not think that a merely rhetorical treatment of Antony's address to the populace of Rome would capture an audience—and here comes in again the note of humanity How he knew the mob! How serenely relentless was his observation of humanity in dealing with this motley crowd! Marc Antony has the complex nature of a man, and is not merely a stage figure Though a hero he does not disdain to stoop to subterfuge to gain his end, and plays upon the unwashed mob as a great composer sways and dominates, flatters and cajoles, bullies and inspires an orchestra Brutus, too, is he a hero? No—though noble in utterance, he is the self-deceiving politician There have been many such, who, to gain their ends, persuade themselves that their means are honest—that they themselves are sincere Brutus kills Cæsar—for the good of the cause, from his point of view Antony revenges his death—for the good of the cause, from his point of view Shakespeare remains the apologist of both Was Cæsar right? Was Brutus right? Was Cassius right? Was Marc Antony right? Where is Shakespeare's sympathy? Everywhere—nowhere—he holds the scales of justice, mysterious, elusive, impartial, inscrutable, seeing "with equal eye as God of all, a hero perish or a sparrow fall"

Take, again, the character of Shylock Most people appear to think that Shylock must either be a demon or a saviour He is, in truth, a mixture of both—the man—the Jew! Once more the poet shows the impartiality of the judge in dealing with Shylock He presents in him the vices as well as the virtues of his race Domesticity is one of the Hebraic virtues The love of his daughter commends him to our sympathies—anon his vengeful and cruel nature commands our censure It is, therefore, ridiculous to present Shylock as a merely sympathetic character Of course, the culmination of suffering creates sympathy with any man, and, while laughing at his pretensions, we weep at his griefs There can be no doubt that at the time Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* the Jews were not regarded with high favour, and Shylock's first speech shows he is informed by the spirit of revenge I do not deny that Shylock had just cause to be angry, and it has been said that revenge is a primitive form of justice But just when we begin to think that Shylock is becoming the martyr-hero

of the play, and that all our sympathies are meant for him, Shakespeare, the altruist, enters upon the scene, and gives us the immortal speech on the quality of mercy, which, bursting the walls of the narrow court, preaches to humanity the eternal message of Christian forgiveness

Regard, again, the character of Richard II, as laid bare to the student of Shakespeare. It is as many-sided as are the other great creations of the poet. I will read to you what I have already said of the character of that unhappy monarch —

“What is to be said of that strange mixture of power and feebleness, of nobility and apathy, of courage and irresolution, of indolence and energy? The poet gives us the clue to the enigma in his presentation of the character of this spoilt child of fortune, and informs us perhaps more by the enlightening magic of his genius than does the historian by a record of dry facts. It may well be imagined that the tragic figure of Richard served the poet as a model for the development of the character of Hamlet, with whom the ill-fated king has many points of resemblance. In both instances we have the spectacle of a young prince thrown into surroundings of barbarism and corruption, both incapable of grappling with the stern facts of life. In each case the idealist succumbs to the materialist—the man of action. Each in his way laments the futility of his existence. Hamlet on the immortality of his soul, Richard on the divine rights of kings—each seems to breathe that sad and fantastic irony which is so dominant a note in the poet’s mind.”

In the beginning of the play, when the two appellants come before him, Richard exhibits that princely confidence which had already enabled him to quell the followers of Wat Tyler, and to raise in his people those high hopes for a great future which were never to be realised. Again, in the lists at Coventry, when he stops the intended fight, and there and then banishes both combatants, he comes forth as a strong, quick, and resourceful statesman. But, later, at the bedside of his dying uncle his bearing is harsh and unfeeling, completely overshadowing the good qualities he had shown before. Furthermore, on the return of Bolingbroke a few months afterwards, when the unhappy king is deserted by his subjects, Shakespeare reveals him in the throes of an exaggerated and self-indulgent self-pity. The passionate, artistic nature, that before made him overbearing and imperious, turns him now into an effeminate and self-compassionate creature. There are occasional rallies of wit and spirit, but the poet shows them as mere flickers flaming up out of the darkness of his despair. Then, just as we are undergoing a mental contempt for the man, the humanity of Shakespeare bursts through again, and,

in the scene of the surrender of his crown, compels us to acknowledge in this complex character a distinct nobleness and pathos—this, possibly, to prepare us for the final development, the death of Richard in prison, where we are given a remnant of his old bearing, though tempered by repentance and resignation.

Had I the time, I could trace the same tendency of mind in the development of the characters of King Lear, of Macbeth, and of King John. None of these are heroes in the conventional sense of the word. In themselves, they do not call forth our sympathies. It is their humanity thrown athwart the tragic incidents of their lives which gradually awakens in us emotions culminating in a climactic agony of grief.

I now pass from the contemplation of Shakespeare's work to a consideration of the treatment which his interpreters should devote to that work in order to bring home to the spectator the true meaning of the poet. And here it is the actor's highest aim to give that note of humanity which makes the whole world kin. It is in this spirit of humanity that I have sought to approach those plays of Shakespeare with which I have been associated as producer, and it is this quality (which is the poet's own) that has, I venture to think, been the secret of the success of those productions. It is the fashion to say that the mounting of Shakespeare is the main consideration the modern actor-manager has in view. That is all nonsense. These are the outward flourishes and not the essentials. It has been thought necessary (I remember many instances of it in my boyhood) that the actor should put on stilts in order to reach the Shakespearian height. I maintain that, on the contrary, no author demands a more natural, a more sincere, a more human treatment at the hands of the actor than does Shakespeare. He, being the most modern of writers, demands the most modern treatment. He is not of yesterday, or to-day—he is of the day after to-morrow. The actor's own humanity—that is the all-important question. How far is he to allow that to be infused with the character he is called upon to represent? Certain it is that whilst the actor's self-suppression is amongst the most essential factors of success in his art, so also his own individuality, his own personality—in a word, his humanity—are all-important. I mean, you cannot imagine a characterless person playing the great characters of Shakespeare. You say, "Oh, it doesn't matter—Shakespeare has taken care of all that." "Yes," I reply, "but it requires individuality to interpret individuality—power, force, character, to realise the creations of the master brain." Nothing else than individuality will make the humanity of these characters stand out sharp and clear from the mass of humanities grouped behind it.

I was walking along the sea-shore of a great northern city the other night, and, casting my eyes inland, I was impressed by the superb manner in which the splendid granite towers and spires outlined themselves clear-cut against the crimson of the sunset sky. Behind them stood a mass of grey, indeterminate masonry, vague and menacing, pallid and indistinguishable, but they themselves, those lofty spires tapering into the azure of heaven, those embattled towers square and massive, how superbly they reared themselves above and aloft the surging world beneath them! So, I thought to myself, is it with the great characters of Shakespeare. They are outlined for all time, they stand as memorials of humanity for ever. But how is the actor to give life to these creations? How infuse into them the vitality by which only they can be brought into touch with the present day? And the answer surely is, that he must infuse them with his own individuality. Initiative—like ‘Mesopotamia’—is a blessed quality in the hands of the discreet man. And that my argument is a true one, you will easily see for yourselves after a moment’s reflection. For consider what an impossible condition of things it would be if everybody played Hamlet, Macbeth, Malvolio, or Shylock on the same pattern—Smith playing it like Robinson, and Brown like both of them. Or picture to yourselves how absurd it would be if a man played all those four characters in the same way, the words only denoting the difference. No, I say again, an actor, if he is to be in any way understood or make his character understood, must infuse into his reading of Hamlet, Macbeth, Malvolio, or Shylock his own humanity, his own individuality, his own personality, for it is his personality that accentuates, that brings out, indeed, the personality of the character he is portraying. And the more widely that three or four different actors of strong character differ in their respective readings of a part, the more is it a proof of its own inherent humanness, the more it is obvious that it is possessed of a widely experienced human nature. As to how far he is to bring his own humanity to bear upon that of Shakespeare is a matter that can be safely left to the wit and discretion of an originally-minded man. After all, it is so in literature. A good writer always puts a great deal of himself into his varied characters—for, be sure of this, you cannot guess at human nature. To make a mark upon the literature of your day, or of any day, you can only write from your own personal experience, observation, or instinct, and the greatest of these is instinct, for instinct is the knowledge supplied by heredity. Some men are born educated—some are not. It is not less so with the actor. He cannot make cock-shies at humanity. Human nature is, after all, the most modern thing we know, and I suppose it is the most ancient too.

But one thing is certain—it is never *demodé*, never out of the fashion. Empires and principalities, nations and institutions fade away, but humanity remains to-day exactly as it was, in all essentials, a hundred thousand years ago—as it will be a hundred thousand years hence. Do you know that wonderful crouching figure in the British Museum, the stone-age man, so recently discovered in Egypt—a man who lived any time between twenty and fifty thousand years ago? You see his bones, his muscles, even the very hair of his face. He seems so long ago, and yet he is, after all, one of ourselves. He might have been Hamlet, or Napoleon, or Macbeth, or Herbert Spencer. He is eternal, and they are eternal, for humanity is eternal. Human nature is informed by the same passions, the same joys, the same griefs, the same humour—and, mind you, in proportion as the interpreter informs his conceptions of Shakespeare with his own humanity, so in proportion will his work stand out clear and vivid upon the stage.

Ladies and gentlemen, my brief discourse is drawing to a close. Had I the time, I could enlarge upon this theme until your eyelids would no longer wag, for it is nothing less than the story of humanity writ large in the brain of the greatest thinker mankind has ever produced—not excepting Lord Bacon! By the light of the wide tolerance of his spacious day, we feel how thin are the barriers of caste, how puny are our social bickerings, what a little thing is pleasure as compared with the large happiness of mankind. No riches, for instance, can buy for the jaded millionaire the joy of life or the solace of literary understanding. A shilling will bring happiness to the humblest understander of Shakespeare, and, for the nonce, he will mix with emperors, philosophers, princes, and wits—on equal terms, for Shakespeare's humanity is every man's. That is his title to immortality. His wide spirit will outlive the mere letter of narrow doctrines, and his winged words, vibrant with the music of the larger religion of humanity, will go thrilling down the ages, while dogmas die and creeds crumble in the dust.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR DIFFICULTIES

It is now exactly fifteen months since the political agitation for the admission of Chinese labour into the Transvaal was actively commenced. Sir George Farrar, who, with an undoubted talent for business, combines some of the most useful qualities of the opportunist politician, opened the campaign on March 31st, 1903, with a long speech at Driefontein, Boksburg, "when he addressed a meeting of miners and residents of the East Rand," reviewing the proceedings of the Bloemfontein Conference. The speech is reproduced *in extenso* in the Blue-book, entitled "Further Correspondence relating to the Affairs of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony" [Cd, 1895], and may fairly be regarded as a summary of the views which, ever since, the Chamber of Mines has been trying to impress upon the Colony and the Mother Country. Sir George Farrar passed in review the Native Labour Question, compared the present supply of coloured labourers with the present requirements, estimated the requirements five years hence, declared that the importation of Chinese coolies was absolutely necessary, stated the main principles of what was later to become the Labour Importation Ordinance, and endeavoured to persuade the skilled whites that, under the conditions outlined, which included the restriction of coolies to unskilled mining labour alone, and their return within a limited time to their country, such importation could only result, so far as the skilled whites were concerned, in increase of prosperity and increase of numbers. All the arguments that have since been repeated, and most of the figures, are to be found in the Driefontein speech. The very next day, a mass meeting in the Wanderers' Hall pledged itself by 5,000 votes to 2, "to prevent by every means in our power the carrying into effect the proposal for the introduction of Asiatics to work in the mines and other industries of the Transvaal." The Witwatersrand Trades and Labour Council sent the following resolution — "That this meeting of the above Council is in complete accord and sympathy with the meeting called to protest against the threatened invasion of Asiatics in the Colony." The Wanderers' Hall meeting is said to have been "essentially a working-men's one", and it is interesting to learn that the audience "cheered to the echo every argument and every invective against the yellow labourer, and hissed the name of every mine-owner mentioned, including Sir George Farrar, and Sir Percy Fitzpatrick."

The immediate effect of Sir George Farrar's revelations was

hardly encouraging But the mine-owners were the less inclined to abandon the propaganda, as the policy proclaimed in the Driefontein speech had been settled long before "Pigtails certain," is the laconic but instructive message, cabled by a leading Johannesburg firm to their London correspondents, when the Boers finally surrendered There is abundant evidence to show that the labour conditions of the Rand are not appreciably different now from what they were before the war I shall discuss later on two aspects of the labour shortage, which have customarily been confused, and from the facts I shall give, it will be clear that, whether or not the Driefontein policy was really settled before the war, at any rate the economic reasons now urged in its favour would have been equally valid in 1898-99, while the political reasons against it—reasons of the highest imperial significance—are the direct outcome of the responsibility we assumed in adding the Transvaal to the Empire, to govern it, not, as our Continental detractors accused us of intending to do, in the interests of the mining magnates, but in the interests of the large, permanent, agricultural and industrial population of whites, predominantly Anglo-Saxon in sympathies and in origin, which, under free and fair political institutions, would, in the course of time, as we hoped, make the new Colony its home

Lord Milner and Mr Lyttelton have, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, committed two fatal mistakes They have assumed that the Transvaal Labour Question is one which concerns the Colony alone On the other hand, they have assumed that the interests of the Colony are identical with those of the mine-owners It is in vain that protests from all over the Cape, from New Zealand, and from Australia, poured in at the Colonial Office Mr Lyttelton politely explained to the Earl of Ranfurly that "it is the intention of the Government to treat the Transvaal as if it were a self-governing Colony, unless distinct imperial interests are involved" The implication was, that in the matter referred to, no such imperial interests are involved Lord Milner, more bluntly, bids the rest of the Empire mind its own business But is the rest of the Empire, which shared with the Mother Country in the sacrifices of the war, to have no voice in a controversy which, *prima facie*, affects the objects for which the war was fought? Surely the issues are not merely industrial Surely and plainly, they are fraught with the most important social and political consequences The solution of the labour difficulties, under which the Rand mining industry does undoubtedly suffer, concerns not merely the promoters and shareholders of mining companies It concerns the whole Colony, the whole of South Africa

A moment's reflection is enough to realise in what way the debate in the House of Commons on Mr Samuel's amendment to the Address was, so far as any clear statement of policy is concerned, almost as disappointing as Lord Milner's despatches. We were entitled to expect, either from the Colonial Secretary or from the Governor, a broad review of the whole question in its general aspects, an impartial discussion of the present situation not merely as it affects the Colonial Exchequer and the balance-sheets of the mining companies, but in the light of imperial policy. We should have expected a definition of the ideals which govern this policy, of the ends which it is endeavouring to achieve, of the means by which it is hoped to achieve them. We are informed of Lord Milner's decision, the grounds of his decision are left to conjecture. His attitude is throughout that of a doughty partisan, dealing shrewd blows at opponents, in the spirit of a party leader. Antagonists, for him, are rogues when they are not fools. Of the Legislative Council debate on the Draft Ordinance, he tells us that he does not remember a discussion in which all the argument was so plainly on one side, and all the prejudice on the other. Of the unanimous protests from the Cape, he says that they are the artificial product of vote-catching tactics. No one denies that the Chamber of Mines consists of the cleverest men in South Africa, and some of the cleverest men in the world, or that from their point of view the Ordinance is an excellent measure. It is certainly not their economic wisdom that is in doubt, but their political impartiality. From every point of view, they have abundant reason to regard the indentured coolie as more desirable for their purposes than the inconveniently free white. And if all parties in the Cape resort to the same vote-catching tactics, what better proof could we have of the unanimity of public sentiment?

The Colonial Secretary's speech, opposing Mr Samuel's amendment, was not more enlightening than Lord Milner's despatches. He insisted, indeed, that the Government's decision had not been arrived at without careful investigation. He expressed the belief, which everyone shares, that there can be no considerable migration of whites to the Transvaal, except in order to develop the mines, and also the absolutely questionable opinion, repeated by him since without a shred of proof and in the face of very good evidence to the contrary, that Anglo-Saxons cannot be induced to work in the mines as unskilled labourers. Nevertheless, the articles of the official creed, nowhere put together in a consistent and satisfactory shape, can be gleaned from casual remarks both of Lord Milner and of Mr Lyttelton. They can be summarised as follows —

- 1 The gold mines are the backbone of the Transvaal. Their failure entails its insolvency.

2, It is desirable that the white population of the Transvaal should be increased. But unskilled whites are undesirable. Lord Milner says, "We do not want a white proletariat in South Africa."

3 To develop the mines with reasonable speed, more cheap labour is required. White navvies being undesirable or impossible, and the native African supply being almost exhausted, coolie labour remains as the only alternative.

4 Only skilled whites can be admitted to the Colony, and their number can only be increased by increasing the supply of coloured labourers.

No well-informed person in this country will be found to disagree with the first two propositions. The majority would, of course, invert their order—proclaim as the first and the essential principle of our policy that for which we fought the war. The ordinary man, who knows nothing about finance, and cares less about the interests of mining shareholders, one-third of whom are French or German, is keenly alive, thanks to war taxation and to the general disturbance of trade which has followed the artificial boom created by the war, to the fact that £250,000,000 of money and many thousands of British lives were spent in conquering the Transvaal, for the purpose of making it a white man's country, and of providing a field for the employment of England's surplus population. Unless the public receive clear proof that the adoption of the Chamber of Mines policy will not lead to our holding the Transvaal in the interests of a handful of financiers with exotic names, a horde of Mongols, and a mixed mob of peripatetic Scandinavians, Yankees, Italians, and Germans, the cry of South Africa for the British—which the Liberal Party is certain to raise—will prove irresistible, and seal the doom of the Unionist Party as trustee of imperial interests.

Moreover, no solution of the present labour difficulty can be regarded as satisfactory which does not guarantee the political stability of the Transvaal. The Conservatives, who have determined to treat the Transvaal as if it were a self-governing Colony, are bound within a finite time to substitute the real thing for the pale fiction. The Liberals are bound to be more liberal than their opponents, and to effect the substitution within the shortest possible time. It is not doing any injustice to the Boers to assume that they have not forgotten the ambitions momentarily frustrated by the war. Are there any signs among them of any specially enthusiastic loyalty to the Empire? It would surely be foolish to expect the rapid development of any such sentiment. Lord Milner has stated that, in his opinion, the Boers are in favour of Chinese labour. If they are not, they ought, no doubt, for purely

economic reasons, to be Such importation would cheapen Kaffir labour, essential for agricultural purposes But what are the facts? The leaders are either openly hostile, or counsel neutrality The policy of silence is the one they chiefly advocate The *Standard's* Special Correspondent, travelling through outlying farms, reported that Boer opinion was bitterly opposed to Asiatic immigration It is a foolish paradox to suggest that the Dutch members of the Legislative Council, who, one and all, for economic reasons, voted with the majority, are in any sense representative of the large body of Dutch It may be safely assumed that the "progressives" are a negligible element The reasons for the attitude of the Boer irreconcilables are not hard to guess To import Chinese coolies is to exclude white unskilled labour It would require 800,000 coolies to bring up the number of non-Dutch whites ten years hence to the number of Dutch For some years to come, the numerical majority will remain with the Boers But the chances are, as I shall show, that most of the skilled whites will either have to leave South Africa when the reefs are played out, or lose their employment Labour difficulties in the future are bound to play into the hands of the Boers Secretly in favour of Chinese labour, they are, for obvious reasons, ostensibly hostile They retain their numerical majority for a number of years, and look to regaining it a generation or two hence ¹

But it is an obvious axiom that of political stability in the Transvaal there can be none without a permanent preponderance of a settled white population, Anglo-Saxon in origin and in sympathies The official policy offers no guarantee that political stability will be secured How, then, will it be possible to fulfil our pledge of granting self-government to the new Colony?

Such considerations of high policy and of national honour are bound to carry great weight with all thoughtful Liberals and many wavering Unionists But there is a cry which will goad the more instinctive passions of the multitude into a blind fury It is plain that the terms of the Ordinance are not such as the average British workman would care to submit to The word slavery has been bandied about with more freedom than discretion, and a good deal of academic discussion has taken place as to whether that term was applicable or not It is perfectly true that the Chinaman is under no compulsion to subscribe to the terms of the Ordinance, and leave China for the Transvaal, or, at any rate, to be more precise, if any organisation compels him, it will not be one recognised,

(1) I leave these sentences as they were written six weeks before the Boer Congress took place The speeches made on that occasion afford clear proof that the Dutch are well aware of their numerical preponderance, and quite determined to take every advantage of it

sanctioned, or created by British law. It is true—at least, we hope it is true—that the nature of the contract will be fully explained to him, and that he will not be captured by fraud or misrepresentation. Again, it is a happy chance that the self-interest of the importer will secure fair treatment for the labourer, since it would not pay, as Mr Skinner has with exquisite wisdom pointed out in his Report, to treat him badly. A large supply is required, and a constant supply. The first coolies imported will act as useful recruiting agents. News of their condition, their work, and their wages is sure to reach the districts whence they come, sure to attract or repel others. That the strict definition of slavery excludes the notion of contract between the interested parties does not admit of question. But even Mr Brodrick might not be inclined absolutely to deny that John Chinaman's status in the compound will more closely resemble slavery than Mr Thomas Atkins' status in the barracks. And, after all, strict definitions have no influence upon political movements. The fact remains that the Chinaman is expected to give up whatever freedom he ever may have enjoyed, and is to be bartered as a human machine, with interchangeable parts, the units of which can be substituted for one another, and passed on from hand to hand. The Englishman hates slavery, and the faintest suspicion of slavery. The mere thought of a legalised tyranny, which he would never consent to endure, is enough to send revolutionary blood coursing through his extremely conservative veins. He will not allow any such thing in any part of the world where he can make his influence directly felt. The very conditions which have reconciled public opinion in the Transvaal to the introduction of Asiatic unskilled labour are the conditions which the Englishman abominates, and can with difficulty be persuaded to allow. Orthodox Unionists have been among the first to raise a significant protest. "We cannot tolerate any form of slavery, Chinese or other," declared the *Standard*, commenting on a speech in which the Archbishop of Canterbury voiced the scruples of the Church. Academic discussions as to the economic usefulness of slavery in the past, and its possible justification in the present, will do nothing to soothe the humanitarian conscience. The Liberal leaders have not been slow to tax the Government with a recurrence to the principles most utterly abhorrent to every free-born, freedom-loving British citizen. But it is a double-edged weapon they are using, and the House of Commons vote has placed them in a very awkward position. There is, indeed, only one way in which the cry "South Africa for the British," can be harmonised with the cry of "No Slavery," and that is by prohibiting Chinese immigration altogether. If the Chinaman is to be admitted at all, it can be only

under the strictest possible conditions, every precaution must be taken against his competing with the white man, and settling permanently in the country. For if he is allowed to hold land, to engage in trade, to perform any kind of skilled labour, or, indeed, any labour except that which is defined in the terms of his contract, and if the penalties for failing to re-export him to his place of origin are not enforced with the utmost rigour, the experience of Australia, New Zealand, California, and all countries which in the past allowed the Chinese to immigrate without the necessary safeguards, will be repeated in the Transvaal, and the bitterness of their present regret will be ours. We do not in the least object to the Chinaman in China. We would even prefer him in the Transvaal to those aliens who, with none of the virtues of the Semite, possess all the worst defects of the Teuton. But rightly or wrongly, this country, the whole Empire, insists that the Transvaal shall be an Anglo-Saxon country. We cannot have it both ways. The alternative is precise, and admits of no compromise. There is no room for free coolies in a white South Africa. Unfortunately, Mr Lyttelton, yielding to the pressure of religious scruples, has himself attempted the fatal compromise. Not only may the term of indenture be indefinitely renewed under the Ordinance, as amended, but the Chinaman is encouraged to bring his family. The Ordinance provides for the repatriation of the labourer. It says nothing about the wife, and plainly the mine-owners could not undertake so onerous a responsibility. Moreover, the Chinese child born in the Transvaal is a British subject, and there is, and can be, no satisfactory guarantee that such children shall be sent back to China against their will. If we add that, while the Ordinance prevents the indentured coolie engaging in trade, holding land, &c, there is no means of preventing the immigration of Chinamen independently of the Ordinance, save under the terms of the ubiquitous Peace Preservation Ordinance, it will be realised that the danger of Mongolising South Africa is not one to be dismissed with a sceptical pleasantry. Finally, the number of coolies which the mine-owners may import is not in any manner or degree limited, and I shall point out that, owing to the complete impossibility of defining with any precision what is skilled and what unskilled labour, there can be no certainty that the coolie, who now and for ever excludes the unskilled white, will not in time drive out of the field the lower forms of skilled white labour.

Let us now, to gain a clear understanding of the proposed remedy, go into the facts and figures of the Transvaal labour-shortage. They have been variously stated. In fact, the discrepancies between the figures presented by the Majority and the

Minority Reports of the Labour Commission are so startling as to suggest that all alike must be regarded with the greatest suspicion. Thus, while the Majority Report states the present requirements of the farmers as 80,000, the Minority Report, taking General Botha's estimate, will not allow that they amount to more than 55,000. The disagreement in respect of gold mining requirements is even more extreme. The Chamber of Mines, reckoning on the basis of twenty boys per stamp, puts present requirements at 142,473 for the 7,145 stamps now erected, and 30,227 for development work. The Minority Report, reckoning on a basis of eleven boys per stamp, allows 75,000 as the number required for the fully-equipped mines, with 16,000 more for development work. Similar, but rather less considerable, differences of opinion exist with regard to the requirements of coal and other mines, and of railways. The total requirements for all kinds of industrial work are given by the Majority Report as 403,328, with an actual supply of 181,929, leaving a shortage of 221,399, by the Minority Report as 259,950, with an actual supply of 181,929, leaving a shortage of 78,021.

Let us deal with the figures for gold mines alone. At the lowest estimate, there are 470 mining companies in existence for the exploitation of Rand gold properties. Of these, 56 are currently quoted as crushing and making profits at the present time, and from these comes the whole of the Rand gold supply. Practically all the 470 companies were floated before the war, and a very large proportion of them in the years between 1894 and 1897. They represent, taken together, a nominal capital which is rather more than the total expenditure on the Boer War. In 1897, the then State mining-engineer, Mr J. Klimks, stated in his report for the year that 400 companies were either not then working, or never had worked at all. Eighty-two mines were productive, but paid no dividends, 108 were being developed (boring, shaft-sinking, &c.), 28 paid dividends during the year. The total production for 1897 was £11,654,000. The total production for 1903 was £12,146,000. It will be seen that the position in 1903 is much the same as it was in 1897. A very small percentage of the companies actually in existence has ever begun to work. In 1903, the total gold output of the Rand was produced by about nine per cent of the total number of registered companies. Of forty-one currently quoted "deep levels," for instance, with a registered capital of over £20,000,000, twenty-eight have never worked at all, eleven have begun boring operations without yet striking the reef, while six only had advanced operations so far as to pay some sort of a dividend in 1903.

As compared with 1898, of course, the output for 1903 shows less

favourably than as compared with 1897. The total value for 1903 was 80 per cent of the total value for 1898, expressed in ounces, the quantity for 1903 was 66 per cent of the quantity for 1898, while the total profits for 1903 were 70 per cent of the profits for 1898. There has, then, since the war, been a decided set-back. But it is plain the present conditions are shown by the figures given to be very similar to the conditions before the war. It is quite true that the supply of native labour is somewhat less than it was. Before the outbreak of hostilities, there were about 90,000 Kaffirs working on the Rand. It would appear that the maximum number now available is about 74,500. As compared with 1898, there was still, in February, a slight shortage of native labour. But this relative shortage is entirely negligible as compared with the immense and absolute shortage which existed before the war. The supply of unskilled labour has never been sufficient to keep more than 60 mines in full work at the same time. The reason is plain, and is to be found in the highly artificial industrial conditions brought about by the discovery of the gold-bearing reefs, and the parcelling out of the whole of the Rand within a very few years among the financial groups interested. On the moderate basis of 100 stamps per mine, and 20 boys per stamp, it would have required in 1897, 900,000 boys and 100,000 whites to keep all the mines going. The labour was simply not to be had, any more then than it is now. When the mine-owners complain that they are being ruined because their profits for the first complete year after the war are rather smaller than they were for the last complete year before the war, it is surely plain that under cover of the relative labour-shortage, partly due to the war, they are trying to obtain an artificial remedy for the absolute labour-shortage which existed in just the same degree before the war. The confusion between the two aspects of the question would be preposterously inane, if it were not so patently premeditated. The mine-owners had exactly the same reasons for demanding Chinese labour before the war as they have now. An addition of 20,000 to the present number of unskilled labourers would place them in just the same position as they occupied before the war, 10,000 more would suffice to work the stamps added since July, 1899. They use the relative labour-shortage as a political lever. It is the removal of the absolute shortage which concerns them. The device is so obvious that it is hard to understand how Lord Milner can have been so completely hoodwinked as he appears to have been. To force the pace at the Colonial Office, he is for ever quoting labour statistics, he points to the gradual slackening in the monthly rate of increase of the native labour supply, and prophesies that the point of stagnation will soon be reached, if it

has not been reached already. Now, if the question at issue had been the imperial sanction to an importation of a limited number of coolies, say 30,000, as a maximum, to take the place of the natives who "came in" before the war, but have failed to "come in" since, and purely for immediate purposes, all this would have been perfectly relevant. But that was not the point at issue. The Draft Ordinance suggested no limit to the importation of coolies, either as regards number or as regards time. No limit has been insisted upon by Mr Lyttelton. The measure is passed, not merely to supply present requirements on the Rand, but to enable mine-owners to carry out their policy of simultaneous development. Under the circumstances, it was entirely irrelevant to insist on the relative failure of the boys to come in as freely as they did before the war. Lord Milner ought to have made a clear avowal of his ultimate purpose and of his reasons. He ought to have argued that to work all the mines at once, 900,000 unskilled coloured labourers are wanted, and insisted, not on a paltry shortage of 20,000, but on a shortage of 800,000 and more. It is impossible to believe that he, the man on the spot, with every possible opportunity of acquiring a first-hand knowledge of Rand industrial and financial conditions, can have confused the two issues as Mr Lyttelton has obviously confused them. We can only suppose that he preferred to force the Government's consent to an ambiguous measure, ostensibly intended to remove difficulties created by the war, in reality dealing with conditions which, in their essence, have remained identical ever since the pernicious boom in the Kaffir market. There could have been no reasonable objection to alleviating a temporary crisis by means of a make-shift. All parties could have acquiesced in the importation of a limited number of coolies for a limited time.

I have stated that the mine-owners aim at simultaneous development. The fact is well-known. Simultaneous development is obviously a good policy for them. But is it a good policy for the Transvaal? To what extent are the interests of the Rand magnates identical with those of the Transvaal? In the answer to these questions will be found either the condemnation or the justification of a measure sanctioning importation of coolies in unlimited numbers, and for an unlimited time, and so giving the mine-owners an absolutely free hand to pursue whatever policy they think best for themselves.

Sir George Farrar has estimated that within five years, if labour conditions permit, there will be a total of 17,000 stamps on the Rand, requiring some 300,000 unskilled labourers to fill up the total deficiency at that date, and carrying the total number of unskilled labourers employed to about 350,000. If the

Chinese Labour Ordinance proves a success, it is reasonable to anticipate that, the rate of development remaining the same, the number of stamps in full work ten years hence will be carried to 34,000, and that fifteen years hence all the mines that can really be worked will be in full swing. On the basis of twenty coolies and two skilled whites per stamp, we may expect, always following Sir George Farrar, that during the period between 1910 and 1920, employment will be found for an average of something like 800,000 coloured and 80,000 white labourers. Such a prospect, at first sight, holds out magnificent hopes. But gold reefs do not last for ever. The more actively they are worked, the more rapidly they are exhausted. Many of those now paying dividends are very near the end of their tether. The life of a Rand mine is, taking a generous average, about twenty years, and, given opportunities of specially rapid development, certainly very much less. Simultaneous development by means of an unlimited supply of cheap yellow labour means, therefore, the exhaustion of the richer parts of the Rand between twenty-five and thirty-five years from the present time. Of course, it is possible that other reefs may be discovered. No one can say that they will not, no one can say that they will. The history of gold exploration is written in the chapter of accidents. But sane statesmanship cannot rely on sheer luck. The question we have a perfect right to ask Lord Milner and Mr. Lyttelton is this. Do they consider that a rapid exhaustion of the goldfields can permanently benefit the Transvaal? Lord Milner, with his customary intolerance, said to an excellent gentleman, who asked him what the result to the country would be if all the gold was got out in a year. "You have put forward an absurdity, let me put an opposite absurdity. Would it be better for the country that the mines should be made to last for, say, 100,000 years?" But that is beside the point. It is all a matter of degree. Does Lord Milner really believe that in little more than a generation the general economic conditions of the Colony, apart from gold-mining, will have altered so considerably as to permit of the permanent settlement of 80,000 whites as skilled labourers? If he does, he ought to state his reasons. The Chinaman, when no longer required, can always be dumped back into his country of origin. But what about the skilled whites, whose employment on the Rand will automatically cease about thirty-five years hence? It is surely plain that the Milner policy is in danger of leading to far more terrible labour difficulties in the future than exist at present. Is the danger a visionary one? Then let reasonable evidence be produced to show that it is. The actual facts we think we know. The argument appears to be as sound as such an argument can be. We should only be too glad

to learn that there are facts which we have overlooked, and that our argument is imbecile

The guiding principle of our imperial policy admits of no discussion. We have to bring about a considerable influx of whites into the Transvaal, British in interests, and sufficient in number to counterbalance the political influence of the Dutch. It is essential that the immigrant whites should come with the intention of remaining, and of founding families in the Colony. The conditions of their introduction must be such that they will be able to settle permanently. For the present, the Rand alone attracts the immigrant white. His offspring may settle on the veldt. We must look, not one, but three or four generations ahead. Is there any reasonable guarantee that the official policy conforms to the indisputable principles just defined? We have sought such a guarantee in vain. We do not find it in Lord Milner's despatches. We do not find it in Mr Lyttelton's explanations. It is almost certain that the policy of simultaneous development, to which the King has given his sanction, will prevent the permanent settlement of skilled whites in the Transvaal, and the advent of political stability in South Africa. For of two things, one must happen. If the Rand is exhausted between 1930 and 1940, either a large proportion of the skilled whites will have to leave the Colony, and wander off elsewhere in search of a new field of employment, or else they will be obliged to lose caste. Lord Milner objects to a white proletariat now. Is he satisfied with the prospect of a large number of whites reduced with comparative suddenness from affluence to penury a generation or so hence? There is a labour shortage now, there will be a labour plethora then. But if mine development is extended over a minimum of three generations, the whites are more likely to effect a permanent settlement than if the mine-owners are allowed an absolutely free hand. Surely it is plain that, identical up to a certain point, the interests of the Rand and of the Colony are at variance beyond that point. The Rand magnates insist upon simultaneous and rapid development. It is for us to insist that the development shall be gradual and healthy.

There are many other objections to the official policy which I cannot touch upon. I will allude, in a few words, to one more only, because it has generally been overlooked. The chief characters of the proposed Ordinance outlined in the Driefontein speech were two. The Chinaman would be imported to do unskilled work, and unskilled work only, he would be absolutely prevented from competing with the white miner. Moreover, the Chinaman would not be allowed to settle in South Africa. These provisos were essential to the success of the

Chamber of Mines policy Public opinion had to be somehow conciliated, and the only practicable method was to persuade the skilled white that (1) the Chinaman could not harm him economically, (2) that coolies meant increase of employment for whites So far as the opinion of the Rand mechanics can be said to have veered round to Sir George Farrar's side, it is entirely due to the very assurances which people in this country regard with abomination But even under the terms of the Draft Ordinance, it was really quite impossible to guarantee that there would, under no conceivable circumstances, ever be any competition between whites and Asiatics The subsequent proceedings in the Legislative Council have made it more than ever clear that a tenable definition of skilled and of unskilled labour is yet to seek It is true that a schedule of prohibited trades has been drawn up, but it is generally admitted that the only workable definition of unskilled labour is "such labour as the Kaffirs customarily perform" Plainly, to define once and for all what kind of work a Chinaman shall and shall not do, would be to place intolerable restrictions upon a young industry whose technical resources are developing every day In the natural course of events, labour-saving machinery will be substituted for much costly and inefficient hand labour Is the Chinaman to be prohibited from touching a machine of any description? And if he is not, is it not plain that the self-interest of the employers will cause them to use the cheap and intelligent coolie for the lower forms of machine-aided labour? Will not the stress of economic necessity bring about a gradual substitution of coolies for the less efficient white machine-tenders? Sir George Farrar resents such a question as a slur upon the good faith of the mine-owners We impute no motives, good, bad, or indifferent We simply state that mine management is not a question of personal honour, still less has it anything to do with political ideals It is just a question of cutting down useless expenditure Any pledge that might be given now must perforce be as flimsy and as devoid of weight as the acoustic waves set in motion by the pledge-giving voice We do not see how it would be possible to prevent Asiatics competing with whites, if it were to the interest of the mine-managers that such competition should take place And there is every reason to suppose that, as labour-saving appliances develop, it will be to the mine-manager's interest to substitute the cheaper coolie for the lower forms of expensive skilled labour That is one ground for holding that the danger of mongolising South Africa is by no means visionary There is another ground, clearly explained by Mr Copeland in an admirable letter to the *Standard*, which has become famous The Ordinance regu-

lates the terms of indenture of coolies imported for a special purpose. But, apart from that Ordinance, Asiatics are at liberty to migrate to the Transvaal when and how they please, provided they do not fall under the restrictions of the Peace Preservation Ordinance. Free Chinamen will follow in the wake of their indentured fellow-countrymen, as traders, gardeners, and so forth. The importation of indentured coolies provides an incentive to the immigration of other Asiatics—with full liberty to trade, hold land, and engage in all the operations the “labourer” is forbidden to engage in—which would not otherwise have existed. The larger the number of indentured coolies imported, the larger the number of free men who will follow them as the parasite follows the herd.

If it is urged that our fears are purely theoretical, because there is no proof that the Ordinance will be a great or an immediate success, the retort is obvious. Of course, it is possible that only a limited number of coolies may be forthcoming. Of course, again, the development of the mines depends upon many other conditions besides an adequate supply of cheap labour. It depends, in the first place, on the supply of capital. An immense amount of extra capital will be required to bring the bulk of the mines into working order. Most of it may not be obtainable for many years to come. But that is no reason for neglecting the obvious dictates of prudence. If simultaneous and rapid exploitation is really inexpedient, why not take steps to prevent it? If the importation of Asiatics in unlimited numbers, and for an unlimited time, would be fraught with harmful results, why not limit the number and the time? Because certain things which might very possibly happen are not altogether certain to happen, that is no reason for neglecting to provide against an undesirable contingency.

FRANK HALES

THE BOTTOM-ROCK OF THE TIBET QUESTION

I WILL try to be merciful to those who reckon not of ancient history and reckon not of midnight oil. I have in another place provided for specialists a tolerably full account of the Early Tibetans, and my business now is merely to simplify matters for all and sundry.

From the remotest historical times, the policy of the Chinese has been to drive a wedge in between the Turkish and Tibetan races, and this wedge was, and still is, the high road of Asia, as followed and described by Marco Polo, between what he calls Succur, Campichu, and Erguul. With the dawning of the seventh century, China awoke to a new life. After centuries of struggles with the Tartars, and of dissensions and schisms at home, she at last found herself completely reunited under a strong native dynasty. By the year 630 the menacing Turkish power in the north had been completely broken. Unfortunately for China, the putting forth of her extreme efforts in this direction had given the almost-forgotten "shepherd" Tibetans a new opportunity to grow. It is in the year 623 that the word "Tupo" first appears: not only do we know that this was intended to represent the native sound Tupot, but there is abundant contemporary evidence still extant that the second syllable, *po* (which the Blue-book on Tibet translates as *fan*, "barbarian"), then, and in a measure now, represents the word *Bod*, by which the Lhasa ruling race at least have always designated their land.

In the year 634 the *Btsanpo*, or King, of Tibet, sent a mission to China, and his envoys, having observed that even the defeated Turks and other Tartars rejoiced in Chinese princesses, promptly put in a similar claim for their own master. At first this was haughtily refused, but after a few years of war, the Chinese thought better of it and granted it, and it seems to have been for the worthy reception of this princess that the city of Lhasa was built. She had a very considerable influence in softening the rude manners of the Tibetan Court. The clergy are said to have already possessed great political influence, the habits of the people themselves were then almost exactly what they are now: we can see from the example of modern Russia how little and how slowly the illumination of a small upper class really affects the condition of the masses. Meanwhile, King Lung-tsan, as the Chinese call him (Srong-btsan-sgambo), had made his way through Nepaul to India, had married a Nepaulese princess as well as the Chinese lady, had obtained an alphabet from India, and had developed in a new

direction the Buddhistic tenets which had, in the first instance, only found their way to Tibet through the Indus and Tarim valleys of High Asia. Even China became involved in an Indian war (648), from which she only emerged creditably through the valuable military assistance lent to her by Tibet and Nepaul. In return for these services, the King of Tibet was instructed in the arts of silk-rearing, spirit-distilling, the manufacture of writing materials, and so on. He died in 650, at the age of 82.

These civilities, however, by no means secured peace. In 670 the Tibetans were able, stepping into Turkish shoes, for the first time in their history to extend their influence up to the Pamirs, for a quarter of a century Little Bucharía, including Kashgar, Yarkand, Khoten, Kucha, Lop Nor, and Kokonor, fell into their hands, even in 692, when the Chinese regained possession, the Tibetans attempted to recover the prize by treaty. Nepaul and Magadha (in India) had now become part of the Tibetan Empire. The Chinese princess died in 680, and, as relations with China were friendly for the moment, in 710 the Emperor gave his own beloved daughter to the fourth King of Tibet, then a boy of twelve. This is the Princess Kín-ch'êng (pronounced in Japanese *Kon-djō*), of whom Sarat Chandra Das, in his recent work on Tibet, speaks as "Konjo," though he mistakenly applies this name to the earlier of the two Chinese ladies. Tibetan civilisation must now have considerably advanced, for, through the good offices of this second princess, copies of some of the Chinese classics and historical encyclopædias were obtained for the use of the Lhasa Court. Wars, however, went on with wearisome persistence, until at last an unusually solemn treaty of peace was concluded in 783. The original stone pillar upon which the convention is carved still stands outside of the So-khang shrine at Lhasa, and no doubt our "mission" will shortly obtain a rubbing of it.

In 790 the Tibetans captured the old Turkish capital known as Buddha-city, or Pagoda-city, or Khagan-stûpa, corresponding within a few miles to the present Gutchen, north of Turfan, ten years later, we find the Early Siamese, who had not yet left Yun Nan for the Menam Valley, engaged in a desperate struggle with Tibet for possession of what Marco Polo calls the "Caindu" region of the Upper Yangtze. The enormous scope of Tibetan influence at this date may be estimated from the fact that Abbaside Arabs and Samarcand levies, fighting on the Tibetan side, were taken prisoners by these Early Siamese. The strong tinge of Mohammedanism which still pervades Yun Nan province really took its germs from this time. In 756 some revolted Turks, and in 763 the Tibetans themselves, had even temporarily occupied the Chinese capital (Si-ngan Fu), and almost continuously after

that desultory Tibetan warfare had gone on with China in the north as well as with "Siam" in the south. At last, in 821 both sides grew heartily sick of this unprofitable strife, and steps were taken to conclude, with every possible religious sanction, a permanent treaty of peace. This important bilingual document, in Chinese and *Bod* (or *fan*, "barbarian," as the Blue-book would have it), still stands unharmed outside the Great Temple of Lhasa, and the last British subject to see it there was Sarat Chandra Das. The officers sent from China to arrange this treaty discovered for the first time the true sources of the Yellow River at Odontula.

From this time until the great invasion of Genghis Khan, Tibetan history, viewed from a Chinese standpoint, is a comparative blank, not that it does not exist, and, indeed, I have prepared, as already stated, a short sketch of it, which will shortly appear in a specialist magazine. But the Tibetans seem to have split up into several rival kingdoms, the rulers brought into contact with China and with the various Tartar powers were not the ecclesiastical oligarchies of Lhasa, and the whole subject is so complicated with uncouth names that it would be hopeless for me to attempt a readable digest of it in this short summary.

Genghis Khan confined his personal operations to the "high road." Certainly when achieving the final conquest of the mixed Tartar-Tibetan Empire of the Upper Yellow River Valley, called Tangut by Marco Polo, he had conceived some notion of subduing Tibet, but it is distinctly recorded that he shrank back before its inaccessibility. His grandson Mangu Khan, however, in 1250-1, gave the order to march upon Tibet, but little was done beyond establishing strong Mongol garrisons at the vital frontier points, from the Candu Valley in the south, to Kokonor, Khoten, &c., in the north. Beyond making arrangements for the export of tea to Tibet in exchange for the import of horses, and beyond establishing courier posts or relays of horses between the various Mongol headquarters on the frontiers and the fifty or sixty native rulers—left to their own devices conditional upon their recognising Mongol suzerainty—nothing much had been done in the way of administering Tibet. But the country was already recognised as the centre of Buddhism. Even before coming to the throne in 1260, Mangu's brother Kublai had fallen under the spell of a learned Sakya Tibetan, named Pagspa, hailing from Kokonor, and then on a visit to Peking. Up to that time the Mongols had made use of the Ouigour-Turkish alphabet (derived from the Syriac), but now Pagspa, under Kublai's direction, arranged a new Mongol alphabet for Imperial use, and by his great tact and ability in general succeeded in acquiring a very predominant position at the court of Cambalu (Peking). A sort of Colonial Office for Tibet

was founded at the metropolis in question, at the head of which was Pagspa. The special function of this office was to govern not only Tibet, but all Tibetans in China, and also the Buddhist hierarchy in China, whether Tibetan or Chinese. Pagspa retired to Tibet in 1274, and was succeeded by his brother, and then onwards by a succession of "Princes of the Precious Law," or "National Instructors." When General Bayen captured the last Manzi Emperor 'Facfur' at Hangchow, as correctly related by Marco Polo, Facfur (meaning, in Persian, "Son of Heaven") was first of all taken to Peking, but was subsequently allowed to go and study Buddhism in Tibet. The spread of a corrupt Buddhism in later Mongol times led to serious abuses in China. In 1280, Kublai sent a scientific mission to Tibet in order to clear up several moot points, left unsettled by the already-mentioned mission of 821, touching the exact sources of the Yellow River.

In 1368 the Mongols were turned "bag and baggage" out of China, and one of the first cares of the new Chinese Emperor—himself an ex-Buddhist priest—was to arrange a suitable *modus vivendi* with Tibet. The account given of the celibate, vegetarian monks, herding together in huge monasteries, as contrasted with the married and meat-eating lay lamas, living beyond the monastery precincts, the statement that there were no cities, no arms, no punishments, and no diseases to speak of, the amusing and cynical avowal that their Head Lamas and priestly prejudices were all a mass of ignorant humbug, but that it would be well to secure peace by humouring the Tibetans to the full of their bent,—all this shows how little this secluded people has changed between the two 700-year periods of their religious existence—500, 1200, 1900. The Emperor said "I wish to carry on the excellent policy inaugurated by Kublai, and to avoid all risk of the frontier wars which caused so much anguish to the T'ang dynasty between 630 and 830." Accordingly, in 1372, the *Btsanpo* and National Instructor Nankaba was encouraged to send envoys to Nanking, and in 1373 he went there in person. The sixty Mongol-appointed officials whose names he took with him were all confirmed by the Emperor in their posts, and Nankaba himself received further honorific titles. In the same way, in 1402, the second effective Emperor welcomed to Peking another divine of the Red Church, named Halima. At all funerals and other solemn functions the sagacious policy of this Ming dynasty was to magnify the external importance of the Tibetan hierarchs who visited Peking, by appropriating to them spectacular and showy State duties of slight political import. Meanwhile, valuable flags and banners studded with pearls were sent by the channel of Imperial eunuchs for the adornment of the chief temples in Tibet, and everything possible

was done to keep in good humour the little-known monks dwelling therein. Throughout the Ming dynasty there was no real trouble with Tibet.

The true point of contact between the old system and the new begins in 1505. In that year a rather foolish Emperor came to the Chinese throne. Hearing that a certain "Living Buddha" in Tibet possessed marvellous supernatural powers, he sent a "strong mission" (*absit omen!*) with valuable presents in order to coax him to Peking. For the first time in history the Chinese mission went by the Yangtze River, Darchendo, Bathang, and the present so-called ambassadorial route. But the Saint would have none of it, he suspected, or his monks suspected, a kidnapping expedition, and the eunuch in charge of the mission barely escaped back to China with his life. At this time no one outside Tibet knew exactly how this "Living Buddha" business had originated, and it was not until 1793 that the Manchu Resident succeeded in finding out its full history. I will therefore say here, by way of anticipation, that a reformer named Blo-bzang Chakpa, born in 1417, who had studied under the Sakya successors of Pagspa, had introduced a sort of purified "Yellow" Church as a rival to the existing Red. He died in 1469, after first suggesting to his two disciples—the Panshen Lama of Teshilumpo and the Dalai Lama of Lhasa in embryo—the ingenious re-embodiment system, under which the soul of a deceased High Priest is "re-discovered" in the body of some suitable baby. This, of course, renders unnecessary the "production" of successors in the natural, but decidedly uncelibate, way. Dge-hdim Grub-pa (pronounced according to the jaw-breaking Tibetan rules Gedundub, or according to the Chinese *Kên-tun-lu-pu*) was the first of the Teshilumpo Saints, or, at any rate, he founded that monastery, and died in 1476. The one whose powers excited the Chinese Emperor's curiosity must have been his successor, Dge-hdim Rgya-mts'o.

But China was not alone in getting "Living Buddha" on the nerves. The Tumed Mongol prince Altan led himself into trouble with the Kalmucks about another Living Buddha in 1579. The Chinese style this last Saint *So-nan Kien-ts'o*, in which it is not difficult to recognise the third Teshilumpo Lama Bsod-nams Rgya-mts'o. However, the visit of this holy man to Altan was a great success, he not only prevailed upon the Kalmucks and Tumeds to live in peace, but he succeeded in re-opening relations with China, who now got to understand something definite about the mysterious "Living Buddhas," and at once gave them sonorous titles far in excess of any other "Saints" in Tibet. As a reward for his pacificatory services, Altan also conferred upon

Bad-nams the title of Vadjra Dalai Lama, and this seems to be the first authentic use of the word *dalai*, though my theocratic knowledge does not quite enable me to reconcile that title with the earlier residence in Teshilumpo instead of Lhasa on this point Mr Rockhill's illuminating services are loudly called for, or possibly the learned Japanese Buddhist, Mr Jyun Takakusu, now in London, might clear matters up

Even before the Manchus obtained full possession of the throne of China, their chieftain, or Khan, as he was then called by the Chinese, thought it good policy to send a mission betimes to the "Khan of Tubot" In 1642 the Dalai's return envoy was well received by the same self-dubbed "Emperor" at Mukden In writing to the Dalai, it is noteworthy that the Manchu ruler addressed him by his Kalmuck-given title of "Vadjra," which seems to show that Manchu knowledge of him was derived, not through China, but by way of Dzungaria and Mongolia In 1652 when the Manchus were seated "unco' right" on the Peking throne, the Dalai proceeded thither in person He rejoiced in the fearful name of Nag-doang Blo-b'ang Rgya-mts'o The only real interest of the Manchus in Tibet consisted in maintaining the regular horse and tea trade, which, as we are now finding out, has gone merrily on to this day, and keeps out our Indian article this latter the truculent monks of the "Three Monasteries" will not have at any price It was also thought desirable to maintain a balance between the Mongol powers in the east and the Kalmucks in the west, both too much inclined to dabble in the vortex of Tibetan affairs The Dalai died in 1682, and an intriguing secular delegate of his, named Sang Rgyas, for sixteen years after that succeeded in concealing the fact from the Emperor, and in ruling the roast himself as 'King of Tubot' It was now that Russia first began to loom ominously forward in connection with Kalmuck affairs In 1707 the usurping "King" was murdered, and China was confronted in Tibet with a dangerous political rival in the shape of Arantan the Kalmuck, who in 1716 seems to have advanced as far as Nagartse Said the Emperor "If the Kalmucks can get to Tibet, I suppose we can?" And he did He sent one of his own sons with an army to escort a re-embodiment of his special choice from Kokonor to Lhasa, and to conquer or take possession of the country Opportunity was taken for the third time to go over the Yellow River sources once more, and to compare notes with the discoveries of 821 and 1280 In 1721 a stone was set up in Lhasa to commemorate the "first, and bloodless conquest of Tibet" Two Residents were appointed, one for East, the other for West Tibet, each with a guard of 1,000 men The far-seeing Emperor, seeing how comfortably he might pull the

political strings by constituting himself a patron of Buddhism, allowed the Urga Saint (Russia's present friend and neighbour the Cheptsundamba) to visit Peking, and he also made arrangements for yet another soul to be re-born at Dolonor—not far from the site of Kublai's "upper capital" of "Xanadu" (Shang-tu)

I have no space to describe the Kalmuck wars, the interregnum under an able but friendly Tibetan named Polonai, the appearance on the scene of Demadjong (Sikkim), Hbrughba (Bhutan), Pcurbu (Nepaul), and the gradual brewing of the future Nepaul war. I notice that Sarat Chandra Das spells the two last words Dugba and Balpo. The old name Nepaul (Ni-p'o-lo) had been totally forgotten in China, and the present word Goorkha (Kwo-r-k'ê) had not yet been introduced. The extraordinarily active and sagacious Emperor K'ien-lung, who came to the throne in 1736, was much too clever for all his uncouth Tartar enemies. Not content with finally crushing the power of the Kalmucks, he resolved to possess himself of Little Bucharra too, since which time (say 1760) Tartar influence has entirely ceased to affect the politics of Tibet. The recent tentative steps of Russia, carried on through the Buriats, the Urga Saint, and possibly the Dalai Lama himself, are nothing more than the thin end of the wedge which K'ien-lung was resolved should *not* be introduced in his time, and which, as he then saw, would inevitably create trouble with Cashmir, Nepaul, Sikkim, and Bhutan. Nothing appears in the Chinese records about Boyle's mission to Teshilumbo in 1774, but the Emperor took the trouble to learn Tibetan himself, in order to be in a position to "control" interpreters, he also began a steady system of working on the Dalai's feelings and nerves through the new Saint at Dolonor, so near and so handy for Peking and Jêho. Things were so extremely quiet in Tibet in 1780 that in that year the Chinese garrison in Tibet was much reduced, and the Panshen Lama even paid a visit to Peking, where he promptly died of small-pox. The Emperor built for him a palace near Jêho, a few days' journey north-east of Peking. In 1870 I visited both this splendid edifice and the just-mentioned monastery of Dolonor. In 1783 the Emperor had occasion to write to the Dalai Blo-bzang Bstan-pai. He settles the question of the order in which this ruler comes very clearly—"You are the eighth re-embodiment of Gedundub, who was Tsongkhapa's successor in the Law." It was in this year that Warren Hastings sent Turner to Tibet, but the Chinese were evidently in ignorance of the event. Three years later they mention, however, that we tried to get letters through from India to the two Lamas. In 1790 and 1791 the Emperor laid down some very drastic rules of administration, the object being to divide and weaken the power of the Tibetan officials, and correspondingly to

unify and enhance that of the two Residents. The lasting result of this hide-and-seek arrangement appears in our recent Blue-book: we have found it impossible to "get at" anybody. The Tibetan criminal code was at the same time reduced to writing, reforms in taxation and official salaries were introduced, forced labour and military service were reorganised, and above all, the "golden urn" system was invented for the production of suitable souls under immediate Chinese inspection. "Put the names of a few good-looking, well-born boys into the pot," said the witty Emperor, "but, mind, I won't have souls found in the bodies of young Mongol princes."

A squabble took place between his brothers over the enormous wealth of the Panshen Lama, who had died in China, moreover, the 64,000 Tibetan troops under the Dalai got no share whatever of the pickings. In these circumstances the younger brother Shemarba, applied for assistance to Nepal. The Goorkhas had now conquered the P'urbu, and in 1792 they invaded Tibet: they were at last driven out by the Chinese, whose victorious troops advanced almost as far as Khatmandu (Yang-pu). After this, 1,000 Chinese and Mongol troops were left in Tibet to stiffen the 3,000 Tibetan levies placed at the special disposition of the Residents, who were now set on a footing of political equality with the Dalai: the consent of all three was made necessary for appointments to the Council of State (Kablon), for the arrangement of the annual budget, and for the annual inspection of the frontier marks (*obo*). The Tibetan Council (Kablon) was strictly forbidden to *write* anything diplomatic "off its own bat." It is this last stipulation that has given us so much trouble in connection with the Gao-gong pastures in North Sikkim, and which, in fact, has had a great deal to do with the present war—or, say, "military mission." The old Emperor abdicated in 1796, and one of the early acts of his successor was to completely cut off Tibetan influence from Kokonor, with a view to reaffirming the ancient policy of keeping Turk and Tibetan quite apart. The Chinese were aware of the British doings in Sikkim in 1801, but the Emperor said, "Don't meddle with them!" Since then Tibet has made very little history, and the urn system has worked well. One Dalai was enthroned in 1825. The last historically recorded Dalai's death was in 1856, but another died in 1874 (to the best of my recollection), and the present incumbent is the thirteenth, that is, he is the fifth since the death of the one addressed by the Emperor as the eighth in 1783, hence the ninth and tenth must have both died young.

The Chinese duly settled the Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, and Tibetan boundary questions after the war of 1792. In 1812, Sikkim's application for certain "farms" (perhaps grazing rights)

in Tibet was refused by China, as also the request for a new delimitation, but it was not until 1817 that we ourselves succeeded in settling similar disputed points between Sikkim and Nepaul. Darjeeling was ceded to us by the Maharaja of Sikkim in 1835, and after our trouble with Sikkim in 1860 the Maharaja of that State undertook to live there instead of under Tibetan influence in Chumbi (Chumbi, it may be explained, is a thinly populated wedge of desolate territory, lying between Sikkim and Bhutan, and commanding the trade approaches to both, besides the trade with India over the Jelep Pass. In 1821 the Chinese Emperor had adjudged it to Tibet, but the Sikkim people were allowed to go there in the summer-time. The Chinese kept up a post of observation at Phari.) Between 1880 and 1885 the Chumbi trade questions with India became acute, but, luckily, all interested parties were induced in the latter year to agree to re-open negotiations. I was in Corea when news came that the so-called "Macaulay mission," from which so much was anticipated, had met with an unexpected hitch. The consular officer from the China staff (like the war correspondents now in Tôkyô) found that instead of marching on gloriously to the front (Lhasa) he was forced to spend his time in Simla hotels and frontier dâk-bungalows playing billiards and poker, whilst diplomacy was preparing his disappointment. The fact was we had just made a surprise march upon Upper Burma and, owing to the bold "bluff" of the Marquess Tsêng, then Chinese Minister in London, who tried to make us believe that Bhâmo was Chinese "by right" we had only escaped by the skin of our teeth the disgrace of sacrificing that important frontier mart to China. In order to smooth down China's ruffled feathers under this rebuff our Minister at Peking had been obliged to "trade off" the Macaulay enterprise in exchange for a tolerably satisfactory position in Burma, the need of which was urgent (July, 1886). The Tibetans took advantage of this to occupy Sikkim, whence we had forcibly to eject them. The "decennial missions with local produce," stipulated for in this Burma Convention, were within an ace of coming off in the winter of 1893, but they also died a painless death at the very last moment, when it was proved that no such "tribute" had really ever been paid by Burma to China, and, I take it, they never will be sent in any form. In 1890, meanwhile, the Sikkim Convention had at last given nominal effect to the stipulations made by Sir Thomas Wade in the Chefoo Convention of 1876, providing for trade between India and Tibet. Sir Thomas Wade's own notion at the time was that we should quietly ignore the Chinese Residents in Tibet, and deal directly with the Dalai Lama. Probably Sir Thomas was unaware of the precise agreement to the contrary, made in 1790-1,

and drastically re-affirmed in 1793-5. Still, it is a pity that no attempt was made, when all parties were in good humour, and anxious for trade after the peace-making of 1890, to ignore the Ambans so far as further trade regulations were concerned, for the Ambans (or Residents) had made a complete mess of the northern Sikkim frontier, and had inadvertently awarded to England (i.e., to Sikkim) sole rights to the grazing pastures of Ghaogong, which (the Tibetans argue) were allotted to Tibet after the Nepal war of 1792, and specially confirmed by implication in 1821. On the other hand, the new "port" of Yatung proved to be utterly useless. In the first place, it was literally a "hole and corner" sort of spot, jammed in tight between the hills, destitute of inhabitants, vegetation, and houses, and in the next place, the Tibetans at once built a wall outside of it, and would not allow any Tibetan traders to pass that wall, either to buy or to sell. Phari was really the last Tibetan town, or neutral town, and the repacking and local trade between Phari and Yatung had from time immemorial been in the hands of the few hundred "Tomo" (a mongrel tribe) of the Chumbi Valley. The situation was ridiculous and impossible. The Ambans justly claimed the sole historical right of dealing with foreigners, with or without the Dalai's cognisance, but they were evidently ignorant of the old Tibetan pasture rights, and, moreover, they possessed no material power wherewith to compel the Tibetans. The Tibetans declined to recognise the Convention, because the Ambans had "given them away" without even consulting them. The Tomos objected to either British or Tibetans disturbing their "ancient lights." The Sikkimese did not want to see the Tibetan graziers ejected from summer pastures in Sikkim, because they themselves possessed counter-grazing rights in Tibet during the winter. The British did not care twopence for Ghaogong, except that, having legally got it, they wanted to keep it as a lever wherewith to force open the Chumbi trade route, and therefore they held the Ambans strictly to their pound of flesh. If they chose to claim the sole right to speak, they must take the consequences of what they had spoken. Lord Elgin, in his mild and patient way, allowed things to remain in this "talkee-talkee" condition for some years, but with the advent, one after the other, of the strong men—Lord Curzon as Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary, Sir Alexander Mackenzie as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir E. Satow as Minister at Peking, and last, but not least, Lord Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief—the Chinese and Tibetans alike were made to "hustle round" a little. In April, 1899, the Chinese Amban was rash enough to hint to our political officer that the Tibetans might appeal to Russia if we pressed for our rights too strictly. Then

it was that the Buriat Mongol Dordji, who (like the emperors, princes, khans, and refugees described above) had been collecting Kalmuck subscriptions and studying Buddhism in Lhasa for twenty-two years, conceived the idea of applying to Russia, who has Kalmuck subjects of her own. What he did and how he did it is all to be found in the Blue-book. He first turned up in Russia in October, 1900, and in June, 1901, again at Odessa as the head of a mission. Every Englishman will be proud of the manly and straightforward attitude taken by Lord Lansdowne in this matter. To a certain extent Russia denies—well, everything. It is not for me, a mere bookworm and “historian,” to hold any political opinions. I may mention, however, that, in addition to the published “treaties” which are apparently declared by Russian diplomacy to be “bogus,” I myself possess another mining treaty between Russia and Tibet, and though, like the rest, it may officially be “bogus,” it is supposed, and is stated, to have emanated from the Chinese Foreign Office itself. It is written in Chinese, of course, and it consists of eight articles. In effect it runs as follows —

No other Power can intervene between Russia and China in this matter, nor can any of these stipulations be modified owing to the interference of other Powers. The Russo-Chinese Bank will defray all the expense of prospecting for mines in Tibet. A royalty of ten per cent shall be paid to China upon all coal and metals extracted. Mining proprietors, whether Chinese or Russian, must not extract in any year to a greater value than 200,000 taels. All recently discovered veins must be clearly marked out and defined, so as to avoid future disputes. All imports of machinery and tools, if they come *via* Russia, shall be free of duty. Unauthorised undertakings, whether by Chinese or Russians, to be severely dealt with. Mines opened by Russians to be reported to the Russian Minister at Peking, for the information of the Chinese Foreign Office, if there be no objection, the Foreign Office will then instruct the *Assistant-Resident* in Tibet to take action accordingly.

The above treaty, which, if genuine, looks like a little private “squeeze-pidgin” between some Russian official and one of the Residents, was signed at Lhasa on the 27th February, 1903, between the Chinese Resident there and the “Russian Minister K’o,” whoever he may be. In view of all these suspicious circumstances, it seems certainly high time that “the consuls shall see no harm happens to the public interest”

E. H. PARKER

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS AND THE LICENSING BILL

EVERY year in Great Britain some 15,000 deaths are directly due to alcoholic excess. Every year some twenty times as many persons succumb to illness which would not have been fatal if they had been abstemious in the use of alcohol.

Every year many more persons suffer ill health, lessen their mental faculties, lower their power for good work, diminish the comforts of their families, enjoy life less themselves, and bring into the world children of less sound mental and moral fibre than they would if they had been abstemious.

The members of every trade which brings them much in touch with the public-house show an abnormally high death-rate from the diseases specially connected with excessive consumption of alcohol. So weak is man that the opportunity breeds the lapse.

I am neither a total abstainer nor a party politician, but as a working medical practitioner, and a student of sociology, I am convinced there is no one question of home policy the statesman-like management of which by our elected representatives will do more for the future prosperity of our nation than this of the liquor traffic.

We cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, but legislation has an educative effect, and can do much.

There are possibilities for good about the Licensing Bill introduced by the Government, but the desirable lines of modification seem largely to have escaped the notice of the Opposition, judging by the partisan spirit of the criticisms on the second reading of the Bill.

How far these modifications are practicable the committee stage must show.

It is unjust to talk of the Bill as a Brewer's Endowment Bill, the main lines of it are quite necessary, and as justly arranged as a non-partisan could expect in a Bill introduced by the leaders of a Party constituted as the Conservative Party is.

We do not expect ideal adherence to principle in every Parliamentary measure, we know that each fresh piece of legislation is but another fragment worked into the patchwork quilt of legality, which, though still and forever incomplete, keeps us fairly warm in our social bed, that party leaders have to consider not only what they would do, but what they can do, i.e., how far their supporters are willing to support them.

The facts which make the Bill necessary are, the general desire

to lessen the number of licensed houses, the humane hesitation of magistrates and public to exercise their strict rights in such a way as to reduce licences where such reduction obviously causes suffering to the licensee out of proportion to the miscalculation of risk which has led him into his position, and, finally, the existing legal inability to reduce the ante 1869 beerhouse licences

The whole trouble of the situation is due to the natural inability of our legislators in 1869 to foresee the present inflation of public-house values, and the present public desire for reduction of licences

The need for legislation is further emphasised by the fact that insurance companies will not insure against risk of loss of licence through no fault of the licence-holder, and by the obvious impracticability of a non-compulsory trade scheme for compensation owing to the natural withholding from it of those licencees whose risks are slight, and without whose co-operation no such scheme could be a financial success

If the Opposition, in the committee stage, will cease from their useless efforts to wreck the Bill, and apply all their energies to so modifying it as to make it more illustrative of the rights of the State with regard to the liquor traffic, and more indicative of the necessary future legislation, they will, even if they fail, do more to educate public opinion as to the necessities of the future than if they continue to obscure the true issue by opposing the Bill tooth and nail in all its details with mere partisan folly

Much as one may regret it, one cannot deny that some magistrates are biased in favour of the brewers, others in favour of teetotal fads. They may be few, but there are some, and that is justification enough for enlarging the licensing body. The larger the board the less likely are extremists to prevail. Justice between the trade and public rights will be best obtained by the removal of the administration of all law concerning the liquor traffic, as far as possible, from the influence of local acrimony and bias, whose representatives, however, should have the power of making themselves heard by the administrative authority. This is provided for in the Bill by the report of the local magistrates to Quarter Sessions, and their attendance, or that of some of them, thereat. One cannot think that the objections of thinking Liberals to this part of the Bill is anything but an attempt to involve the Government in a complication with regard to the administrative areas. And the attempt is so evidently futile

With a general election not very far off, surely it would be better policy for the Opposition not to irritate the non-partisan public by such tactics, but to concentrate their efforts in committee stage, on the really weak parts of the Bill, to emphasise the com-

passionate nature of the so-called compensation, to fight for the principle that the compassionate allowance should bear some relation to the real sufferings entailed through licencees' miscalculation of risks, and to produce some scheme making the time-limit question effectively arguable instead of, as it now is, demonstrably useless

Minor points on which, perhaps, the Bill might be modified with advantage are the question of county boroughs, and the power of magistrates at Quarter Sessions to delegate their licensing powers to a committee

The clause empowering magistrates to receive and add to the Compensation Fund the monopoly value of new licences should perhaps be made compulsory

For educative purposes an attempt should not fail to be made, even although foredoomed to failure, to so amend the Bill as to give a prospect not only of stopping the increase, but of diminishing the present number of tied houses

Before expounding my beliefs as to future legislation on the drink traffic, I will briefly suggest the necessity for such legislation

The adult British public may be thus classified —

1 Habitual inebriates —Neurotic persons of unstable brain, with a diseased craving for stimulation, which is accentuated by indulgence They mostly die or become insane within ten years of the establishment of the habit Probably more women than men A very small quantity often suffices to inebriate

2 Recurrent inebriates —Early stage or less degree of the same type The brain instability being less marked, the craving is periodical instead of constant If not cured, these frequently become habitual inebriates

3 Habitual drunkards —Persons not of neurotic type, and with no definite diseased craving, but who, lacking self-control, habitually get intoxicated through their sensuous enjoyment of the early stages of the process, and their inability to stay there Unless cured, they usually die before fifty

4 Recurrent drunkards —Same type as Class 3, but with more sense of duty, and less frequent outbreaks Unless cured or killed, they usually merge into Class 3

Members of Classes 1 and 2, in their sober intervals, are melancholic, depressed, and depressing persons, they are mostly secret drinkers Members of Classes 2 and 3 are sanguine, hopeful, and good company when sober Of course, there are links between the types, making it sometimes difficult to classify the individual, but usually the type is notable

5 Heavy drinkers —Persons who take frequent nips through-

out the day, but though constantly muddled, rarely, if ever, get definitely intoxicated. They usually die before fifty, or become dyspeptic and nervous total abstainers. A few attain average longevity.

6 Immoderate drinkers —Those who regularly take alcoholic liquids with meals, and, say, three times a day, between meals.

7 Moderate drinkers —Those who habitually take alcohol either with meals, or, say, three times a day, between meals.

Nearly all members of the first five classes, many members of the sixth class, and some, the less resistant, members of the seventh class, shorten their lives, lessen their brain capacity, decrease their utility to the State, and to their families, and are likely to produce offspring who will be less capable, less healthy, less happy, and less useful units in the nation than they might have been.

8 The abstemious —Those who never take alcohol except either, say, twice a day, at meals, or, say twice a day, between meals, and who frequently do not touch it in any form for periods of a fortnight or so.

Nearly all these, and probably most of Class 7, are more benefited than injured by their use of alcohol, when what they take is of good quality, but we must not forget that a great deal of the liquor, especially spirits—and not only the cheapest, now on the market—is wholly and solely injurious even in the smallest quantities, and, unfortunately, the analysts are not always able to tell with certainty which samples are thus injurious, so that the idea contained in the sweetly reasonable argument of the man in the street, that bad liquor should not be allowed on sale is not yet possible of realisation.

9 Total abstainers —Some from choice, some from necessity, a group with high ideals, but too often willing to attempt unwise and tyrannical compulsion on those who differ from them, judging from the legislative proposals they have hitherto evolved, they are probably, on the average, not quite such useful members of the State as those of Classes 7 and 8.

In considering how to lessen the alcoholic damage to the future British race, we need to have some clear ideal and some definite principles guiding us towards it.

My ideal is a nation whose alcoholic consumption shall not, on the whole, be detrimental to the interests of the State, and this, I believe to be a quite practicable ideal, whereas a nation composed entirely of abstemious units is not to be expected, at least, not within measurable time distance.

This means either an extremely sober nation or a nation which gains through the liquor traffic more than it loses.

Of Western nations, Britain, though still falling far short of it, most nearly approaches this ideal, but less because it is more sober than because it has so managed its liquor trade as to get proportionately a greater revenue from it than other nations. Yet, for the future of our race, this is far less desirable than greater sobriety for reasons concerning heredity, brain-power, and the greater fertility of the less abstemious.

I believe the only principles of procedure which will bring us as a nation nearer to this ideal are —

I Education and persuasion — With more care than is often shown not to overstep the bounds of truth and reason in our preaching against the evils of alcohol, which are manifest enough to need none of that imaginary garnishing in which the temperance orator too often indulges, and which defeats its object by raising the natural spirit of opposition.

The little educative plant foreshadowed in the memorial recently addressed to the educational authorities by the medical profession, urging elementary school teaching as to the effects and dangers of alcohol, unless used in strictest moderation, will, it may be hoped, bear fruit in due season.

II State compulsion on the individual to restrain him from such alcoholic indulgence, whether publicly or privately, as demonstrably does harm to himself or others.

This is a natural sequence to the recent Habitual Drunkards' Act.

Whether we regard inebriety as entirely or partially a disease there is justification, both on evidence and on principle, for an Act empowering magistrates, when satisfied, by doctors' certificates and inquiry from relations, &c., that any person is habitually or recurrently intoxicated, whether in public or in private, to order and enforce his removal to a suitable retreat or place where he will be under supervision for from six to twelve months.

I believe public opinion is ripe for this, and statistics suggest that of cases taken in hand early, we may anticipate cure in some 80 per cent.

Not to act too hastily, it might be well, at first, to require the consent of some responsible relative or friend, to give the magistrates power of a preliminary mere warning in cases they deemed suitable, and to empower them, in the less confirmed instances, to allow the accused to continue his usual occupation, but under supervision out of working hours.

This would deal with the first four classes above, and in time might be extended to include the fifth class.

Will the temperance societies turn their legislative energies in this direction?

But for every person who gets intoxicated there are many who

rarely do so, but who habitually consume more alcohol than is good for themselves or their families, and who are, if recent theories of heredity prove sound, a danger to the State through the risks of degeneracy in their offspring

These we cannot deal with directly by State compulsion, and the only method of lessening their numbers, except by education and persuasion, is by—

III Making excessive indulgence as difficult for the individual as we can

The question at once arises, Can this be helped by any legislative procedure? Many people think that the reduction of licences will have a great effect. I very much doubt this result, unless the method of reduction is more carefully considered than it usually has been

The practice is to take a map of a district with the public-houses marked, to note where they are crowded, and refuse renewal of licence to some out of the crowd. But if a man wants to drink, and one public-house is handy, he can get as much there as he can carry, if there are ten houses close to he can do no more

To lessen drinking by reduction of public houses, those congregated together should be left alone, and the outlying, separated houses of the district judiciously selected for closure, discretion being used to avoid hardship to the temperate traveller

Thus the points of temptation will be more scattered, and the man who wishes to avoid temptation will have more excuse for it

Specially good results are likely to ensue from the closure of public-houses on the outskirts of small towns

The only exception to this rule should be some specially drunken ward in the district, where it is feasible to close a great number of closely-packed houses, as in the area of Birmingham, where 54 out of 115 licences were refused renewal with a subsequent drop of 30 per cent in the convictions for drunkenness. I purposely say subsequent, as the consequence is not so certain, even in this case, probably the fact of the vigorous closure was accompanied by increased energies of temperance persuasion in the area, probably some drinkers moved into, to their view, more favoured areas, probably some got drunk at home when the "pub" was less handy, possibly the police, in a wholesome anxiety for the success of the experiment, were less stringent in charging those who walked with the feet of insobriety, and perhaps the latter were more careful not to give cause of offence to the police. I speak without special knowledge of the particular case, but human nature is much the same in Birmingham as elsewhere. Remember, too, it is not those who get drunk we need to deal with in this connection, but those who, remaining legally sober, damage

the State by vitiating their, and their children's, faculties and future

Is the State morally entitled to recoup itself for this damage out of the proceeds of the retail liquor trade? And is there any method by which this can be done to which public opinion would agree, or which it can be educated to?

It is an accepted principle of government that the State should prevent or control any act of a subject which demonstrably does harm to others without their consent

It may be objected that whatever harm befalls the drinker does so with his consent. But what of the harm to the State, the drinker's family, and others?

But I need not labour this point, as we have long admitted the right of the State to control the liquor traffic in any way calculated to lessen the resulting evils. To this purpose we have limited the places of sale, by granting licences, instead of allowing open competition as we do with harmless commodities

By granting licences we have greatly increased the value of the licensed premises, this monopoly value, or licence value, is a gift by the public, or the State, to the licencees for the cost of the licence is small, out of all proportion to the enhanced value of the property

The only condition of the gift has been that it is an annual gift, the public, through the magistrates, retaining the power to renew or refuse the gift yearly at Brewster Sessions

In view of possibilities of the future it is quite essential for the State to retain this power, which does, however, cause an insecurity of tenure a not to be calculated risk, which the purchasers of licensed houses have so entirely under-estimated that humanity forbids the exercise of the power to refuse renewals in certain cases where such refusal is deemed desirable

The compensation scheme of the Licensing Bill introduced by the Government removes this bar to refusal, and this is a step in the right direction, though it should be clearly understood that as the public-house purchaser has got into his difficulties through his own lack of foresight or miscalculation of chances, the scheme must be regarded as giving a compassionate allowance, and not as one for compensation as of right. The only arguments in favour of this assumed right are that death-duties are charged on the market value of licensed property, and that when such property has been demolished for street improvements, compensation has been granted on the assumption that the licence will run for some thirteen or fourteen years

I cannot agree with the casuistry of Mr Asquith's argument that this is right, and that yet compensation as of right, when

refusing renewal, is wrong. Nor can I agree that past procedure as to death-duties, &c., justifies the theory of compensation as of right. It seems to have been overlooked that this procedure does not prove the justice of its own assumption. If the argument that there is no legal or moral right of permanence in the licence is a good one, and if, as I also contend, the possible future interests of the public make it unwise to create such right, then it is clear that the death-duties on licensed property should have been lowered to avoid pressing unfairly on the publican, and street improvement cases each considered with regard to its own special conditions.

A past legalised injustice to the individual cannot be balanced by a future legal infringement of the public rights.

The necessity for, and the nature of, the compassionate allowance scheme being granted, it follows that the amount of allowance for the refusal to renew a licence should bear some proportion to the compassion due in each case.

The holders of ante-1869 beerhouse licences are rightly, under the Bill, to be given a higher rate of allowance than other licence-holders.

But the ethics of the case demand that this principle shall, if practicable, be extended.

Licence-holders who have bought existing public-house property at the enhanced value which the licence had conferred, are on a different footing from those who obtained a licence for property purchased, or built, at ordinary house rates. The latter have been given the licence-value as a gift, the former have paid heavily for it.

The Bill should enable the magistrates to give a higher rate of allowance to those who have actually sunk wealth in the business than to those whose only loss is one of anticipation—a false anticipation, mark you, due to the under-estimation of the risks of non-renewal which has permeated the trade.

The amount of allowance should also be roughly proportionate to actual loss, which will vary with varying length of past tenure and other conditions.

The energies of the opponents of the Bill have been greatly directed to urging the necessity of a time-limit to the working of the compassionate allowance scheme, and it is not impossible that the Government may have to give way somewhat on this point in the Committee stage.

But no time-limit scheme yet proposed seems to deal adequately with the future situation.

What is to happen when the time-limit expires? Are we to return to present conditions, as Mr A J Balfour took his opponents to mean, with the inevitable result, as he pointed out,

that all existing difficulties would then shortly recur? Are we, as extremists advocate, at the expiry of the time-limit, to refuse renewal of all licences except to such holders as consent to pay to the State the monopoly value which the State has given them? Would such procedure further the cause of national sobriety, which is of more importance than to recoup the State for the damage due to insobriety? I do not think it would, nor do I think the nation's sense of fairness would permit this exaction of the return of the uttermost farthing of the State's past gift to licencees.

Is there no advantageous and practicable middle way for which public opinion is ripe?

As the Bill stands, with its compassionate allowance scheme running in perpetuity, what is to happen when licences have been reduced to what the magistrates decide is the desirable minimum for the area under their jurisdiction? Is their compensation fund then to go on accumulating with no object? Is it to lie waiting for possible reductions of the future, or are we at this point to have fresh legislation? But this state of minimum reduction will by no means be attained at the same time in the various areas, so what form could such legislation take?

If it is replied that the capital necessary for compensation will be borrowed, and contributions to the fund cease when the debt is paid, the objection remains that if at any time thereafter a new licence is granted, owing to a local growth of population in the area, there will be no compensation fund into which the magistrate can put the licence value which they may demand, under the Bill, from the applicant for a new licence.

The clause which gives the magistrates this power, should give pause to those Tory partisans who write of the licence value as "the private property of the licencee." By what sacrifice has he obtained it? Where is his title to the property? If he is the original holder, the licence value was given to him for one year, on the clear condition of annual reconsideration. If he bought the property at market value, he paid for what the seller had no power to transfer, except for the remainder of the year of sale.

But although, theoretically, the State might be justified in taking back the monopoly value it has given to existing licencees, yet public opinion is certainly against any such procedure without some compensatory allowance for the capital invested, or for the destruction of the hopes which licencees have built up on the State's previous treatment of them. But now that the position is clear, why should the State make these valuable presents to future licence-gainers?

Here I will mention a point which has apparently been overlooked by many. The Licensing Bill does lessen, *but does not*

altogether annihilate, the difficulty of estimating the risks which the licence-holder runs

When the Bill has passed, and has effected some reduction in the number of public-houses, there is no doubt that the market value of the surviving houses will increase

But the amount of the compassionate allowance is to be estimated on the value of the licence now at the time the Bill is passed

Consequently, if, say, in ten years, a man buys a public-house at market value, and shortly afterwards his licence is taken away, the amount of allowance he receives will in some cases be very much less than he has spent. Here is a difficulty similar in kind to, though less in degree than, that which the Bill is brought in to meet

Is there any method of getting over this difficulty and those of the time-limit question without unduly harming licence-holders, with pecuniary advantage to the State and with a probability of increasing the nation's sobriety?

Can we at the same time destroy the evil of tied-houses with all its dire possibilities of future increased perniciousness of alcoholic liquor?

An alternative which would simplify the financial estimates would be to fix permanently not only compensation value, but also all sale value of licensed premises, whether by public or private treaty, leaving the surviving publican the profits of his business only, and depriving him of the enhanced value which might otherwise accrue to his property through the State interference with other licences. This would remove the risks the licensee cannot estimate, and, compensation being a compassionate allowance, would be justifiable. But apart from the impossibility of enforcing it, there are many objections to such procedure, not the least being that it is against all our theories of trade competition.

Nor would any scheme of Local Option meet these difficulties, besides having the grave objections that it has almost invariably failed in urban districts, and that it involves a species of tyranny very repugnant to the British temperament. The evils of the liquor traffic constitute a national question, and should be dealt with on national lines, and the sooner temperance advocates recognise this the sooner they are likely to attain the ends they desire.

The solution which seems the most promising is an amendment of the proposed Bill, or, if that is impossible, the introduction later of a further Bill, to give the licensing authorities the power, not only to refuse renewal of any licence on granting compassionate allowance corresponding to suffering entailed, but also to transfer any licence, with similar allowance to present holder, to bodies

or Trusts appointed under Parliamentary authority, and under some such restrictions as the following —

1 Such Trusts to have no connection with the licensing authorities

2 Such Trusts to have no connection with municipal authorities

3 Such Trusts to retain only a fixed rate of interest on outlay, all further profit going to the State, to be used for State purposes, or to be partly returned to municipal areas in ratio to population

4 Public-house managers to be picked men, well paid, and either abstemious or total abstainers

This scheme could be so worked as to make licensed premises themselves centres for education of their patrons in sobriety in general. The tied-house evil would also be gradually eradicated, and the revenue lost by increasing sobriety to some extent regained from the retail trade.

The compensation to the present holder on transference of his licence to the Trust could be paid partly from the compensation fund, partly by the Trust. The justification for this procedure is to be found in the clause of the proposed Licensing Bill, which empowers the magistrates at Quarter Sessions, on granting a new licence, to demand from the applicant the monopoly value of such licence for purposes of the compensation fund.

To those who object that this scheme would compel licence-holders to provide a fund with which the public is to buy them out, I would point out that it is only taking back from them a part of the gift which the State placed in their charge when granting the licence, that circumstances demand some such measure, and that I have no desire to suggest harder pressure on the licencees than the necessities of the national welfare compel.

That licence-holders whose licence was so transferred would feel aggrieved is only natural, but no legislative progress can be made without somebody's interests suffering, and our statesmen ought to be actuated solely by reasons as to what is for the future best of the nation.

Here is an opportunity for those who would think imperially. Is public opinion ripe for the adoption of such a measure?

Judging by the futile, inadequate, and almost purely partisan criticisms during the discussion in the House on the second reading of the Licensing Bill, one fears not. But if not now, later

TOM GODFREY

A QUESTION OF WOMEN

"Je me rappelai heureusement une maxime de feu mon grand pere, qui avait coutume de dire que tout est permis aux dames, et que tout ce qui vient d'elles est grace et faveur"

M SIVISTRE BONNARD

A LITTLE while ago there was a case reported in the newspapers in which the author of a book about women prosecuted a critic thereof. The extracts from it given in the papers did not encourage me (if I may say it without a legal risk) to read the book in question, and I am, therefore, ignorant if it contained any reasoned considerations of women's position in contemporary society, or if (as the extracts suggested) it was a merely violent denunciation. To attack a whole sex, save perhaps in an epigram or so, is an obviously foolish proceeding, impossible to any one who has the slightest interest in social history and problems. On the other hand, the smug gallantries which are still employed by a certain sort of writers when they speak of women generally, are also irrelevant to the facts of modern life. I have quoted, however, a general compliment, too naive and kindly to offend the most determined woman, at the head of this essay, to indicate that my own mental attitude to women is all that there is of the most deferential, chivalrous, and even romantic. I indicate this fact because the task I have set myself might suggest to a thoughtless reader an idea that I have some vulgar and stupid wish to say disagreeable things. We have all heard a good deal about the unsatisfied aspirations of women and the unfair limitations imposed upon them. But I have come across, also, a good deal of floating discontent on the part of men, from their own point of view, with the condition of women, and the case I have referred to has suggested to me that I might attempt to give some rational account of this discontent, to investigate its causes, to estimate its worth, and to set forth the probable solution of the matter in the progress of contemporary civilisation. It is clearly convenient, therefore, that I should be able to disclaim any personal reason for showing this discontent, that I should be able to examine it as an impartial philosopher. The discontent means, of course, that, in the opinion of the discontented, women are given unfair advantages in life. Personally, I do not suffer by them, as a philosopher, then, I can examine and explain them impartially, as a man I can make an old-fashioned bow and assure society that it has my permission to

give as many unfair advantages to women (at the expense of other men) as it chooses

It has been alleged—if publicly, I know not, frequently to me in private—that over large sections of the community women have an illogical combination of chances. That on the one hand they claim and are acquiring equal opportunities with men in the work-a-day world, and on the other claim and are given the right to be supported in idleness, in mere pleasure-seeking or the exercise of intellectual or artistic tastes, by the work of men. So that large numbers of men are at this disadvantage, that they have to work both for their own subsistence and that of an idle person, or idle persons, as well, and are at the same time exposed to the competition of women who have the spring-board of private security at the expense of other men's work. Sometimes I have heard a complaint of a simpler nature, namely, that it is unfair to many a man that he should have to work so hard that neither time nor energy is left him for the intellectual or æsthetic life while he supports in comfortable idleness, or in the pursuit of agreeable studies, a woman who contributes practically nothing to the domestic economy. The former complaint is sometimes reasonable for an individual case, but logically pushed is inconsistent with itself. The latter complaint is heard less frequently, because it offends traditional sentiment and appears unmanly, but the basis for it in life occurs more often. It is the former, more complicated position which has given point to the whole matter, and the man who makes the simpler complaint finds courage—if he does and if you call it courage—to do so because of this female competition, though it may not affect himself. But there are two causes at work, the movement towards the economic independence of women, and the abolition, due to modern improvements and facilities of material life, of the domestic work which was once performed by them and was economically the counterpart of the outside work done by the men. It is in this cause that the genuine basis of complaint lies, and the remedy for the grievance (if grievance there be) is precisely in the economic independence of women which at present stimulates the complaint. These are elementary considerations, no doubt, and are very far from being novel. I mention them to show the point of view from which I propose to discuss the men's disadvantages. A more profitable discussion, it is probable, would begin much deeper, in that still obscure division of biology or physiology which is barbarously called sexualogy, but had I the necessary science this is not the place for such an incursion. I confine myself to some incidents which attend the present stages of our social progress, believing that even a superficial observation of them may not be without its

suggestions And since the matter is first of all economical, it may be useful to make our divisions according to the uppermost fact in modern life—income

There can be no fair grievance of the sort which forms my subject among the "idle rich" A rich and idle man may think he supports his wife, but, economically, the community supports them both Moreover, the objects for which a community supports rich and idle people—the benefit and delight derived by it from their encouragement of art and science, the excellence of their morals and the charm of their manners—are served even better by the women than the men Nor can the very rich man who makes his riches complain If, unhappily, his wife is a mere luxury or ornament in his life, it is one he can well afford It is when you come to the moderately rich man of commerce or a profession—let us say with two or three thousand pounds a year—that a case for a grievance here and there, very exceptional, may be set up Let me observe that in this, as in all other divisions, I have nothing to do with the ordinary cases of life, the cases in which every one concerned is content, when the man thinks it a privilege to do his utmost for the comfort of his wife, and she makes him a thousandfold return, and so forth I am concerned only with the discontented men, the exceptions Very well In this condition of life the sumptuary customs of England may make it natural that a woman should insist on her husband working to the utmost limit of his powers to provide her with this, that, and the other, and the husband may be unable to resist the pressure of his wife, her family, their friends, and traditions In the result, you have a man working beyond the possibility of enjoying the intellect, the art, or even the sports of his day And the woman? The management of her house and the care of her children take up all her time? But do they, in modern conditions? They may, no doubt, and perhaps they should The care of children may fitly occupy the whole of a woman's time But, as a rule, in such a household as I indicate, the succession of nurses and nursery-governesses, and afterwards of schools or tutors, relieves the mother of all educative work, and the children themselves being occupied with their games and lessons, it is likely that the time devoted to them by the mother, by reason of simple affection, will not exceed an hour or so a day It is possible that there are no children, when there are, we all observe that the families of the well-to-do are, on the average, smaller than they were wont to be As to the management of the house, where all the manual work is done by others, and everything, except for the cooking of food, is bought ready-made, it is neither necessary nor desirable that the supervision should be a lengthy

task—want of intelligence and method would be implied. At least, we all know women whose houses are perfectly ordered and comfortable, and who can spare many hours a day for extra-domestic concerns. We have, then—in these few cases of grievances—an over-worked man, and a woman with most of her time free for pleasure or “self-improvement.” In either case the man may complain with a show of fairness that he is at a disadvantage, he also may have a taste for pleasure, or he also may wish to improve his mind and artistic perceptions. It may happen that he, at the start of equal gifts and attainments with his wife, may fall so far behind her for want of opportunity that his society becomes uninteresting to her. Another man’s society may be more agreeable. Perhaps the other man is “my ancient friend, Don Juan.” And all the while the husband works for an unreasonable number of hours a day and pays for everything. I confess that when he complains I am touched. You see, when the average woman, even at this level of life, was more or less of a household drudge and his confessed inferior, he had some return, in vanity, if in nothing else. But now that out of his own dull exertions in her behalf she makes herself his superior in many ways (possibly even at golf!), and at least claims an equality all round, his case may move a compassionate heart.

The grievances—or the basis for grievances—grow in number as we gradually reach a lower income, since there is even less of the domestic supervision and the social activities which are partially for the man’s advantage also. I cannot be minutely accurate in figures, but I am now contemplating a division of society where, roughly to put it, marriage is not indulged in without an income of from five hundred to a thousand pounds a year. (Happily, English society is not rigidly divided by income, but my subject compels me to keep to it: the reader will imagine all the qualifications.) Here, by the way, as in the other division, there mingles in the society a number of men too poor to marry, and I am reminded that I have heard complaints from them in regard to the unfair advantages, not of wives, but of female relations. Both sorts may be set forth by an example, as clearly as by general statement, and perhaps less dully. I take some old friends of mine, the Brown family. Colonel Brown had a small private income in addition to his half-pay, and lived in Sussex. He had two sons and two daughters, between the eldest and youngest of whom the difference in age was only five years. I will call them, for convenience, the Browni and Brownæ. The complaint made to me came from Brownus major, and was as follows. He was sent to a public school and a university, so that up to the age of twenty-three his education was more expensive than that of the

Brownæ, but, on the other hand, he got less good from it, since they acquired some knowledge of foreign languages and some artistic accomplishments, while he was taught nothing at all. At twenty-three he was sent into a bank, and his salary of £80 a year was supplemented by a very small allowance from the Colonel, who considered that it was time Brownus major made his own living. He dwelt in small and uncomfortable lodgings, his food had to be of the simplest sort, and sometimes, when he was out of pocket, was hardly sufficient, he had a good deal of anxiety about paying his way, his hours of work were long, he had few friends, and amusements which cost money he could enjoy but seldom. Meanwhile, the Brownæ lived on in Sussex with their parents. They had absolute security, a pleasant table, a comfortable allowance for dress and pocket-money, and no necessity to work. As a matter of fact, they passed their time in a round of simple enjoyments—hockey, golf, lawn tennis, dinners, "small dances," theatricals, the agreeable society of the district. This state of affairs continued for some years, and I confess that at the end of them it did seem as though the sisters had had the best of it. They were brimming with health and life and good spirits, Brownus major looked tired and pale and discontented. I think they rather despised him for having ceased to be their equal in games. Neither was a clever girl, but their wits, not having been confined to rows of figures many hours a day, were brighter and fresher than his. It is, of course, a very tenable position that this was all for the best, even as a type, if the next generation depends mostly on the mothers. As a matter of fact, only one, Brownæ minor, married—a rich man, so that comfort and, if she likes, idleness are secured to her. The Colonel is dead now, and his half-pay terminated. Mrs. Brown and Brownæ major live on the small private income, in a smaller house, but much in the same way, with plenty of amusement and no work for Brownæ major. Brownus major toils on in his bank, and has reached a salary of £140 a year. For three weeks in the year he can share in his sister's pleasures. I glance for a moment at Brownus minor. He was a brighter boy, and gained a place in a public office. To this he gradually added the labour of writing for magazines, and now, by working on an average for ten hours a day, is enabled to support a wife in considerable comfort. Her luncheon parties, at which he, of course, cannot be present, are popular. I have never heard him complain, and have no doubt that he thoroughly enjoys the situation. I mention his case merely because Brownus major, who is rather a crude misogynist, adduces it as another injustice to men. For his own case, however, I think there is something to be said.

We may now pass to a range of life in which it is a question for a wife how much, if any, of the actual housework she shall do. Let us suppose a five-roomed cottage—a kitchen, a parlour, and three other rooms—and a husband making £200 a year, the income of a lucky clerk or of a highly-skilled workman. The housework can be done easily by a wife in average health, and leave her a reasonable leisure. If her husband is a skilled workman it is almost a certainty that she will do it, and if he has any grievance at all it is that in the widespread ignorance of domestic arts in this country the work will probably be ill done. That is hardly the wife's fault, as an individual woman, and I have sometimes thought that it would be well if some of the energy devoted to the teaching of Christian theology to unwilling Orientals could be directed to the salvation of lower middle-class digestions at home. In any case the wife will do less work than of old, since so much that was made at home is now bought ready-made. But shall she keep a servant? As I said, if she is the wife of a skilled artisan, she will not, following the fashion of her class. And here, by the way, is the great advantage in life of the mechanical engineering folk, a comparatively new class among us, who, if successful, make more money than the sum I have mentioned, but have few silly "appearances" to support, and spend their earnings in real pleasures. But if her husband is a clerk she will very likely want a servant, for the sake of appearances. When she makes up for the expense by work of her own he can have no complaint. I know of one instance in which a woman prefers to work all day at ill-paid needlework to doing the simple work of such a *menage*, it seems idiotic to me, but there is no economical grievance for the man. But if he has to work longer hours and deny himself the cheapest pleasures for the sake of a servant? Well, then sentiment and manliness will most often keep him from complaint, but if he does complain, I am inclined to lend him my ear.

In all these cases other than economical causes operate, varying strength of wills, selfishness, uxoriousness, many things. Also, I am far from denying that very often there is a quite opposite grievance: there are the Robinsons as well as the Browns, for example, the Robinson family in which the girls have been systematically sacrificed to the boys, the reasonable chances of life denied them for their brothers' benefit. But, from the economical point of view, it appears that scattered over our society there are cases where women have unfair advantages, and where, if the men are not compensated for these, or rendered blind to them by other considerations, they may have ground for complaint.

When we reach the level in which the housework must be done

by the wife, or female relations, the ground for discontent comes to an end (as it ends at the other extreme in the idle rich), all the more, because here we find most commonly the women earning outside wages as well. At this point, therefore, we may consider the other ground of complaint, female competition. It is, as I have said, inconsistent with the simple complaint, but it gives point to it, because the increasing activity of women outside their homes forces on the discontented man the fact that, though economically he is supporting a dependant, otherwise he is supporting a person who claims equal freedom of will and general independence with himself.

I have suggested that this very female competition, this step towards economic independence of women, is a possible remedy for such grievances as I have mentioned. I do not say it is the only one, or that it is an obviously advisable course. It is beyond the range of my subject to go deeply into that, and it is useless to go into it superficially. I may, however, venture on a few remarks round about it. There is a good deal of feeling against women working at all. While writing these pages I have read an article in a daily paper by Mrs. Craigie, in which she, an exceptionally gifted observer and student of life, and, by the way, herself an indefatigable worker, protests against women doing any work, and urges on fathers their duty to provide dowries for their daughters. Of course, if it is proved to be good for the race that women should be without professional work, not only for a comparatively short time before and after childbirth, but all their lives, there is no more to be said. But what Mrs. Craigie and other objectors really mean (as it seems to me) is not work, but over-work. She speaks of a woman "who does far more than a man for far less pay, goes home to a sloppy meal she is too weary to eat, and a lonely evening too sad to be described." These evils are not due to the mere fact of her working; they are due to an ill-regulated labour-market, and the want of provision for cheap and rational amusement. Partly they are due to the failure of women, so far, to combine as men combine in labour unions. But over-work is bad for men also, most of the men who work in this country work too much, that is to say, too little time and energy are left them for life and education. Suppose a man who works ten hours a day, and a wife whose home duties consume one hour, would it not be well if he could work less and she more? Where is the economic necessity that if she work at all, she must work as hard as he, and for insufficient pay? Is human intelligence really unequal to the problem?

I will not alarm my readers by preaching any crude socialism. Dr. Karl Pearson, whose works fed the socialistic aspirations of

my youth, sees in the desire of women for economic independence an argument for socialism of a very sweeping sort. My view is more practical now, and I find a moderate and cautious exercise of State-control in labour a very practicable ingredient in my general politics. The interference of the State with a crude capitalist system has proceeded far since the days when the successful pupils of the Manchester School were allowed to work children to death, and will proceed further yet. Because a woman may not be able to work for so many hours as a man, or because there are periods when she cannot work at all, is no reason why she cannot work. We have a large number of women among us who either have no domestic duties, or whose domestic duties, which modern facilities have so greatly reduced, are very light. Many of them clamour for chances to work, and my exceptional complaining men, at least, are absurd to resist that clamour. If the Brownæ had had some paying employment, the lot of Brownus major had not been so hard. As for ill effects on men's chances for work from female competition, that, again, is an affair of a rightly regulated labour market, an ideal, perhaps, not perfectly to be attained, but not impossible to approach. I think the only men who need absolutely suffer are the writers of contemporary fiction, which is almost exclusively read by women, since their public would be at less frequent leisure.

I have confined myself in this paper to England. I should have spoken of America if I had more direct knowledge of its social life. Americans with whom I have conversed, however, seem to accept it as an inevitable rule of life that men must work and women must enjoy themselves. That I observe of the well-to-do, the working women in American factories seem to need protection even more than their sisters in England. In any case, I should have confined myself to the "Anglo-Saxon" world. A fanciful thinker might say that the Teutonic race—the Teuton as an element in our origin—as distinct from Latins and Celts, is working out a new attitude to women, a new position for them in civilisation. Another might point to Germany and smile, to be answered that German social civilisation is backward, but on our own road. Who knows? The old attitude to woman as an angel or a "plaything" is so implicit in the romance and colour of our life, that middle-aged men, like the writer, may sigh, contemplating a new horizon, for romance and colour lost. But that is feeble thought. There is no true war between independence and romance. It may even be that the grandfather of M. Silvestre Bonnard, could he live again some hundreds of years hence, might make his remark with no suggestion of irony. For my part, I repeat it with a reverence.

TEMPORARY POWER

It was in the "tuppenny tube" that the idea first came to me I was fling out of the long car as expeditiously as I could, considering that I had to disentangle my feet from the heels of my fellow man, when a stern being in the brass buttons of authority gave me an unnecessary push, remarking briefly, "Hurry up," and before I could wither him with a glance, the red light at the back of the train was winking jocosely at me, so there was nothing left to do but to follow my fellow sufferers, swallow my resentment along with the bad air, and proceed to soar upward

Having recovered my mental balance I began to laugh The awful majesty of temporary power from a protoplasm up! It is indeed a curious fact that the world is not so much governed by its ruling classes as by the lower ones, who exercise their temporary tyranny—in whatever capacity it be—with a colossal arrogance that leaves the arrogance of a higher sphere leagues behind I have seen great ladies, majestic beings in their own drawing-rooms, wait patiently before a counter while the young "sales lady" finished an interesting conversation with a colleague in imitation diamonds I have no doubt myself that in private life the young "sales lady" was not at all proud, but place her behind a counter, and it gives her a moral support that makes her rise superior to the aristocracy and crush the middle classes

I shall never forget the pathetic sight of a distinguished general—one who fought and won a battle in the American Civil War that decided the fortunes of the North—buying a pair of kid gloves from a superior young person in a glove store He waited a long time very patiently while she exchanged a light badinage with an idle youth with a magnificent cane which he sucked

"If you please," the general ventured, seeing the talk was not of business The haughtiness with which she turned on him! "What do you want?"

She leaned on the counter with both hands in that most delightfully engaging and characteristic of shop attitudes No, there was no badinage for the poor general, and as he had no taste and no ideas, she sold him the most dreadful yellow gloves with which he was burdened when we met at the door He showed them to me rather piteously "They don't look right, somehow," he sighed "Why don't you change them?" I urged "Because," the great man whispered, whose courage was famous in the land, "because I'm afraid of her"

Oh, the terrible tyranny of the shop girls, or, rather, as we live in a democratic age and one is as good as the other, the shop young ladies. When one of them waits on me, or, to be quite exact, when I grovel to her, and she is very short and snappish and uninterested, I wonder what can be the kind of superior being to whom she, so to speak, bends the knee? Sometimes I think it must be the shopwalker, a great man, but human, except perhaps at Christmas time, but then I suspect he also may be afraid of her.

When she cries "sign" at the top of her penetrating voice, and I am ignominiously proved to have bought nothing, I realise that I am disgraced, and I can hardly bear the united glances of the young lady's scornful eye, and the milder but still reproachful glance of the shopwalker, who catechises me firmly for reasons why I don't buy, and offers me instead everything under the sun that I don't want. I think if my soul ever presumes to rebel it is when the young lady, not having what I am in search of, kindly advises me as to what I really do want—but even the traditional worm has been known to turn.

There is a delicate difference between the English and the American young sales lady. The American, being the daughter of the free, and distinctly of the independent, and having the chance of being the future wife or mother or mother-in-law of presidents, does not demean herself to be on a sympathetic footing with the public. If the public wishes to buy, she is willing to sell, but is perfectly indifferent. Look wistfully into the American sales lady's perfectly cold eye, if you are a wobbly lady and want some one to make up your mind for you, and you are met by a wall of the bleakest ice, nor does she thaw when you have bought for a large amount. She calls "kish" in a shrill, unmoved voice, which summons a small boy or girl, who bears your money to the counting-house, thereupon she looks indifferently over your head while you wait for the change, and you feel that in spite of everything you have failed to please her.

The result of this admirable attitude of indifference is that America is the paradise of "shoppers," ladies who have no intention whatever of buying, but who do love to see new things. It lies really between you and your conscience how many bales of goods you have unpacked without the remotest idea of purchasing anything. If at the end you make a few disparaging remarks and retire from the scene, the sales lady replaces the goods, perfectly indifferent as to your having bought nothing.

The English shop girl, on the other hand, makes it a personal affront if you do not buy, but there is excuse for her often enough, for in some shops, unfortunately, it is the cruel regulation that if

she misses a certain number of sales she is discharged. Whether it pays to scare the sales lady into terrorising her customers to death I do not know, personally, I avoid such shops, I cannot be lured twice into buying what I don't want because of the frown of the young lady, nor does it even soothe my ruffled feelings when the shop-walker thanks me profusely as he countersigns the bill.

If I kept a shop I should be very particular as to the young sales lady's nose—some are so superior, they just crush the public. England is proof that it is not the eye that is born to command, but the stately Roman nose. It has given the world quite a wrong idea of Englishmen who have gone on their triumphant way in the wake of that majestic feature to the alarm and respect of the rest of the world, when, had it been less aggressive, the world might possibly now fear England less and love her more. Yet, such trivialities make history.

If you have a good conscience, the only wielder of temporary power who appears mighty and yet mild is the policeman. To the bad conscience he represents more the solid terrors of the law than the Lord Chief Justice himself. He is the only creature from whom familiarity never takes away any of his terrors. We once had an old cook who put it in a nutshell: "Happy is he who can look a policeman in the face," she declared. The wisdom of it! After all, is not half the world running away from retributive justice? Think, then, of the blessing of a legalised conscience. To be at peace with the policeman! Think of the rapture of envy a poor, hunted-down burglar must feel as he sees an ordinary citizen pass that awful being in a helmet without a quake.

I take this opportunity of offering to the great and polite one my little tribute of gratitude in the name of all the spinsters, widows, nursemaids, and puppy dogs who cross the street in the security of his outstretched hand, and of all maiden ladies, English and American, who seek his advice and ask him perplexing questions, which he alone can answer, for he is admittedly a combination of the street directory, the dictionary, and the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" up-to-date. I have often wondered if he ever unbends. Does he ever take off his boots and his helmet, or does he sleep in them? Does he ever sit down? It must be a great joy and pride to be his wife, to be, as it were, on such friendly terms with the traffic. I am sure that, if she loves him, she asks him no questions.

Here, I really must digress just enough to say that till women can be policemen, and can stand like magnificent statues in the turmoil of vehicles and direct the tumult with one finger—without a moment's confusion—not until then will I believe that they have

béen chosen by destiny to do man's work Bless the policeman !
May his wages be raised—he deserves it !

The temporary power of a cabman is often concentrated in a moment of intense anguish for his fare when, if a four-wheeler, he rolls off his box, stares at the money dropped into a very dirty paw, makes a speech which ranges from reproach to vituperation, and follows you until a beneficent front door closes on your anguish. He has it in his power to take the bloom from the smartest toilette. I think there is no one in the whole range of civilisation who has such a power to inflict humiliation on one as a cabman ! He has that delicate perception that he knows just when his remarks will cut like a lash. He always grumbles on principle, and you would rather give him your whole fortune than have him make a spectacle of you before those other temporaries, the footmen. As if he didn't know it, and as if he did not always choose the noblest of these as witnesses. You know that you have over-paid him, and so does he, but he follows you with running remarks in the form of a soliloquy which increases in virulence as you flee before him, and which produces that peculiar contortion of face in the well-bred footman in which a grin battles with a countenance of stone.

Those awful footmen ! I do believe that a cabby, in spite of his bad language, is sometimes the prey of softer emotions, I know by observation that he often smokes a pipe, and from the way I have seen his chariot lean up against the pavement of the nearest saloon, and from the way he has come out with a frightfully red face, smacking his lips, I am sure he is not a "bigoted" total abstainer. I even picture him as retired to a mews, and in that peaceful retreat, with the family washing flapping over his head, enjoying respite from timid fares in the bosom of his family.

There is a monumental prejudice against four-wheelers. It is even growing. Once I used to frolic about in them, flitting from one afternoon tea to the other, now when I ask for one it is, if possible, secretly, and always apologetically. Why is it? They cost the same as hansoms, but why are they so plebeian? Even a 'bus is not so low. Servants respect you more even if they know that you get into a 'bus out of their sight than if they witness your downfall into a four-wheeler. Kings have driven in hansoms, and Cabinet Ministers have been tipped out of them, but who ever heard of a King or a Cabinet Minister driving in a "growler"?

Of course, a 'bus is low, but you need not say you came in one, only you must be careful ! The other day, old Lady Toppingham called, and grew quite eloquent on the levelling influences of 'buses, they might do for cooks and tradespeople, she said, but her principles were such that she really couldn't ride in one.

All the time she was clutching a blue punched 'bus ticket on the top of her card-case with her relentless thumb. I agreed with her, and said that I also never could nor would, and no sooner had she gone than I was off to Whiteley's on top of a blue Kensington. Still, it is levelling, and you should always pick off the straws and never cling to the tickets.

However, the most ignoble conveyance is undoubtedly the 'growler.' To go in one to a smart afternoon reception requires courage. I shall never forget my last experience. It was an awful function, and both sides of the street were lined with private carriages, and a double row of footmen graced the *porte cochere*. My four-wheeler was the only one in sight, and it was the forlornest of its kind. It shook like jelly and rattled like artillery. A burly being in sackcloth and dirt (instead of ashes) rolled off the box, and sixteen perfectly-equipped footmen had their features set to a preparatory grin. I placed my pretty shoe on the dirtiest cab step in London, and from my white-gloved hand I dropped a liberal fare into a grimy paw. To the joy of the attendant footmen the owner of the paw said the most appalling things. I stopped the hurricane with another shilling, and flew up the steps and took refuge in extra haughtiness, and overdid it! I was thankful when I was ushered into the drawing-room and cooled off in the icy stare of the other guests—some thirty women and two men.

Nothing betrayed that I was a "growler" lady as I shook the limp hand of my hostess, who favoured me with a speechless smile which she temporarily detached from a superior man in superior garments, such as, to do them justice, Englishmen only know how to wear. He was very perfect, and in one of his blank eyes he wore a glass. I don't know his name, but I shall never forget him. He was evidently one of the lilies of the field who only know of four-wheelers by hearsay. Whether our hostess stopped smiling long enough to murmur an introduction I do not know, but we were so lost among the furniture, as much thrown on each other's society as if we were on a desert island, so that when he uttered, inquiringly, something that sounded like "yum," I said desperately, knowing it could strike no answering chord, "I came in a four-wheeler, it requires a good deal of moral courage." Then I stopped, blushing and embarrassed. How would he express his scorn! I stepped aside to give him a chance to vanish out of my plebeian neighbourhood, but, instead, said this gallant Englishman, bringing his eye-glass to bear on me, "Ow—ow—really? So did I. Never drive in anything else." Yes, there are heroes even in London drawing-rooms.

I wonder if any one ever heard of a footman with wife and

children! Can that cast-iron countenance ever unbend? Does that vacant look hide mighty thoughts, or does it hide nothing? Is a footman himself ever scorned? I do hope he is, for he has made me suffer so much. I have sometimes thought that if I owned a footman I should be too proud to live, and yet on studying the faces of my fellow-men so blessed, I find that they are not proud, but quite modest, and sometimes even shabby.

Yes, I find the owners of footmen mostly less prosperous in appearance than their servants, while the possessor of a butler and footmen *galore* looks quite poor. But I do wonder where footmen go when they are old, I never saw an old footman but once, and that was in a registry office. In that dim sanctuary dotted by desks and ornamented by agitated ladies, he came in.

The awful temporary power of registry office clerks, how they do make one quail! There was about the old footman a fictitious smartness, a youthfulness so out of keeping with his haggard face that it gave me a shock. For once I was sorry that the bitler was bit, and that the stony-hearted clerk behind his desk imparted his wisdom with such brevity and disdain. I shall never forget the insinuating wistfulness with which the old man leaned across the desk, and, gracefully using his well-brushed silk hat as shield, described how bad times were, and that he would be glad to take any place at all, at any wages, all he wanted was a home. He would even go into the country—even in the country! It was too pitiful, and my heart ached for him as I recognised in the shabby smartness of his well-fitting clothes one who had “valetted” in higher spheres. By the way he held his top hat I saw how perfectly he had studied the outside of manners. The cruelty of the beefy clerk was colossal. “We can’t place old footmen, nobody wants ’em.” He spoke like a machine. “But I’ll take your name.” The old man tripped out with a pathetic lightness as if to prove to us all by a sample how active his legs still were. So it seems that even the proudest footman may meet his Nemesis.

I am not so afraid of butlers as I am of footmen. I have never met with an affable footman, but I have known one or two butlers who were quite fatherly. With one, in particular, I always long to shake hands, only I know better. I admire his clothes so much. Never for an instant would any one take them for a gentleman’s evening clothes. The magnificent girth of his ample tail coat shadows the most respectable of black trousers, they pretend to no higher sphere, but are perfect for the state of society in which they move. A rather fine head, like a respectable Roman Emperor’s (if such a personage ever existed), completes an impressive personality. I don’t know what he thinks about me, but when he vouchsafes me something that is a smile and yet isn’t a

smile, I feel gratified I always thought that his ancestors fought for my friends' ancestors in the battle of Agincourt, but, on inquiry, find he has been with them six months The temporary owner of this great man is quite modest

One of the funniest exhibitions of temporary power I once observed in America—in a church Two of us had gone to hear a great American preacher, and we had been invited to sit in the pew of a friend, in a church to which we were strangers We came early, and waited patiently just within the church door to be shown to the seat Only a few stragglers had arrived, and all were waiting humbly for that important functionary—the sexton

Now the American sexton—the verger—is a very mighty man indeed Parsons come and go, but the sexton stays for ever If he is not very tall and dignified in black broadcloth, he is generally fat and fussy in the same He picks out waiting sinners and seats them according to his boundless caprice He knows just the kind of stray sinner who may be ushered into a charitable pew, and he knows the pews that decline to receive stray sinners under any consideration

It is curious what courage it takes to penetrate into a strange pew, it is being a kind of Sabbath burglar Never does a right-minded sexton usher an out-at-elbow sinner into the pew of the rich and great That they are presumably addressing the same Divine Power is no reason This explains the Roman Catholic hold on the people If you are a Roman Catholic, you enter God's house and pray anywhere, but if you are a Protestant, what shy pauper would dare to stray into an expensive pew for a communion with his God?

My American sexton had, in the meantime, bustled down the centre aisle He looked the little crowd over haughtily, and he refused to catch my wistful eye—my companion was getting very tired At last I ventured, "Would you kindly show us to Judge ——'s pew?" "Can't now, I'm busy, my young men will come presently," and he darted off His young men did not come, and I looked vainly about for succour, for the pews were filling up Suddenly the great swing-door at the entrance opened, and in came a tall commanding figure, a man of advanced years, whose name is a household word in the land, the great preacher himself He pulled off his battered slouch hat, and I saw his kind, keen eyes as they rested on the white hair and tired face of my friend "Why are you waiting here, what can I do for you?" he asked

"We are waiting to be shown to Judge ——'s pew," I explained

"I will show you, come with me" This he did, and left us the richer by the kindest smile in the world.

Different countries, different exercise of temporary power The English railway guard is not impressive nor much in evidence The American, on the other hand, is a great man, but he exercises his power genially, and in the intervals of collecting tickets he is approachable He generally takes up his abiding place at the end of one of the "cars," and puts his legs on the seat opposite and talks with a much-flattered chosen one He sees a good deal of the world, not being shut into a cubby-hole like his English brother, and in the course of years of travel along a particular route his popularity becomes so great that it culminates in gifts, and many a popular conductor blazes in the light of a huge diamond "bosom pin," or carries under his arm at night a gorgeous presentation lantern No man is so great but he feels flattered at his notice, and he really is not very proud, considering, and his power is benign

In England his namesake, I mean the 'bus conductor, has often made me feel the blight of his authority I once knew of a misanthrope who took to keeping a lighthouse, if I were a misanthrope I would become a 'bus conductor It must, of course, be awfully irritating, that temporary support he gives to beautiful ladies as they topple off, but it is compensated for, to some extent, by wrenching the arms of the lovely creatures as he hauls them on the footboard of the 'bus before it stops This, I am told, he does out of pure benevolence, so that the poor 'bus horses shall not have to start up the cumbersome machine unnecessarily Still, I do venture to ask if we poor women are not of as much consequence as a 'bus horse?

Last year a benevolent conductor nearly dislocated my arm as he pulled me up, and I ached for two months after I protest against this misplaced tenderness! It is said that an Englishman may ill-treat his wife with more impunity than his dog, but I don't believe it I am not afraid of the conductor unless I get in or out of his 'bus, but the haul he gives me in, which sends me reeling against the other passengers, and the pull he gives me out when I recline for a moment, without any gratitude, against his outstretched arm, makes him unpopular with me

There is an American product which, with the American invasion, has, alas and alas! taken root here, and that is the American hotel clerk, real and imitated He has come with the great caravanserais, and, like the American plumber, he is the target for American wit I have no doubt that it takes a cool and composed personality to "wrestle" with the travelling public, and yet the travelling public is not half so terrible as the cool and composed hotel clerk He has brought insolence to the level of a fine art, and as he is answerable only to a corporation, that means that

he is answerable to no one. He always puts you into a room you don't want, and having no pecuniary interest in the matter, it is to him of no earthly consequence whether you stay or not. Complain to him, and you complain to deaf ears. He apparently has nothing to do but to loiter behind the office counter and improve his finger-nails. Tumultuous rings of various bells leave him unmoved, passionate telephonic appeals he only answers when he chooses. He turns to an agonised public a face like carved wax and eyes like agate, and it recoils. The parting of his back hair is a monument to his industry.

When I call on a guest at a big hotel I deliver up my card with hope, because, as the poet rashly sang, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Then I sit down and wait as near the office as possible, and wistfully watch the elegant leisure of the great man behind the counter. My card has disappeared in the custody of a small boy with a salver, and the chances are that before I see him again he will be a man grown. After having waited half an hour, I venture to intrude on the peace behind the counter, and I am received with a *hauteur* which puts me in my right place at once. The guest being merely a number excites no earthly interest, but the clerk wearily sends another infant in search of the first, and then turns his immaculate back on me, and I am permitted to admire the geometrical line of parting which disappears softly behind his shirt collar. I again subside, and in my indignation I make up my mind to complain to the daily Press. Is thy servant a door-mat that he should be so down-trodden?

Do not preach to me about the ancient tyrannies of kings and emperors, and other estimable folks, about whom history has probably told a good many lies, and to these add the further lie that I am happy because I am free and independent. I am not free and independent, instead, I languish under the tyranny of a hundred thousand tyrants, before whom I grovel and quake. Several of them sleep on my top floor and treat me with much severity. Instead of thousands of tyrants, give me, rather, one tyrant, I can accommodate existence to him, and it is distinctly more interesting and less complicated.

The problem of existence is its multitude of tyrants. Indeed, how delightful life would be if we were not so tyrannised over by the down-trodden!

ANNIE E. LANE

A CHANCE FOR THE POOR MAN'S CHILD

THE Education Act of 1902 requires to be promptly accompanied by two essential concomitants. The former of these is the provision, under public auspices, of appropriate facilities for the Training of Teachers, the latter, the generous development of such a System of National and Local Scholarships and Exhibitions as will enable poor children of promise to avail themselves freely of the opportunities for Higher Education now provided by the community. It is with the latter of these pressing needs that I propose in this paper to deal.

Under the system of Elementary Education in vogue in this country up to the passing of the Act of 1902, the great need for an effective and well-distributed Scholarship system was universally admitted. The Act of 1902 makes that need inconceivably more acute. One of the main purposes of the Act is to "delimit" the various grades of education. Elementary Education is to be organised as one separate department, Higher Education as another separate department. In the past there has been a considerable amount of overlapping, which, whatever its shortcomings may have been, did, at any rate, very materially assist in carrying forward to the region of Higher Education children in the Elementary Schools whose education otherwise would have been confined absolutely to purely primary work. The recent organisation of education into symmetrical and separated grades must necessarily inflict a real injury upon the more promising pupils of the Elementary Schools, unless the system of delimitation is accompanied by a thoroughly generous scheme of Scholarships and Exhibitions.

So far back as 1895, when there existed many facilities for the Higher Education of the children of working classes which have since been rendered illegal by the "Cockerton Judgment" and the Act of 1902, the Royal Commission on Secondary Education made the following comment upon the need for Scholarships and Exhibitions —

As we have not recommended that secondary education shall be provided free of cost to the whole community, we deem it all the more needful that ample provision should be made by every Local Authority for enabling selected children of the poorer parents to climb the educational ladder. Thus, for example, the promising child of an artisan or small tradesman should have the opportunity of proceeding at the age of eleven or twelve from the elementary to the secondary school, and so prolonging his education, the cost of which prolongation might fairly be borne wholly or to a large extent by endowments or other public funds. Again, boys and girls

of exceptional ability, whether belonging to the wage earning class or the poorer families of the middle class, might be enabled by public aid to proceed at the age of sixteen or seventeen from Secondary schools to the universities, or to other places of higher literary, scientific, or technical education. The assistance we here contemplate should be given by means of a carefully graduated system of scholarships (including in that term exhibitions), varying in value, in the age at which they are awarded, and in the class of school or institution at which they are tenable.

In addition to the need for a generous provision of Scholarships and Exhibitions in each locality by the new Education Authority cited under the Act of 1902, there is great need, as it seems to me, of a system of State Scholarships, controlled by the Board of Education and its Inspectors, by the application of which system something might be done to remove the remarkable differences in the supply of Scholarships revealed by an examination of each locality, urban and rural. All the older cities of the country have a number of ancient foundations which, together with the Scholarships founded by the Technical Instruction Committees, secure that the localities in these cases may be said to be fairly well supplied with Scholarships of a kind. On the other hand, most of the county areas and all the newer urban districts are by no means so well supplied. As an example of the diversity which obtains, I submit the following series of statistics, corrected down to 1893, and showing the annual sum of money available for Scholarships. (All Technical Instruction Committee Scholarships are additional, of course.)

ENGLISH COUNTIES	AMOUNT OF MONEY PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION £	ENGLISH COUNTIES	AMOUNT OF MONEY PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION £
Bedford	94 6	Middlesex	11 6
Berkshire	18 2	Norfolk	11 7
Buckingham	8 2	Northampton	18 6
Cambridge	11 5	Northumberland	8 2
Chester	7 6	Nottingham	32 0
Cornwall	4 7	Oxford	50 8
Cumberland	12 9	Rutland	94 7
Derby	17 0	Salop	31 3
Devon	14 9	Somerset	13 6
Dorset	20 0	Stafford	10 6
Durham	8 5	Suffolk	22 9
Essex	16 2	Surrey	7 8
Gloucester	25 8	Sussex	3 4
Hants	9 3	Warwick	29 8
Hereford	47 6	Westmorland	59 0
Herts	20 4	Wiltshire	16 5
Hunts	16 3	Worcester	40 8
Kent	16 3	Yorkshire	16 0
Lancaster	7 4		
Leicester	37 9	Total average	£16 6
Lincoln	32 7		

ENGLISH COUNTY BOROUGHs	AMOUNT OF MONEY PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION £	ENGLISH COUNTY BOROUGHs	AMOUNT OF MONEY PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION £
Reading	25 5	Gainsby	1
Birkenhead		Lincoln	92 6
Chester	35 4	Norwich	40 9
Stockport	6 4	Great Yarmouth	38 5
Derby	9	Northampton	25 2
Devonport		Newcastle	9 4
Exeter	86 5	Nottingham	23 9
Plymouth	31 2	Oxford	4 2
Gateshead	1	Bath	42 7
South Shields		Hanley	
Sunderland	42 1	Walsall	23 6
West Ham	1 1	West Bromwich	
Bristol	89 5	Wolverhampton	15 0
Gloucester	63 2	Ipswich	35 5
Portsmouth	1 2	Croydon	38 6
Southampton	9 0	Brighton	2 3
Canterbury	93 7	Hastings	53 0
Barrow		Birmingham	77 7
Blackburn	4 9	Coventry	8 1
Bolton	5 9	Dudley	4 8
Bootle		Worcester	41 9
Burnley	2 8	Bradford	7 8
Bury	19 3	Hullfax	30 6
Liverpool	6	Huddersfield	4 3
Manchester	16 9	Hull	8 8
Oldham	17 7	Leds	14 1
Preston	5	Middlesbrough	
Rochdale	2 5	Sheffield	4 1
St Helens	11 4	York	38 3
Salford			
Wigan	4 6	Total average	£21 9
Leicester	36 9		

Although these figures are eleven years old they fairly well describe the variety of provision that exists to-day. In order that the existing facts may be ascertained, I am proposing to ask in Parliament for the current facts.

My proposal is, that the Board of Education should have placed at its disposal in the Estimates every year a sum of money to be applied for the creation of Scholarships, Exhibitions, and Bursaries in those localities where, in the nature of things, the local provision falls below the average of the country. But I would not allow such National Scholarships to be so applied as to weaken local effort.

Turning to the problem generally, I would say that Scholarships should be of one or more of the following kinds —

- (I) Some should be open to children being educated in the ordinary "standards" of Public Elementary Schools within the local area,

- (II) Others should be awarded to children who are receiving their education at a Higher Elementary School, or a Secondary School of a less advanced type than the school at which the Scholarships are to be tenable,
- (III) Others, again, might be open to all children attending any schools within the area of the Local Authority, or whose parents reside or are employed within the area

METHOD OF AWARDING SCHOLARSHIPS

At the present time Scholarships are awarded generally as a result of inter-school competitive examinations. The most serious drawbacks attach to this system. In the first place, I most strongly insist, out of my own personal experience in a very poor Elementary School in Bristol, that Scholarships so awarded fall, as a rule, only to those children whose parents can provide special and often, comparatively speaking, expensive "coaching." In the second place, I must point out with equally strong insistence, that the results of a single examination are often most adventitious, the best candidates very frequently coming off very badly indeed. In the place of the competitive system I submit, as being far preferable, *a plan under which there will be attached to each Elementary School a number of Leaving Exhibitions in proportion, say, to the average attendance of the school, assignable by the Managers and Teachers*

It might be fairly put to me that in one school you might have a larger number of abnormally clever children than the proportionate number of "close" Scholarships would meet, and in another—and particularly in a poor school in a poor district—you might not have enough to avail themselves of the Scholarships. I compromise upon that matter by saying that outside these "close" Exhibitions, there might be a small percentage for general inter-school competition. I say this because I am very anxious that no bright child might be lost to the nation, and I say it without prejudice to my objection to the competitive system.

I would like also to add that in any case where Scholarships are awarded after competitive examination, that examination should include as a very important feature *and voce* examination by the Inspector.

Generally, upon this question of the method of awarding Scholarships, I may say that the Royal Commission on Secondary Education in 1895 made the following comments —

It will be found desirable in many places, for the purpose of establishing a proper connection and correlation between schools of different grades, to attach certain of these Scholarships to particular schools as is often done

in the case of existing endowments Where this attachment is made to a public elementary school, we think that the Scholarship should be awarded, either by competitive examinations held at the school, or, where this is considered undesirable on account of the tender age of the children, or for other reasons, upon the joint recommendation of the head master, and of the School Board or school managers, to the scholars whose record of work is best for a series of school years or quarters, or by a combination of the two methods

As regards value, I think Scholarships and Exhibitions may very well be of several different kinds, viz —

- (a) Those which cover the cost only of instruction, with or without travelling expenses,
- (b) Those which cover the necessary cost of board and lodging, as well as of instruction, and
- (c) Those which consist of an annual payment of a fixed amount, either exclusive or inclusive of free boarding

Special judgment and caution will of course be required in awarding those of the two latter classes My own experience shows me that it is very essential that Scholarships should in many cases make provision for the maintenance of its holder as well as for the tuition, the cost of the books, and the travelling expenses of the exhibitor It is also essential that Scholarships should increase in value year by year when held by the same people Maintenance Scholarships, however, as I have said, require to be awarded with great judgment, and the Local Authority would be well advised in applying some test as to the financial circumstances of the parents of the beneficiary Further, a reasonable guarantee should be obtained from the parent of the Scholarship winner that it is proposed to permit him or her to retain the Scholarship during the whole of the period for which it is awarded Speaking generally, a two, three, four, or five year Scholarship held for one year only is perfectly useless

Under date December last, I wrote to the secretaries of the new Education Authorities for a number of the great County Boroughs, asking for information as to the existing provision for carrying Elementary School children on, by means of Scholarships, to places of Higher Instruction I have received a number of replies, which are mainly interesting because of the remarkable variety of provisions they show I take two cases only —

PLYMOUTH —The number of Elementary School children enrolled is 18,822 Open to these are ten Scholarships! Their annual value stands thus —One of £15, one of £12, one of £9, two of £5, five of £3 They are tenable for one, two, or three years, and are awarded after inter-school competition One

Scholarship per 1,882 of the working class children ! How many fine intellects must have been lost to the nation by this paltry provision !

ABERDEEN —In sharp contrast with the case of Plymouth, let us turn to the case of Aberdeen. In that city there are 25,380 Elementary School children. The list of Scholarships open to these children comes out at 155, ranging in value from £5 to £20 a year, and in tenure from one to five years. This represents a Scholarship to each 163 children—as against one Scholarship in Plymouth for every 1,882 children !

(Of course, Scotland generally is much better provided with Scholarships and Bursaries than any other part of the United Kingdom. For instance, in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, there are 62,302 Elementary School children, open to whom are 216 Bursaries, ranging in value from £1 to £20 yearly, for from one to five years. The county of Devon, which has about the same number of Elementary School children, probably has not twenty similar Scholarships !)

PROPOSALS FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE SCHOLARSHIP SYSTEM

I submit the following series of proposals for the extension of the Scholarship system —

1 That each Local Authority under the Education Act, 1902, be respectfully requested to prepare and publish, for gratuitous circulation amongst the older children of the Elementary Schools, a Prospectus of all Scholarships and Exhibitions existing within its area, with full particulars respecting the same.

2 That a sum of money be annually voted in the Education Estimates, for the creation of National Elementary School Scholarships—the same to be under the control of the Board of Education—in order that the number of Local Scholarships may, when necessary, be supplemented.

3 That every public Elementary School should have attached to it a number of Scholarships (based upon its enrolment). These Scholarships to be awarded by the Managers and Teachers.

4 That the remainder of the Scholarships available should be awarded after Competitive Examination, in which *vivâ voce* examination should play an important part.

5 That every Scholarship should be of two parts, educational and maintenance.

6 That a reasonable guarantee should be given by the parents of the Scholarship holder that the child will hold it for the whole period for which it is awarded.

7 That Scholarships should increase in value year by year when held by the same Exhibitioner

8 That it is most desirable that each Local Authority under the Education Act of 1902 should call into conference representatives of the schools concerned when issuing the regulations, syllabuses, examination tests, &c , &c , in connection with all Scholarship schemes

Shortly, this is my scheme for adding to the Act of 1902 what its authors would probably admit is an essential corollary, and I commend it especially to those who have already given such admirable witness of their zeal for educational progress—the members throughout the country of the new Education Authorities To-day many a potential Faraday is washing bottles in the public-house backyard, many a potential Herschel is scaring crows on the country-side, many a potential Watt is crying 'Xtra Speshul!' through the gutters at midnight, and many a potential Arkwright is scavenging the floors of the Lancashire cotton-mill Not alone for themselves but for their time and generation must they be resolutely helped onward—their progress being limited only by the limit which the great God above us has seen fit to put to their capacities

T J MACNAMARA

THEOPHANO
THE CRUSADE OF THE TENTH CENTURY
A ROMANTIC MONOGRAPH

BY
FREDERIC HARRISON

CHAPTER XXIV
LOVE AND FALSEHOOD

By rapid pre-concerted stages, the imperial headquarters was moved on from Dorylæum and the valley of the Sangarius into that of the upper Halys, and soon round the salt lake of Tatta to Cæsarea, where a halt was made. It was practically the military route long before traversed by Alexander, and so many chiefs of old and new Rome, and in part by the Crusaders under Walter, the Penniless, and Godfrey, more than a century afterwards, when their bones whitened the plain. Cæsarea had been refortified and crowded with immense contingents and vast stores as the grand base of the expedition into Syria. There Nicephorus held a series of inspections, musters, and reviews. At many of these, Leo, the student, was present, under the guidance of his friend, Joannes, and he occupied himself with careful notes as to all the nations and tribes which he there saw in arms. The musters of the Charsian, the Armenian, the Cappadocian, and Anatolian themes were there gathered—and with them contingents from the independent Armenians, Georgians, Abasgians, and Iberians. Beside them marched men from Europe, Dalmatian Highlanders, Calabrians, and Beneventan levies, and a strong force sent from the vassal republics of Venice and Amalphi, from the lords of Gaeta, and Naples. Here, too, the Emperor rejoined John Tzimisce and his somewhat exhausted force, which had been for a year engaged with the Saracens on the Syrian frontier, meeting alternate success and reverse. That army was, indeed, so much shaken and reduced by its hard service, that Nicephorus was compelled to leave John at Cæsarea to recruit his men and to organise the reserves that were to follow as required. Against this the ardent John protested in his own furious way, but the Basileus forced him to submit.

From Cæsarea the army prepared to enter an enemy's country, and the Imperial paraphernalia, State tents, baggage and equipment, had been left behind. Nicephorus was now in active campaigning order. All the heights and forts commanding the passes of Mount Taurus had been occupied in strength, and the main army descended into plains through the tremendous defiles of the Cilician Gates. This narrow gorge, cut through the limestone precipices of the range by the

head waters of the Cydnus, was just such a defile as are those which we all know to day in the Alps, having a furious torrent roaring over huge rocks, crowned by jagged pinnacles, and clothed with pines, junipers, and cedars. Through these sombre gorges, amidst the thunder of incessant cataracts and rapids from the melted snows, the whole army poured with ease and safety, for it was summer, and every point commanding the pass was already defended by a fort amply manned and provisioned. The passes once surmounted, the whole army was at last securely concentrated and posted in the broad and teeming valleys of the Cydnus, the Sarus, and the Pyramus. The whole of this rich country fell into the hands of the Romans. Anazarba, Adana, Mopseutia, and twenty strong places, as Leo recounts, were taken by storm. Placing a strong force to invest Tarsus, Nicephorus pressed on to Issus. This captured, the road was open at last to Antioch.

The triumphant march of this army corresponded with its numbers, which Leo seriously placed at the enormous total of four hundred thousand. They ravaged the country far and wide, driving the wretched inhabitants before them into the fortified places, or reducing them by myriads into slavery. Leo, the historian, gives us a terrible picture of the campaign and all its horrors. The followers of the Prophet fought on with courage and obstinacy behind each fortress, they had neither numbers nor equipment able to meet the Romans in the field. Famine, pestilence, and the tremendous engines of the invaders slew the Saracens by thousands. When cities were taken by storm, all soldiers in arms and still resisting were butchered, and the civic population, women and children, were expelled by force sometimes into captivity, sometimes into exile. Nicephorus sternly refused conditional terms of capitulation to a besieged city proposing surrender. "A venomous serpent," said he, "in the winter season, lies torpid—one would think it dead, the warmth of summer returns, and it is alive and as dangerous as ever. These inveterate enemies of Christ and of His people must be crushed once and for ever!" So the work of slaughter and extermination went on till the conquering host had reached the confines of Syria and the Amanus.

This career of sanguinary triumph was now suddenly arrested by a cause, the truth of which was never allowed to be known, and for which both in that day and since many different explanations have been given. It was rumoured through the host that the Emperor had countermanded the advance, and gradually the news spread that he himself was retracing his steps. One night, as Nicephorus had presided at the storming of a fortress on the coast, and had with difficulty made an end to the orgy of pillage and slaughter, an urgent petition was brought to him from an officer of rank, who pressed for a private interview on a matter of life and death to the welfare of the Empire. Nicephorus bade them admit him to his tent. It was Joannes, "the Geometer," who had been left with the reserves at Cæsarea, and had now hastened up to headquarters.

"My gracious Sovereign," said John, "let me speak freely of matters of high treason and your own life I answer for my truth and loyalty with my head, which I place in your hands"

"Speak," said Nicephorus

"John Tzimisces, Sire, whom you ordered to remain at the base to recruit his own army, and to reorganise the reserves, has conceived the most passionate wrath against your order and even against your self," said Joannes

"He broke out upon me with tears, and almost with curses, when I gave him the order," said Nicephorus, "it is the way of our fiery John He will cool down in time"

"Sire, he has not cooled down, he has flamed up more fiercely than ever, he has been tampering with the loyalty of the troops"

"Your proofs," said the Emperor, sternly

"Sire, I have brought you copies of two missives that have been secretly passed round the two new battalions of Armenian levies I was present myself when Tzimisces reviewed them—and I saw him smile with joy and without a word, when the ranks saluted the commander to the cry of 'John our Basileus' I have been through their camps and round their watch fires, and I have heard them say, 'Our John has been betrayed—Nicephorus is jealous of him—Down with Nicephorus—Long live John' "

The Basileus listened in silence, read and re-read the circular appeals "Aye," he said to himself, "it is ever so The new levies go after a new man—and they ever follow a man of their own tribe What is the evidence, my young friend, that John Tzimisces has lent himself to treachery, or has ceased to be my loyal colleague and officer?"

"Only this," said Joannes at last "Some devoted servants of yours, Sire, watched the quarters of Tzimisces, and one night there was found a man near it whom we knew to be an emissary from your imperial retinue We seized, searched, and, as he resisted with weapons, we slew him In a fold of his belt we found this writing We do not understand it, nor do we know whence it comes" He handed a slip of parchment to the Emperor

Nicephorus understood it He knew whence it came He knew what it meant It was in the Armenian tongue It was in a hand-writing that he knew well It ran thus "*From the prison of Drizibon, one who has need of thee, and one who can serve thee, calls thee to come at once, for counsel and for protection*"

Nicephorus was struck dumb with horror and indignation, and hardly maintained his footing or his senses But he concealed his spasm of shame and wrath from his visitor "We will reflect on this Keep absolute silence as to all you know, and all that has passed," said he, slowly With assumed calm he dismissed Joannes for the night

When Nicephorus was alone, he passed some terrible hours of agony and despair, turning over in his mind every catastrophe that threatened the army by a revolt in his rear—and the wickedness of the false wife for whom he had suffered so much—whom even now it racked him to believe so cruel and faithless After hours of a storm of passion

and perplexity, he summoned his confidential secretary—and gave orders for preparations to be made for his own return by forced posts to Cæsarea at daybreak the next day

What had happened was this During the halt at Cæsarea, the Emperor, being his own Commander in Chief and superintending every stage of the expedition, had been incessantly occupied by his duties, and had little communication of any kind with Theophano More than once he had noticed her presence at the inspections and parades held by Tzimisce, and he had been glad to see her take new interest in the army, and even admit to her Court so gallant a soldier and so true a friend as the "Domestic of the Eastern armies" As these visits became more frequent, Nicephorus resolved to carry on the Empress and her sons, and not to leave them as intended at Cæsarea Against this resolution Theophano had vehemently protested, but in vain But her indignation was unbounded when, after penetrating a day's march into the northern defiles of the Taurus, she found that she was to be left in the rocky fortress of Drizibion This was a castle of impregnable strength, perched on a precipitous cliff in the centre of the pass that led to the Cilician Gates A stormy interview had passed between Basileus and Basilissa

"What!" she said "Am I, the Augusta, to be a prisoner in this wild mountain den? Am I to be hidden out of sight, as if it were a convent of nuns? Are my poor children to be shut up in this dreary fort, to pine away in exile, perhaps to be murdered?"

"Madam," said the Basileus, gently, and yet with decision, "in such a campaign as that which is before us, with all its perils, fatigues, and hardships, it would be cruel to expose a lady and two children to such a life When we have conquered a safe and fitting place for you and the little ones, you will follow I and my army will not be so very far But your safety and that of the young Basileus is my first care Here you will be in absolute security, and, indeed, in luxury—in a place which, in this season, has everything pleasant You will have all the retinue you brought hither, and the whole of your attendants and staff"

"Why was I dragged from Cæsarea?" she asked, with bitterness

"Cæsarea to-day is a mere camp of exercise It is no place for the Court of an Empress"

"Am I a prisoner?" she asked again

"You are the wife of the Roman Emperor," said Nicephorus, with firm voice, "and whilst I live his word shall be law" With this he closed the interview, and went forth with a weight as a stone upon his heart

Theophano watched him as he left her with eyes flaming with rage From that hour she nursed in her heart plans of implacable revenge

On the morning of the third day after the dreadful revelations given him by Joannes, Nicephorus approached the castle of Drizibion He had hurried on in front of his escort, almost unattended, travelling night and day, and torn with contending emotions Passionate love,

indignation, jealousy, pity, shame, and horror filled his soul by turns. Even now he could hardly resolve upon a course of action. Should he confront Theophano with the evidence of her guilt? Should he discard her and immure her in a remote convent? Should he seize and execute Tzimisces? Would the faction of the Basilissa in the capital raise an insurrection in his absence? Would the army, or half of it, side with the brilliant and popular Tzimisces? Should the chiefs of Rome in this death grapple be fighting each other? What then would be the issue to the Crusade against the Saracens? What would be the future of the motherless children—of the heirs of Constantine and Romanus—of the Roman empire itself?

He was still revolving in his mind all these questions when, about noon, he reached the foot of the outer bulwarks of Drizibion. He amazed the guard to whom he disclosed himself, and ordered them to remain silent, as he intended a surprise visit to the Empress. He was told she was now in the garden of the castle with her children. With a sign to the doorkeepers Nicephorus passed in. It was a lovely spot. Perched five hundred feet above the bottom of a mountain valley, along which the military road was cut beside the tumbling waters of the torrent, the garden was shaded with chestnut and limes and beech trees, adorned with flowers and blossoming shrubs. It commanded a varied spectacle of jagged pinnacles of limestone, forests of pines and larches, and in the far distance peaks of snow. 'Twas a glowing day of summer. Nicephorus paused. And now he saw his Theophano in all the blaze of her beauty, in her airy robes of silk gauze, sitting in the shade of a chestnut tree and caressing her younger child. Basil, the elder boy, was in his little uniform of a cataphractic trooper, playing with his toy sword and slaying the heads of the poppies. The mother gazed on the children with delight, fondling the weaker one by her side, and watching the martial spirit of her Basil.

"One day, my darling," she was saying to the elder boy, "they will let us go away from this dull place, and we will all be back again at the Palace at home, where you shall be treated again as the Roman Augustus, and your mother will again receive the homage of a civilised people, and not of these uncouth barbarians, such as you can see on guard below."

"No, mother!" cried the little Basil, "I do not care for civilised people, I want to lead these splendid fellows in battle. I want to use a real sword. I want to be with father in the front!"

The mother smiled, much as she had the soul of an Irene within. It was a scene of pure beauty, peace, and love. It struck Nicephorus to the heart with a new flood of pity, of affection, and pride.

Who was he to consign such loveliness and motherly instinct to a cold convent? Could such grace, such tenderness, be treacherous and false? Could he blast the young lives of these children by destroying their home and driving their mother into exile? Still uncertain what he would do, Nicephorus stepped forward, and stood before her with a look of profound sadness and reproach.

"My Lord, my Sovereign, my deliverer," cried Theophano, rushing forward to her husband, when she saw his look of sad and stern reproof, "you have come to take me away from this prison—this exile, this wilderness, where I and my babes have lived in sorrow, whilst you have been adding fresh glory to your name, and new life to Rome?"

The little Constantine climbed his knee, and the boy Basil pulled his arm to show his father how many stalks of the enemy he could slash off with a single blow

He stood irresolute and confounded Theophano fell on his neck, and, weaving her arms round him, she sobbed on his breast, murmuring, "Take us from this prison"

"Whom did you count on to take you from this prison, to whom did you write to deliver you?" said Nicephorus

"To whom but to you—to my sovereign—to my husband," she said, quickly, "to whom else could I look? You had all the urgent letters, petitions, messages, I despatched to you in the field?" Nicephorus looked silently and sternly, and said not a word

"No?" she said, with a gasp, "you did not receive them?" And then she added, "you did not receive even my last short summons in Armenian, in the form in which I used to write when I made you Basileus of Rome," she said, proudly, "you did not even receive that love letter of mine? I thought it might touch you at last!"

"Do you mean this?" said he, and took from his bosom the Armenian script—*'From the prison of Drazibion, one who has need of thee, and one who can serve thee, calls thee to come at once, for counsel, and protection'*

"Ah!" she cried in triumph, "then you did have the last, and it brought you! My Lord, my husband, and my consoler!"

And she moved to embrace him again

"Madam," he said, quietly, "this was sent not to Tarsus, where I was in field at the siege, but to Cæsarea, to the camp of reserve"

"Yes! the messenger whom I sent was an attendant of my own, he had orders, if he could not learn where the Emperor was in the field, to go on to Cæsarea to ascertain from the officers in command where the Emperor could be found By the Holy Spirit, I swear that he had strict orders to hand this writing to no one but the Basileus himself You see he has done so, and you have come"

"Madam," said Nicephorus at last, slowly and calmly, "I have come, and I have come as the result of this very message But your messenger did not hand it to me He died in the execution of his orders The parchment was handed to me by the man who killed him, and who found it in his belt"

A long and terrible silence ensued At last Nicephorus spoke "I have come to take you back to Cæsarea, and to place you there in safety, till this war is settled, and we can return to the capital We will say no more There is the miserable thing," and, tearing it to fragments, he flung them over the precipice into the cataract below

"Nicephorus," said she, in a voice of intense anxiety and fear, "you

will not slay me—nor mutilate my children—nor put us away in exile?"

He turned from her in stern silence, and now almost with loathing and scorn. At last the fire of love that consumed him was almost burnt out to its embers.

Having given orders for the Guards, retinue, and attendants of the Empress, and of her sons, to be at once moved down to Cæsarea, Nicephorus hastened thither in person by forced marches, and straightway summoned John Tzimisce to his quarters.

Tzimisce came dashing in with that jovial air of hearty good fellowship which made him the idol of the army. He was still chafing under the injury the Emperor had done him by ordering him to remain behind in camp, but he recovered his temper on learning that Nicephorus now ordered him to start for Tarsus at the front, whilst the Emperor in person remained at Cæsarea to organise the levies. He admitted that his Armenians had raised disloyal cries at parade, but he satisfied the Emperor that he, John, had been no party to the movement. "Examine my staff officers," said Tzimisce, "and see if you can find a trace of treason on my part against my sovereign, my chief, my friend. It is true that he cruelly wronged me in keeping me here like a raw recruit, whilst he revelled in glory himself. It was a burning shame, and I have told my own comrades all the bitterness I feel. But as to plotting treason to overthrow the Basileus—No! I am not yet come to that! John has a hot temper and a sharp tongue, and will strike when he is struck, but he is not a back stairs conspirator like those eunuchs and cubiculars of the Palace."

"You have had no cubicular at your own quarters?" asked the Basileus.

"What, I?" replied the fiery John, "he would be kicked forth like a dog if he came to my tent," said John, hotly and frankly.

"You had no missives from Drizibion?" asked Nicephorus.

"From Drizibion?" said John, "what is that? the castle that commands the pass north of the Cilician Gates?—I know not who commands there, nor what can he want from me. From Drizibion? Who was stationed there?"

"The Basilissa and her sons," said the Emperor, "and all their guards and retinue."

"What!" said Tzimisce, "the Empress at Drizibion? I thought you carried her and all her retinue across into Cilicia, and kept her beside you at headquarters." And John looked straight into the eyes of Nicephorus with such a genuine face of frankness and truth, that the Basileus now saw that Tzimisce, at any rate, was no party to the plot—if plot there were—was not guilty of dishonouring his Sovereign and his friend.

Nor was John false, nor as yet at all seduced by the arts of Theophano. Nicephorus reflected that, according to the story he had heard, Tzimisce had never received the intercepted missive. There was no undoubted proof that it was addressed to Tzimisce at all. No name

was written, and Theophano had sworn that it was addressed to her own husband. Be this as it may, there was no proof that Tzimiskes had anything to do with it, nor that he had, either before or since, received anything of the kind. No proof, but doubt, gloom, and despair, lay ever deep down in the inmost soul of Nicephorus Phocas. At all times he was rarely seen to smile. He never smiled again in life.

CHAPTER XXV

LOVE AND TROTH

FAR different were the scenes, which, during this time, were being enacted in Constantinople itself. Leo, the Curopalates, and his father, the venerable Bardas Cæsar, maintained strict order and good government in the capital, and carried out all the urgent orders of Nicephorus for the safety of Digenes, the Lord Warden, and of Agatha, the Princess. The unfortunate Warden, still in the height of his fever, was carefully removed in a litter to the palace of his sister's husband, the Lord Comnenus, of the family which ultimately was raised to the throne. There his sister, the Lady Theodosia Comnena, and the Princess Agatha, with their attendants, nursed him in his illness, and there he was treated by the famous physicians, Theophanes Nonnos, and Synesios. The one was the author of an important *Encyclopædia of Medicine*, the other had studied under Arabian physicians, and translated their works into Greek. All that the science of the age, combined with all the love of two noble women, could do to save the life of the patient, was lavished for many an anxious week, whilst the Warden lay in great danger and in continual delirium.

At times he would fancy himself at the siege of Chandax, shouting to his men to plunge the scaling bridge from the great Tower—"Down with her—clear the gangway—another ladder there—water on that burning roof—On, my men, for Rome—Christ!—Mother of God! '—and then he would sink back on his pillow exhausted, groaning—"all is lost—has our God delivered us into the hands of the Prophet?—Thy will be done—hallowed be Thy name."

At other times he would fancy himself in a dungeon, whilst he could hear the battle raging in the walls round him, and he would cry out—"Loose me from those chains, O my God!—I hear the Romans at the charge—am I chained for ever like a dog?—give me my sword—leave me but one hand free—let me strike one blow for Christ—oh! this is worse than death—give me one hour of life and air again—then let me die and be heard no more."

The women sat beside him, silent, in tears, watching his ravings with pain and fear, and besought the learned physicians to try some calming drug. With this, on other days, he would be in a gentler mood, though still in delirium. He would stare at Agatha with eyes open, but not recognising who she was, and would murmur, incoherently—"Sweet lady, you have saved me—let me save you, too—come with us to Rome

—learn to pray to Mary—all good women love Mary—it is so beautiful to see them in the gallery there in Hagia Sophia—Theodosia will be so glad—if you only knew Theodosia—and I think Agatha will be glad, too!—Agatha is so kind to girls she loves—My father was of Arab race, you know”

Agatha listened to all this with pity, wonder, and at last with a sense of pain “Of whom is he talking?” she whispered, “I have heard of a Saracen girl who saved him in the prison in Crete Oh! she is in his mind He thinks I am she He loved her then, and not me,” and she burst into a flood of tears

“No, no,” Theodosia broke in, “he has always loved you, dear, but he has often told me how the Emir’s daughter, Fatima, saved his life, how he saved her honour, and how he hoped she would consent to become a Christian, and would come to visit me here in our castle in the Princes’ Islands My brother has always loved you, Agatha Even in the Emir’s dungeon he prayed to Saint Agatha, and saw her in a vision smiling upon him”

‘Was Fatima so very beautiful?’ asked Agatha, suddenly

“Very beautiful,” said Theodosia, “she was thought to be like her brother, Hassan, who died in our father’s castle in Cappadocia, and Digenes, you know, was his cousin, and singularly like him in countenance”

“He loved Fatima,” cried Agatha, in agony, “he thinks now that I am Fatima, he is dreaming of her now, see his lips move with words of tenderness—he will die loving Fatima I will go into a nunnery and end it all”

“Oh! speak not thus,” cried Theodosia, “my brother never loved woman save only you He is very kind and generous, and the soul of honour and chivalry He did all he could to serve the woman to whom he owed his life If she loved him, I know not, I am told she was overjoyed when the General charged Digenes to take her and her sister and followers to Spain But this I know, that Digenes never loved woman but his own Agatha”

“Ah, yes! the Lord Warden was chief of the embassy to the Caliph at Cordova, and Fatima was in that mission,” and Agatha covered her face with her hands and softly wept silent and bitter tears, as she watched the utter exhaustion of their patient

The fever had many intervals of abatement and then of relapse One night, when he had seemed all day to be stronger, and had taken more food than usual, his delirium broke out in a terrible form

‘Take her away!’ he shrieked again and again “It is a Fury—it is a fiend—She seizes my hand—it burns me to the bone—never, never, will I be false—away, away, her eyes are like red hot iron—her hair is full of hissing snakes—she is the daughter of Satan—away from her—away from her—she shall not touch you, Agatha, even if she roast me to a cinder! Mother of God, save me from her! Saint Agatha, save me!”

The two women looked at each other, with wonder and horror in

their faces Neither spoke They knew nothing of what had passed They imagined things dreadful and unholy

'He thinks only of you, Agatha, as his protector and saint,' said Theodosia, at last

Again and again their patient, who had a violent relapse, broke out with gasps and convulsive agony—"There is blood dripping from her hands—she holds a cup of poison—she calls in the assassins—she is smiling with joy—there they are stabbing him in the back—Help, help, treachery, butchery—it is the blood of the Basileus himself that chokes me!"—and he sank back groaning out the words, in gulps of rage—"she devil, murderess, whore!"

The women cowered in terror and shame, and implored the physicians to try some means of reducing the delirium Theophanes Nonnos watched these recurrent fits with minute observation, and at last he noticed how the patient, in these wilder moments of violence, kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling of the apartment He frequently pointed with his hands, as if he saw actual figures aloft, and he continually waved his arms as at some terrible sights above his head Now, Theophanes Nonnos was a diligent student of Hippocrates and Galen, and prone to watch the reaction of external surroundings on the nervous system of his patients He then saw that, on the frieze of the noble apartment to which Digenes had been carried, and facing his bed, was a mosaic decoration which had been copied from the same original as the mosaic wall at Ravenna, which represents a ceremonial procession of Justinian the Great and the Empress Theodora This picture Nonnos ordered to be covered with a curtain of neutral tone This done, the spasms of the patient rapidly subsided

In a few days the physicians were able to assure the watchers that the worst of their anxieties was past, and that a period of quiet convalescence had set in Hour after hour, so far as his returning strength permitted, Digenes poured out to Agatha his protestations of unbroken devotion, he told her how in Asia, in Crete, in Spain, and in Thrace, in camp, in battle, in prison, in the Palace, and in Church, the image of the saintly Agatha had been his consolation and hope, he told her how the Basileus had given his formal consent to their marriage, and had given orders for its celebration with the highest honours, so soon as the Warden was restored to health His health now, he murmured, wanted but one thing to be as good as ever Would she say what day, next month, he might call her his own? Would she bend down to his pillow, whisper it in his ear, and seal it with a kiss—one kiss—the first she had ever vouchsafed to him?

Agatha listened with rapture? She did bend down and whispered in his ear, and suffered her lips to rest on his She did not tell him how often, during his long delirium, her lips had touched his burning forehead and his fevered hands, as she stooped down to bathe them with attar of roses, and orange water But she was very slow, indeed, to believe that her Digenes had never loved the fascinating hour of the old Emir's castle—not for a time—not for a day—not just a little

bit in all chivalry and faith? Nor could anything persuade her that the Lady Fatima had not loved her Digenes, loved him passionately, truly, in all honour and in all sincerity. It was quite impossible that a woman of feeling and goodness could owe so much to her Digenes, could be on such terms of sentiment and confidence, and be half converted to his religion—and not love him. Any woman so near must love him, would love him, ought to love him.

At last, one day, Agatha was finally convinced that she had the whole heart of Digenes, and had never ceased to have it, from the hour when she first met him as a girl in her father's court, and had seen the young hero, whose feats and chivalry the poets commemorated in song. The Lord Warden was now very much restored to health, and wholly to his reason and consciousness. Agatha had read to him some of his favourite pieces, the parting of Hector and Andromache in the sixth Iliad, and the parting scene from the Alcestis of Euripides. He had even asked her to recite the famous lines of Sappho—from the poems which were then all extant—

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν—

“—that man seems to me the peer of Gods—”

—but she archly refused—as he was not strong enough to listen to such fiery poetry, and she was not going to recite such pagan stuff.

To them entered the lady Theodosia Comnena, who gaily saluted her brother with the words, “News, news, something that will interest you both, something I trust that will give you, brother, as much pleasure as it will give to Agatha.”

“A conundrum,” said they both, “we give it up.”

“A rival of yours, Agatha, a flame of yours, brother,” said Theodosia, with a peal of laughter.

That dear girl, Sophia, the daughter of the old Emir Abd el Aziz, has just come to see me. Her brother, the captain, young Anemas, who was sent on the Embassy to Fez, and afterwards to Cordova, has persuaded the Lady Fatima, your lady love in Crete, brother, to accept the pressing invitation of Sophia and her father, to visit them in Prote. She is to come with her brother and sister, and within six months Fatima shall go with us to hear the Patriarch perform divine service. And before a month more is passed, she shall marry Anemas, before he joins the Basileus in Syria. So think no more, brother, of your tawny angel. She is to stay with the whole blood of the Prophet, Christian though she will be, and Christian as Anemas already is.”

“Thanks be to Mary of the Daphne,” said Digenes, with hearty rejoicing. “Has she promised Anemas?”

“Not yet, to marry,” said Theodosia, “but that is an incident. She has promised to come, brother, and she believes that you are married by this time yourself.”

“Who told her that?” said Agatha, quickly.

“Well, I strongly suspect that Anemas told her, as an indispensable condition of proposing marriage with himself.”

"Ah! then I was right after all," said Agatha, with a deep sigh and looked earnestly and almost reproachfully at Digenes

"My beloved," said the young hero, with deep feeling, "your suspicions were true, perhaps, in part. But as to me, I have been ever true throughout."

"Another piece of news," said Theodosia, "if you two can keep a secret, which is not to be blurted out to these Palace gossips. Eric, the young Varangian, will one day marry Sophia when he comes back from the wars, where he is winning glory on the staff of the Basileus in Asia. There may be two weddings on the same day. Nay, brother, perhaps there might be three on the same day, and the Basileus pre- side in person at the ceremony!"

"Tut!" cried Digenes, with animation, "not for us. I do not wait till Eric and the Basileus return, nor till Anemas can wring a 'yes!' from his bride."

"No! nor till Fatima can be persuaded to visit her cousin in Prote," said Agatha, archly. She was now at last convinced that Digenes had never failed her, in thought, or in word, no, not for an hour, but she still meant to be married before Fatima could reach Constantinople.

By slow degrees, and in very guarded and modified ways, Digenes allowed Agatha to know as much of what had passed in the Palace as he could remember, and as much as he thought it kind or prudent as yet to tell to the pure and gentle spirit with whom he was to be united. The astrologer's potion had confused his brain to such a degree that he had but a broken memory of the interview with Theophano. His long illness, with its continued delirium, had left him with a mind troubled as with a series of terrible and incomprehensible dreams. He could not shock the girl in her happiness with all his horrible suspicions and recollections. Nor would Agatha, on her side, as yet trouble his mind with all that she suspected and feared.

At last, having exchanged confidences as far as they each thought it kind and wise to speak, it was agreed between them that in the tremendous crisis of the great war, in the weight of cares that beset the Basileus day and night, they would not harass him with the torture of fresh revelations, of which the formal proofs would not be easy to find.

"Agatha," said Digenes, solemnly, one day, on receipt of the inexplicable news of the sudden retreat of the Basileus to Cæsarea, in the very midst of the campaign, "the Basileus has called me to the front by special messenger. I start for the camp in an hour."

"Go," she said, with a deep sigh, "if it must be. I will wait till you come again with fresh renown. The cause of this Empire of Rome, of God, of the Mother of God, shall not be hindered one hour by the love of one feeble girl."

"Think me not unkind, my love, my hope, my saint," cried the young hero, with the light of battle for Christ and His people in his eyes, "think me not unkind, if I have to hasten away from the holy shrine in which your love has suffered me to kneel, to worship, and to

adore, think me not cold if I hurry off to my sovereign and my command I could not love thee so well, if it were not that I loved honour even more "

With one long kiss they parted—nor did they meet again on earth

CHAPTER XXVI

OLD ROME

THE scene now passes from the Imperial Palace of New Rome on the Bosphorus, to the Catholic Basilica of Old Rome on the Tiber, where the greatest of the Saxon line of emperors was about to claim the inheritance of the Cæsars, and to instal his house as supreme in all Italian lands It was Christmas Eve, 967, on a bright morning of winter, when snow lay on Mount Soracte, and on the higher ranges of the Sabine and Alban mountains The Flaminian way, from the city gate under the Pincian hill, for the two miles to the Milvian bridge over the Tiber, was thronged with a motley crowd of the populace of Rome, bearing visible signs of its heterogeneous origin and lawless habits, along with officials, civil and ecclesiastical, in their State robes and with emblems of office, and strong detachments of Northern soldiers, both horse and foot, whom the Roman mob regarded with terror as monsters of ferocity and force The prefect and the senate of Rome—a strange contrast from the senators who had gone to welcome Julius and Octavius some thousand years before—were hurrying along to meet their German Emperor, intermixed with the standard bearers of the Roman militia, the long processions of priests and choristers, and the counts and barons of the Italian fiefs in military array and fantastic armour It was a strange jumble of races, types, and various characters The mongrel and craven descendants of African, Syrian, or Slavonian slaves jostled the degenerate heirs of the ancient patricians, and both looked on with awe and wonder at the huge, fair-haired barbarians who took their orders from no man but their mighty chief, the Saxon Otto

At the northern end of the Milvian bridge there had been erected a rude and hasty kind of triumphal arch, decorated with the emblems and colours of the Emperor King Near it was posted, waiting to see the imperial procession pass, a small band of spectators, whose speech and garb proclaimed them to be foreigners at Rome One was our friend Michael, the protocolist, who, with Joannes Kyriotes, the geometer, had been despatched by the ever watchful Chancery of Constantinople on a roving and secret commission to observe the current of Italian politics, and especially to study the real feeling of the Papal court, and also of the democracy of Rome With them was Symeon, a learned divine, who was travelling to obtain traditions and legends for his great collection of the lives of Saints and Martyrs A fourth foreigner was Alexios, an artist in mosaic decoration, who had been called from Byzantium to Rome to superintend the restoration of the dilapidated mosaics in the Church of St Cosmas and St Damianos They

were being personally conducted by Guido, a Sicilian long settled in Bari in the Lombard Theme, a loyal subject of the Byzantine Emperor. The whole party had their own armed attendants as well as a small bodyguard from the municipal police, for the state of Rome was far too unsettled to permit of distinguished Greeks being safe in the midst of a turbulent crowd.

"Is it possible," said Michael to Joannes, "that these battered walls of old Rome can have kept at bay for a single day the mighty King of Germany?"

"Well, they helped Belisarius to beat off the Goths," said Joannes, "but then they had our soldiers under a great chief inside them."

"I daresay they may serve to baffle Goths and Germans," said Michael, "but, though I am no soldier, I can see that these obsolete and now ruinous walls never could be compared for an instant with the mighty fortifications we could show them at home on the Bosphorus."

"The walls of old Rome are poor enough," Guido now broke in, "but the castle of the Archangel, with the chapel on the top of the old Mausoleum of the Antonines, that is a pretty stronghold, I assure you."

"I admit that is a tremendous fort," said Michael, "and the sight of its tiers of colonnades and battlements makes one understand how Theodora and Marozia, Alberic and Octavian, managed to command the city and even defy both Lombard, Tuscan, and German."

"Ah!" said Guido, "you honourable and reverend sirs in New Rome cannot conceive the Pandemonium that has raged in Old Rome, ever since I can remember, and all through my fathers' time. One Messalina after another, the daughter, the concubine, and the mother of a Pope, has made her lovers or her children despots of the city, bishops or Popes, as the fancy seized her. Every other year, this Roman populace, which is no good at fighting, but has a diabolical genius for riot, breaks out and overturns consul, prefect, pope and emperor, as the German King calls himself. Thereupon down comes an army of these hairy barbarians from Lombardy, over the Apennines or the Alps, bursts into these tottering gates—crowns a new Pope, installs a new Count as Governor, massacres, hangs, tortures, and burns every man they find in their path."

"How many Popes have you seen, Master Guido?" asked Symeon.

"John X, strangled in prison. Then Leo VI, and Stephen VII, both creatures of the foul woman who killed John. Then she made her own son Pope by the name of John XI. A few years after this Marozia's son, Alberic, made Leo VII Pope, and after him, Stephen VIII, and Marinus II, and Agapetus II, in succession. Then John XII, the grandson of Marozia, was the worst of them all—denounced by a Synod as guilty of murder, perjury, incest, sacrilege, and magic. When John XII was deposed, came Leo VIII, then Benedict V, who was also deposed, and now the successor of St Peter is our Holy Father, the venerable John XIII, whom God, in His infinite goodness, give to live the years of St Peter."

"Why! that makes as many as twelve Holy Fathers of Rome within forty years," said Michael, with a sneer

"Such is Rome," said Guido, "and half of them were the lovers, sons, or nephews, of a bloodthirsty harlot, at whose orders they sell bishoprics, blind, mutilate, torture, and crucify their opponents and rivals"

"And they call this the universal Church Catholic, and ask ours, the earliest Church of Christ, to submit to their sacred prerogative," said Michael, bitterly

"Ah!" sighed Symeon, 'it is a fearful backsliding But God in His mercy will bring about their repentance in His good time We, who compile the hagiographies of Saints and Martyrs, cannot forget that under these Roman basilicas there rest the bones of the blessed St Peter and St Paul, that this city has been ruled by Gregorys and Leos, and is sanctified by the blood of so many virgins and martyrs of the faith The Church of Christ will be restored one day, and Rome again will be the centre of Christendom in Europe"

"I will not attempt to prophesy against your reverence," said Guido, "I can only speak of what is, and what has been in all living memory This famous city is now a den of bandits, the haunt of infamous women, and a scene of bloodshed and torment These barons live in their castles amidst gangs of hired ruffians, till they ride forth to fight each other or to plunder their neighbours I have seen these grey walls hung with the carcasses of their victims, and these streets, churches, and streams, run with blood, whenever the horsemen of some pretender to the throne, or of the German princes, come down to sack the city, or to quell an insurrection of the citizens I have seen popes made and unmade at the order of a profligate woman or of a murderous despot I have seen one crowned pope trample on another crowned pope, break his crozier, and tear off his robes, in presence of an emperor and of all his court I have seen the Prefect of Rome hung by his hair from the statue of Constantine, and dragged through the streets naked on an ass I saw twelve "Captains of the Regions" hung on gallows, whilst other leaders were blinded, some decapitated Some were torn from their graves and their bodies cast to the dogs This is the modern rendering of the *Pax Romana*, and all is done under orders of him whom we are waiting here to see, him whom they call their "pacific Emperor, Semper Augustus," and with the blessing of the creatures whom he pleases to nominate as the successors of St Peter"

This conversation of the Byzantines was fortunately not understood by the bystanders, and it was now broken off by the arrival of the German Emperor and his staff Otto of Saxony, who had been emperor for six years, and had been occupied ever since with the conspiracies, intrigues, and revolutions of Italian princes, prelates, and people, was now again entering Rome in martial array He was guarded by powerful bodies of his Northern veterans, the terrible warriors with whom he had established his rule from the Tiber to the

Elbe, with whom he had triumphed over Danes, Slavonians, and Burgundians, men who had fought with him on the tremendous field of the Lech, when he saved Europe from the Hungarian flood. These gigantic horsemen proudly bore aloft the ensigns of their great chief, and thrust their way with brutal contempt amongst the "dregs of Romulus" in the road.

In the midst of his chivalrous bodyguard rode the great Otto in full panoply, acknowledging the salutations of the people with magnificent ease, making little difference in his bearing to prelate, baron, or captain of the urban militia. By his side rode his son Otto, then fourteen, destined to lay his bones in early life in the Church of St Peter. And then came the Empress Adelheida, whose beauty and inheritance had first called the King into Italy. The imperial *cortege* was surrounded by German and Italian barons, and was welcomed by Roman prelates and nobles, with banners and the chanting of hymns, and the boisterous acclamations of a fickle populace, which was ever ready to cheer or to revile, as the popular fancy swayed to and fro.

"Do you see that fierce bull-headed lord on the black charger, and as proud as a peacock?" said Guido to his friends. "That is Count Pandulph of Capua, now Lord of Spoleto, and Beneventum. He is traitor to our Basileus, nay, the head of the traitors, and seeking to win favour from the German Basileus. That gay Roman prince is Crescentius of the Marble Horse, and by his side is the Count Benedict of Palestrina, and the rich and beautiful Stephania, the *Senatrix*. Now, watch that Bishop on the mule in the train of the King, notice his keen face, his subtle glances all round, his easy smiles of welcome, how he fawns on the imperial officers, what airs of importance he assumes as he waves his blessing to those who salute him, and thrusts aside those who impede his path."

"That is the Right Reverend Luitprand, the famous Bishop of Cremona—Patriarch of Christendom, as he thinks himself, and Lord High Parakeimomenos of his Frankish Majesty. Note him and listen to him. He talks Greek, Latin, Frank, or Hebrew, I am told—even Arabic at a pinch. He has the Cæsar's ear. We shall hear more of him."

As the Byzantine visitors made their way back to the city, their guide from Bari was occupied in answering their questions and satisfying their curiosity. "It looks as if the whole city had been destroyed by Saracens," said Michael, "I see nothing but ruins standing amidst dunghills and rubbish heaps. And those huge towers of brick with battlements of stone, rising out of mud hovels and fetid alleys. Are those the palaces of the Roman princes?"

"They look to me like the dens of robbers, piled up out of marble ruins. See those Corinthian columns and those porphyry slabs, awkwardly stuck into a huge barrack of bricks. These Romans use the ancient temples of the old gods as limekilns, and the circus and theatres of the Cæsars, as so many quarries to make some gloomy fortress," said Joannes.

"Woe! Woe! is Rome!" groaned Symeon, "thy glory is departed Desolation has made in thee its home!"

"Not only is the glory of Rome departed, but art, culture, letters, and manners have gone too," said Alexios, the artist "They curse the Vandals, Goths, Huns, and Lombards, but these Romans to-day are just as savage themselves, even worse barbarians, for they mangle and disfigure even their own ruins All sense of beauty and all traditions of art seem to have quitted Italy and taken refuge on the Bosphorus or the shores of the Ægean They could not decorate the smallest chapel without our help"

Early on the morning of Christmas Day the Byzantine visitors were conducted into the Vatican Basilica, to witness the crowning of the young Otto with the imperial diadem, the ceremony by which the politic Emperor sought to fix the empire as hereditary in his house, and instal it in effective control of the whole of Italy They found the German troopers strongly posted within and around the castle of the Archangel, the frowning bastille which overawed Rome, and rudely thrusting back the unprivileged mob of sightseers From the Ælian bridge over the Tiber they traversed the long colonnade which led to the *atrium* of St Peter's, with its fountain and the tombs of Popes There they witnessed the Pope, John XIII, and his cardinals, receive the imperial party on the thirty-five steps of the entrance With martial surroundings and sacerdotal pomp the mighty Otto, his wife, and son, were conducted into the basilica of Constantine, which had then been the venerated temple of Rome for six centuries and a half

The Vatican basilica of the tenth century was, of course, wholly unlike the St Peter's we see to day It was quite similar to the restored church of St Paul's *fuori le Mura*, as we now see it, but it was some twenty feet longer and a little wider, and had five naves divided off by four rows of vast monolith columns There were ninety six in all, of various marbles, different in style and even in size, for they had been the first hasty spoils of antique palaces and temples The walls, above the order of columns, were decorated with mosaics, such as no Roman hand could then produce or even restore A grand arch, such as we see at the older basilicas to-day, enriched with silver plates and adorned with mosaic, separated the nave from the chancel, below which was the tribune, an inheritance from the prætor's court of old It now contained the high altar and the *sedile* of the Vicar of Christ Before the high altar stood the *Confession*, the vault wherein lay the bones of St Peter, with a screen of silver such as the Greeks called *iconostasis*, crowded with silver images of saints and virgins And the whole was illuminated by a gigantic candelabra holding more than a thousand lighted tapers

The Byzantine visitors were amazed to find the cathedral of old Rome so utterly different from their own Santa Sophia at home It was nearly one hundred feet longer and not much less in width Its mosaics, its monoliths, and its tribune, resembled those of the great

temple of Justinian, but its flat roof, long aisles, rude workmanship, and want of symmetry, roused contempt and pity from the cultivated taste of the Greek artist. The basilica of St Peter's was indeed but a crude adaptation of the law-courts of the Cæsars, whilst the Church of the Holy Wisdom was one of the most original creations in the whole record of human art.

Otto, Adelheida, and their son, were conducted by a splendid procession of nobles and prelates to their appointed places at the foot of the *Confession*, where they prostrated themselves in worship, and then passed on to their thrones. The Emperor, for in Rome, at any rate, Otto was indeed the sole "Augustus, crowned by God," was now not only master of Rome, of Northern and Central Italy, but practically Lord of the Pope and sovereign in all causes civil or ecclesiastical. Otto bore himself as in very deed the sovereign lord of the Holy Roman Empire. He condescended to beam approval on the act of his nominee, the Holy Father, when the Pope raised the crown of gold and placed it on the beautiful head of the imperial boy, whom he pronounced to be *Imperator Augustus*, by the will of God. As these sacramental words rang through the church, all hushed in profound silence, the whole congregation burst forth into acclamations of "Long Life and Victory." Thrice the shout was repeated. And then the choir broke forth with their "Lauds"—reiterated and monotonous chants to Christ, angels, apostles, martyrs, and virgins, to grant the new Augustus the aid of heaven to support him against all his foes.

"An impudent travestie of the secular ceremonies at the crowning of our Basileus, I say," Michael, the diplomatist, broke out, as the great crowd followed the imperial *cortege* into the *atrium*. "They copy our very phrases and words, as if that could make a barbarian king a Roman Augustus."

"The Saxon savage seems to fancy himself another Carolus, who indeed was a hero and a Cæsar. He, at any rate, felt some awe of the Empire, and sought to be a good friend to our Basileus and his empire," said Joannes, "the Geometer," who knew history as well as science.

"Nay," said Michael, "Charles once talked of marrying his eldest daughter, Erythro, to our Basileus Constantine, and Irene, the Basilissa, sent over the court eunuch, Elisha, to instruct the baby Augusta in our language, literature, and deportment."

"Did not the pretender Charles, even after his mock coronation in the Vatican, actually propose to marry the Basilissa Irene himself?" said Joannes.

"Would that they would ask for a tutor, a professor, or a silentiary, eunuch or not, to come over and teach them a little of art, letters, and courtesy," said Alexios.

"Ah!" said Symeon, "if only that blessed alliance between the Basileus of our house and a Basilissa of theirs, between a Saxon king and an imperial princess, could be brought about, what tidings of great joy would it not bring!—peace on earth and goodwill amongst

men The revered churches of Christ would come together again as one The Catholic and the Orthodox faith could then unite to make Christ and His Cross prevail over the Hagarene, and convert the pagans of the North and the East!"

The idea of some conciliation—at least some *modus vivendi*—between the rival claimants to the Roman Empire had long floated in the mind of the politic spirits of the age, and it occupied especially the designs of that farseeing statesman, Otto himself The coronation of his son and heir brought the problem to an acute stage The following day the Emperor held a long and secret council in the Vatican palace in which he was installed The monarch was now in his fifty sixth year, his powerful form giving signs of his long career of toil and of battle, his fair hair was grizzled with years, and his majestic countenance deeply furrowed with thought and care He sat on a dais with his loved queen by his side, and the young Otto, now imperial Crown Prince, between them The lad was auburn haired, very fair, bright, delicate, and small even for his years He looked but a puny successor for the mighty ruler of the West

Otto had called to his council his very politic Father, the Pope, and his trusty delegate, the wily Bishop of Verona Pandulph, Count of Capua, was there, and beside him the stout old chief, Duke Burckhard of Swabia One or two Italian counts and prelates held a lower place at the board, and amongst them had been admitted a young Cluniac monk whose learning, experience, and acuteness had already recommended him to the Pope and to the Emperor He was Gerbert of Aurillac, who was yet but twenty seven, but his studies in the schools of Cordova, his lofty character, and profound sagacity, had made him already a man of mark And we know that he was destined, under the name of Silvester II, to prove himself to be one of the greatest of the popes, and the most politic brain in Europe

The Emperor opened the Council thus "Holy Father, right reverend prelates, noble counts, we have called you to this Council to make known our will, and to consult you on the means of compassing it In the thirty years since we have worn the crown of our father, King Henry, we have welded into a single realm the German and Italian lands, and in these later years we have restored the Empire of our glorious predecessor, Charles, and revived the dignity of the Roman name The Holy Father has now conferred the imperial title on our son, who in due time will have to maintain our office in this Holy Roman empire It is true that your Otto is King of all German lands, of Burgundy, Bohemia, Poland Suzerain of Denmark, and of Hungary We are King of Italy, and Roman Emperor Augustus But our rule does not extend in fact to the South of Italy, over Apulia and Calabria These fair lands and ancient cities are still held by him who claims the imperial name, who rejects our right to use it, by that sovereign of the Greeks who are schismatics from the Holy Catholic Church, who deny to our Holy Father the title of Vicar of Christ on earth, as they deny us the right to call ourselves the repre-

sentative of God here on earth And beyond the southern limits of Italy lies that fair and rich island of Sicily, once a bright province of the Roman empire, but now enslaved by the Saracens and Moors of Africa, who cruelly ill use the servants of Christ It little boots if we rule from the Baltic to the Bay of Naples, from the Rhine and the Rhone to the Danube, if South Italy be not ours, if Sicily follow the false Prophet, and if the Greek who still calls himself Roman Emperor reign within two days' march of Rome Be it by arms, or be it by policy, we are bent on transmitting to our heir all Italy as his kingdom, and the acknowledged title of sole *Imperator Augustus* Right reverend and most noble councillors, shall this be done by policy or by arms?"

A long silence ensued, for none knew to which course the Emperor inclined, and they hesitated to thwart his purpose Otto looked round and scanned the faces of the councillors

"My Lord of Capua and Beneventum," he said, "you look like a man who knows his own mind, and your fiefs lie next to those of the Greek What says the Count Pandulph?"

"My liege," blurted forth the impetuous "Iron Head," "my voice is for war—open, sudden, and to the knife These Greeks are crafty as foxes, and cowardly as sheep Hold no parley with them Give me the order to march and twenty thousand lances, and we will sweep them away to the bay of Tarentum and the straits of Messina"

"How say you, my Lord Bishop, you who speak their tongue and have seen so much of their capital and court?" said Otto to Luitprand

"My liege, as a civilian and a churchman, I am disposed to prefer the ways of peace and of policy The brave Count of Capua would prove his valour against every enemy of your Imperial Majesty But the Lombard and the Calabrian Themes of the Basileus are countries most difficult to invade or to conquer They abound in mountains, defiles, and torrents, they are defended by strong forts securely placed on rocks or on bays of the sea, what is worse is their fever breeding plains, which are certain death to the gallant soldiers of the North That which is even more important is this the Byzantine fleet dominates the sea, the immense coast line is at its mercy, they can pour in endless supplies, provisions, arms, and succour My liege, I advise an embassy to Byzantium Seek for your son a daughter of their ruling house And let the dowry of the Greek Princess be stipulated to be the lands they unjustly withhold from the King of Italy, the Roman Emperor"

"Can you induce their Basileus to yield so much?" asked Otto, with a smile "We fear they hold themselves to be at least our equals in place"

"The fierce Armenian soldier, who has married the widow of his Basileus, is proud enough, self-willed enough, and filled with the ambition of a rebel angel But they tell me he is losing favour both with Church and with people He is beset on the North and on the

East Nicephorus is at death grapple with the Caliph in Asia, he is menaced by Bulgarians and by Russians, he has enemies and traitors in his capital and his very palace His people long for peace They are very rich, very politic, and careless of the honour of their name If well plied with persuasive words they will yield Demand the hand of Theophano, the daughter of Romanus, with the Italian Themes as her dowry The Empire will regain two noble provinces Our imperial prince will gain a lovely bride And the grandson of your Majesties, a third Otto that is to be, will wear the crown of a sole and undivided empire, without a rival and without an enemy”

“You look gloomy, most noble Duke,” said the Emperor, as he turned with a keen eye to Burckhard at his side, “does this splendid prospect of our sagacious Bishop not approve itself to your valour?”

“My liege,” said the Duke, stoutly, his huge limbs writhing with suppressed excitement, “your Grace is a German King, I am a German Duke Your realm, North of the Alps, is of vast extent, and in perpetual peril of enemies, traitors, and conspiracies Half of it has only been won or pacified by your own invincible arm and your unsleeping wisdom Danes, Poles, Slavs, Hungarians, and Franks, are not finally crushed They may pour in again Not whilst you live, my honoured chief But will this fair boy by your side wield the mighty sword of his father? Will an unborn Otto be able to control the brave, free, aspiring races of our Fatherland? Will younger Ottos curb the restless mob of Rome and the craft of these Italian barons? My king, return to your German Kingdom, and make that secure for your house and your people Let not the house of Henry, the Saxon, be drowned in these Italian lagoons, and the blood of Saxon warriors drench the pestilential plains of Italy They are brave as men can be, but they are not proof against the fevers, and the wiles—and the harlots of this land of sin, of poison, and of run”

“The Holy Father will not admit this Apocalyptic picture of the Eternal City,” said Otto, with a lofty smile, “and you forget, most noble Duke, that we are the Roman Emperor, crowned of God, by his Holiness here We together are charged by Christ, the Son, with the care of the Church Catholic and this Holy Empire, of which Italy is the oldest and fairest part What says his Holiness?” the Emperor asked, calmly restraining the storm rising between his Teuton and his Latin councillors

“Our advice will be given in the private ear of your Imperial Majesty, as is most meet for the servant of the servants of Christ But I will ask you now to listen to my young friend here, this learned brother, who has seen so much of the courts of Spain, Gaul, and Italy, whose observations may be useful to your Grace”

Otto assented with a gracious smile, and the young monk Gerbert stepped forward at the summons, his keen face lighted up with genius, and the play of Gallic eloquence dancing in his mobile lips

“If I presume to speak in this August presence, and in so eminent

a council, it is only that I have lived in the lands of the Franks and in that of the Caliph of Spain, and have some knowledge of the powers that lie to the West of the Empire and of this Italian kingdom. The wealth, the power, the science and the arts possessed by the people who obey the Ommeyad Caliph at Cordova are incredible—not easily to be conceived by those who have not witnessed them. The so-called Fatimite Caliph of Africa has power and resources equally great. It is he who holds in his grasp the rich island of Sicily. In Asia the children of the false Prophet have been gaining for generations on the people of Christ. To the North and to the East of the German realm there lie Poles, Hungarians, Russians, and Slavonians, who are hardly within the fold of the Church, who care little for our Sovereign Lord, the Emperor, and even less for our Holy Father, the Pope of Rome. It will be a tremendous task to make them Catholic and Romans. If all this be so, the union of all Christian princes and of all Christian churches, is the one thing urgent and necessary. Let us pray for the day when all Christian rulers and all Christian men may go forth in a holy war against the unbelievers, to rescue the tomb of Christ and of His blessed Mother, of the Apostles and Saints, and to preserve the people of our Lord from the blasphemies of Mahomet. It will soon need all the combined strength of Christendom to protect the Church of Christ. That will be a most terrible day when Christian princes and Christian Churches are in death grip with each other. Would that our sovereign Lord, the Emperor, could make some alliance with those who rule in Byzantium! Oh! that Old Rome could be led to stretch forth the hand of brotherly communion to New Rome. Oh! that one day all those who claim the inheritance of Constantine might do homage to an imperial descendant of our Lord the Emperor.”

“May I speak, since this matter of state seems to touch so closely myself?” said the Imperial youth, with his sweet smile and bright look to his father. “I long for such a bride as the Bishop describes the Princess, lovely, graceful, brilliant—with all the charm of that polished court and all the genius of old Greece. Her mother came, they say, from Lacedæmon, and drew her race from the hero kings of Sparta, of whom I have read with my tutor in old Plutarch.”

His imperial highness speaks the truth with his usual discernment, fawned the courtly Bishop, “they who have not seen Byzantium cannot imagine its splendour and the majesty of its state. An alliance with the daughter of Romanus, the Basileus, granddaughter of the eighth Constantine. Born in the Purple, as they boast so often, would give fresh glory even to the son of Otto, to the grandson of Henry. The Empire of the mighty Charles has been sundered for a hundred years. If it were merged by marriage in the race of Constantine it would shine forth again like the sun risen after a gloomy night.”

What says our Empress?” asked Otto “for this touches her deeply, too, and must move a mother’s heart.”

"My Lord," said Adelheida, still beautiful, thoughtful, and loving, devoted to the hero of her young dreams, "a Greek Princess, graceful, accomplished, and intelligent, would add fresh lustre and culture even to your throne, mighty as it is"

"But will our advances be well received by him who occupies the Golden Palace of Justinian?" said Otto

"Nicephorus Phocas," said the Bishop, positively, "is between the Devil and the deep sea, as our Lombard proverb runs, he has no choice He will grasp your offer He has restless Bulgarians on his Northern border, and fierce Saracens on his Eastern frontier Byzantine churchmen and officials now in Rome here tell me that the people and the Church are weary of him The army has a new favourite The widow whom he married cares for him no more Nicephorus will yield, if he be pressed by an envoy of superior culture, who knows how to handle an uncouth soldier"

"We will consider of this embassy and project of alliance," said Otto, as he broke up the council "Mother and son, churchmen and civilians, are for peace, love, and friendship My lord of the Iron Head and of the Iron Hand, with his gallant men-at-arms, is all for war It may not be impossible to try them both, and see which of the two our friend the Basileus prefers My Lords, and reverend sirs, we thank you"

(To be continued)

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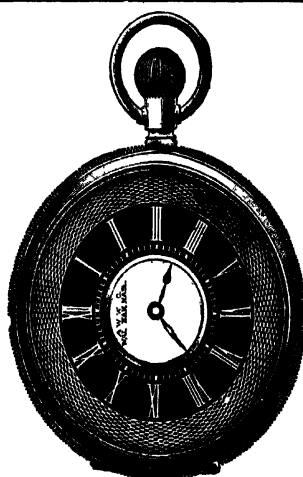
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THE
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TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

A SUMMER ROMANCE

As I lay awake at night-time
In an ancient country barrack known to ancient cannoniers,
And recalled the hopes that heralded each seeming brave and
 bright time
In my primal purple years,

Much it haunted me that, nigh there,
I had borne my bitterest loss —when One who went came not
 again,
In a joyless hour of discord, in a joyless-hued July there—
A July there such as then

And as thus I brooded longer,
With my faint eyes on the feeble square of wansome window-
 frame,
A quick conviction sprung within me, grew, and grew yet stronger,
That the night, too, was the same ,

Ay, as that which saw her leave me
On the rugged ridge of Waterstone, the peewits plaining
 round
And a lapsing twenty years had ruled that—as it were to grieve
 me—
I should near the once-loved ground

Though but now a war-worn stranger
Chance had quartered here, I clothed me and descended to the yard
All was soundless save the troopers' horses tossing at the manger,
And the sentry keeping guard

Through the gateway I betook me,
Down the High Street and beyond the lamps, across the battered
bridge,
Till the country darkness clasped me and the friendly shine for-
sook me,
And I bore towards the Ridge,

With a dim unowned emotion
Saying softly "Small my reason, now at midnight, to be
here!
Yet a sleepless swain of fifty with a brief romantic notion
May retrace a track so dear "

Thus I walked with thoughts half-uttered
Up the lane I knew so well, the long, gaunt, lonesome Lane of
Slyre,
And at whiles behind me, far at sea, a sullen thunder muttered
As I mounted high and higher

Till the upper roadway quitting,
I adventured on the open drouthy downland thinly grassed,
While the spry white scuts of conies flashed before me, earthward
fitting,
And a sultry wind went past

Round about me bulged the barrows
As before, in antique silence—immemorial funeral piles—
Where the sleek herds trampled daily the remains of flint-tipt
arrows
Mid the thyme and chamomiles,

And the Sarsen stone there, dateless,
Where of old we'd sat and told the zephyrs many a tender vow,
Held the heat of yester sun, as sank thereon one fated mateless
From those far fair hours till now

Maybe flustered by my presence
Rose the peewits, just as all those years back, wailing soft and
loud,
And revealing their pale pinions like a fitful phosphorescence
Up against the cope of cloud,

Where their dolesome exclamations
Seemed the voicings of the self-same throats I had heard when life
was green,
Though since that day uncounted frail forgotten generations
Of their kind had flecked the scene,—

And so, living long and longer
In a past that lived no more, my eyes discerned there, suddenly,
That a figure broke the sky-line—first in vague contour, then
stronger,

And was crossing near to me

Some long-missed familiar gesture,
Something wanted, struck me in the figure's pause to list and
heed,

Till I fancied from its handling of its loosely wrapping vesture
That it might be She indeed

'Twas not reasonless below there
In the vale, had been her home, the nook might hold her even yet,
And the downlands were her father's fief, she still might come
and go there,—

So I rose, and said, " Agnette ! "

With a little leap, half-frightened,
She withdrew some steps, then letting intuition smother fear
In a place so long-accustomed, and as one whom thought
enlightened,

She replied " What—*that* voice?—here ! "

" Yes, Agnette !—And did the occasion
Of our marching hither make you think I *might* walk where we
two—— "

" O, I often come," she murmured, with a moment's coy evasion,
" ('Tis not far),—and—think of you "

Then I took her hand, and led her
To the ancient people's stone whereon I had sat There now sat
we,
And together talked, until the first reluctant shyness fled her,
And she spoke confidently

" It is *just* as ere we parted ! "
Said she, brimming high with joy —" And when, then, came you
here, and why ? "

" ——Dear, I could not sleep for thinking of our trystings when
twin-hearted "

She responded, " Nor could I

" There are few things I would rather
Than be wandering at this spirit-hour—lone-lived, my kindred
dead—

On this wold of well-known feature I inherit from my father
Night or day, I have no dread

" O, I wonder, wonder whether
Any heartstring sent a signal-thrill between us twain or no?—
Some such influence can, at times, they say, draw severed souls
together "

I said, " Dear, we'll dream it so "

Each one's hand the other's grasping,
And a mutual forgiveness won, we sank to silent thought,
A large content in us that seemed our rended lives reclasping,
And contracting years to nought

Till I, maybe overweary
From the lateness, and a wayfaring so full of strain and stress
For one no longer buoyant, to a peak so still and eery,
Sank to slow unconsciousness

How long I slept I knew not,
But the brief warm summer night had slid when, to my swift
surprise,
A red upedging sun, in glory chambered mortals view not,
Was blazing on my eyes,

From the Milton Woods to Dole Hill
All the spacious landscape lighting, and around about my feet
Flinging tall thin tapering shadows from the meanest mound
and mole-hill,
And on trails the ewes had beat

She was sitting still beside me,
Sleeping likewise, and I turned to her, to take her hanging hand,
When, the more regarding, that which like a phantom shook and
tried me
In her shape I straightway scanned,

That which Time's transforming chisel
Had been tooling night and day for twenty years, and tooled too
well,
In its rendering of crease where curve was—where was raven,
grizzel—
White, where roses once did dwell

She had wakened, and perceiving
(I surmise) my sigh and shock, my vague involuntary dismay,
Up she started, and—her wasted figure all throughout it heaving—
Said, " Ah, yes I am *thus* by day!

“ Can you really wince and wonder
That the sunlight should reveal you such a thing of skin and bone,
As if unaware a Death's-head must of need lie not far under
One whose years out-count your own?

“ Yes, that movement was a warning
Of the worth of man's devotion!—Yes, sir, I am *old*,” said she,
“ And the thing which should increase love turns it quickly into
scorning—
And your new-won heart from me!”

Then she went, ere I could call her,
With the too proud temper ruhng that had parted us before,
And I saw her form descend the slopes, and smaller grow and
smaller,
Till I noted it no more —

True, I might have tracked her downward
—But it *may* be (though I know not) that this trick on us of Time
Disconcerted and confused me —Soon I bent my footsteps town-
ward,
Like to one who had seen a crime

Well I knew my native weakness,
And I know it still I cherished her reproach like physic wine,
For I saw in that emaciate shape of bitterness and bleakness
A nobler soul than mine

Did I not return, then, ever?—
Did we meet again?—mend all?—Alas, what greyhead per-
severes!—
Soon I got the Route elsewhither —Since that hour I have seen
her never
Love is lame at fifty years

THOMAS HARDY

MR BALFOUR'S LEADERSHIP OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

It is a comparatively easy task to classify those whom we designate as great men in different departments of life. But when we pass from broad classification to the institution of a standard of comparison, we find ourselves inevitably limited by conditions of time and circumstance. You can compare, though in a very rough way, great men in their various callings, who lived their lives in similar conditions and in the same periods of history, you can even go so far as to institute some kind of parallel between mighty world conquerors such as Alexander, Julius, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, but in the case of great statesmen the task is practically impossible, and can at the best be but fanciful and ingenious. But when we limit our canvas and endeavour to institute comparisons between different statesmen in their discharge of one very important but still subordinate department of their political functions, the task becomes grotesque. It is therefore no part of my intention to discuss whether Mr Balfour has discharged better or worse the duties attaching to the leadership of the House of Commons than his predecessors, near or remote. The House of Commons, as "played upon like an old fiddle" by Peel, to use Disraeli's happy description of the leadership of that House, is no more like the House of Commons of the days of King Edward VII than an ordinary Parliamentary election is like that of the rowdy, corrupt, but picturesque elections in the pre-ballot days. One hates to use the word gentleman, "that grand old name defamed by every charlatan and soiled with all ignoble use," in this or any other connection. But in the sense in which Tsar Nicholas habitually used the phrase *sur l'honneur d'un gentleman*, the members of the House of Commons, prior to the establishment of household suffrage, were recruited almost exclusively from the ranks of gentlemen. That the holders of the grand old name did not always behave as such is quite true. But the worst of them were no more numerous or popular than the noisy members of a club of which the overwhelming majority consider themselves bound by the unwritten as well as the written rules and regulations of the corporate body to which they belong. There were scenes then, as there are scenes now, there were occasionally instances of deplorable rowdyism, as

there are now There was obstruction, unorganised and sporadic, the work of a few wild spirits who were, as a rule, as ashamed of themselves the next day as of the results of the overnight wine-bibbing which was generally the cause. But they recognised themselves, irrespective of party, to use their own proud boast, as the finest assembly of gentlemen in the world. They regarded the House of Commons as the best club in Europe, and they had the same overmastering regard for the rules and regulations which safeguarded this unique institution. Old traditions die hard, and despite the consequences of the democratic changes in the constitution and *personnel* of the House of Commons they more or less endured till the advent of a Nationalist Party from Ireland, bent upon destroying the dignity and prestige of Parliament if by no other means could they secure political emancipation for their country. I am not now disposed to approve, condemn, or condone the guerilla warfare instigated by the subtle genius of Colonel Nolan, and raised to an exact science by Mr Biggar, which Mr Parnell brought for the first time into the campaign of politics. My desire rather is to point out how irreconcilably different were the circumstances, the conditions, the composition of the Parliaments led by Peel, by Russell, by Palmerston, by Disraeli, and by Gladstone, from the disorderly and disagreeable state of affairs which obtained in the House of Commons during the latter part of Mr Gladstone's leadership and throughout the whole of that associated with the names of Mr W H Smith and Mr Balfour. The House of Commons has ceased to have any recognised code of chivalry or good behaviour, and it is therefore impossible to contrast Mr Balfour's leadership with that of any of his predecessors in the memory of living men. In the later days of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, and throughout that of Mr Gladstone's which succeeded in 1880, organised and concerted obstruction was confined to that part of the House of Commons tenanted by gentlemen from Ireland, who came over here with the avowed intention of wrecking Parliamentary government unless they had complete independence with regard to Ireland. When a trial of personal endurance arose, members of both front benches, and their habitual followers, voted in the same lobby to destroy, if they could, the new microbe which had attacked and threatened to destroy the honour and the prestige of Parliament as a whole. I am far from denying that there were occasional outbursts of obstruction under the old *régime* and the old rules, but they were rare, and emanated from the excited feelings of individual members, or, in still fewer cases, of a little group of members. Scenes of rowdiness were even more exceptional than organised obstruc-

tion, and it is not without significance that the only Reformed Parliament which has been thoroughly democratic in its *personnel*, was that elected after the great Reform Act of '32, which was characterised throughout its career by scenes of boisterous disorder which are happily without parallel in these later days. To show to what lengths violence was carried, I will quote a brief passage from Grant's *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*, covering the years 1830—35

It occurred towards the close of last session (that of 1834) An honourable member, whose name I suppress, rose, amidst the most tremendous uproar, to address the House. He spoke, and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows "I rise, Sir (ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds)—I rise, Sir, for the purpose of stating that I have—"Oh! oh!" "Bah!" and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter) Hon. gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my con— (Ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter) I say, Sir, I have constituents who on this occasion expect that I— (Cries of "Should sit down," and shouts of laughter) They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance— ("O-o-a-a-u," and loud laughter followed by cries of "Order! order!" from the Speaker) I tell honourable gentlemen who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by— (Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter) I appeal— ("Cock e-leeri-o-co!" The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the House could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of "Order! order!") I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de— ("Bow-wow wow," and bursts of laughter) Sir, may I ask, have honourable gentlemen who can— ("Mew-mew," and renewed laughter) Sir, I claim the protection of the chair (The Speaker here again rose and called out "Order! order!" in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided) If honourable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it" The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause

But from that time forth the House of Commons, led by Russell and Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone, was normally a most orderly and dignified assembly, which once in a blue moon treated itself to a schoolboy spree. The least sign of organised disorder was squelched by the joint action of the two front benches, and by the marked disapproval of 99 out of every 100 of the ordinary rank and file. Moreover, all negotiation as to divisions and arrangement of Parliamentary work was conducted

by the chief whips on both sides, and an agreement once sanctioned by them was always obeyed as a rule of honour. I have the assurance of an old Parliamentary whip, who is still happily a most respected and regular attendant of the House of Commons, that a division never took place on important issues without the express agreement between himself and the whip on the other side. The "snap division" is of quite modern invention. It is needless to multiply the almost infinite changes which the character of the House of Commons has undergone since the last full Parliament of Mr Gladstone, and the due accession to the leadership, on the death of Mr W H Smith, by Mr Balfour. But Mr Gladstone himself had more than a touch of experience of what a disorderly House of Commons can be when he was engaged in fierce combat with the Irish members, who were soon to be his ardent allies. I quote a passage from the interesting book lately published by Mr Michael Davitt, entitled *The Downfall of Feudalism in Ireland*.

Here is his account of some of the incidents ¹

Mr Gladstone rose to explain the new rules which were to introduce the closure for the first time in the debates of the House—a measure curtailing the freedom of debate, also forced upon the Mother of Parliaments by the Irish members. It was intended to limit the weapons of obstruction for Irish resistance. Mr John Dillon rose as Mr Gladstone began his speech and claimed a hearing. The assembly yelled in fierce anger. Mr Dillon was suspended and removed from the House by force. On the Prime Minister rising again Mr Parnell rose and proposed that the right hon gentleman should not be heard. Mr Parnell was finally voted out of the debate and of the House, but only to have his example followed by others of his party until the Speaker, usurping a power which no rules or precedents gave him, undertook to suspend twenty-eight Irish members on a single motion supported by the ministerial Whip."

It was this first organised attack upon the liberty, privileges, and dignity of the House of Commons which induced Mr Gladstone to introduce the original measure restrictive of that freedom of speech in the House of Commons which had been enjoyed and rarely abused by our ancestors since the date of Cromwell. But this concerted conspiracy to stifle and paralyse the House of Commons by the Irish National members was at least confined to a small group, at that time numbering not more than a fourteenth or fifteenth of the whole House. In enforcing these restrictions, when once the dislike to the closure was overcome, Mr Gladstone and his whips could rely upon the loyal and self-sacrificing support of the whole Tory Opposition. When there were all-night sittings the minority took steps to supply relays of members to relieve

similar groups of Liberals in their attendance at the House. When it became necessary to name Irish Nationalists almost in battalions, the Opposition invariably voted with the Government. All that has now changed.¹ Since 1886 the alliance between the remnants of Mr Gladstone's party and the number of Nationalists raised to 80 or 81 by the reduction of the franchise in Ireland, while it has done something to modify the exuberant boisterousness of the Irish members, has also lowered the tone and character of the Liberal-Radical Opposition. Mr Balfour cannot, and for nearly twenty years has not been able to, appeal with any confidence to the Opposition as a whole to help him to support the dignity and efficiency of the House of Commons. The spirit of obstruction has spread from below the gangway to all the benches immediately behind those on which sit the alternative administration. The only conventional respect which the leaders of the Opposition pay to old Parliamentary forms is not to rise in their places when the Speaker asks if the mover of the adjournment of the House on some petty question of public interest, often irrelevant, and always in effect obstructive, has the support of forty members of the house, though contrary to all precedent, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has himself moved the adjournment in the present Session. This obedience to old-fashioned etiquette is of the nature of that hypocrisy which vice pays as a tribute to virtue, and this self-sacrifice is very cheap, for there are always present on the Radical side at least forty members, exclusive of the occupants of the front benches, ready and indeed anxious to have their hands in a job which will embarrass Ministers, and retard the discharge of public business. Mr Balfour, therefore, alone in the long list of leaders of the House of Commons, has had to look entirely to his own resources, and to depend upon the loyalty of his followers to perform duties which previous leaders of the House shared with the leaders of the Opposition. And since there is no standard by which we can compare Mr Balfour with his predecessors, one must naturally judge his leadership on its own merits. Who can say that it has not been, and is not, a most brilliant success? *Si monumentum quæris circumspice!* For what are the duties and functions of a leader of the House of Commons? There are some which, as I have just pointed out, used to be shared by the leaders of the Opposition, and by the majority of self-respecting members of Parliament. Those have to be borne by Mr Balfour on his own shoulders. In the good old days the authority of the leader of the House of Commons

(1) Written before the twenty four hours' sitting of the House of Commons, July 19 20

was only and barely second to that of Mr Speaker himself That that authority has not vanished into space like many other valuable traditions of Parliament, is due almost entirely to Mr Balfour himself In one important respect Mr Balfour resembles the first leader of the Reformed House of Commons, Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer, of whom a very hostile critic said "He was so excessively good-natured, so simple and inoffensive in his manner, that it was impossible for anyone, however much he might differ from him in sentiment, not to respect him When the most violent altercations and the greatest scenes of uproar and confusion took place in the House, there he sat, motionless as a statue, his face shadowing forth the most perfect placidness of mind" It may be remarked, in passing, that when these words were written of Lord Althorp, he was about the same age as the present Prime Minister Peel and Gladstone overawed the House with a Jovian austerity which made more for docility and submission than for affection Palmerston and Disraeli ruled with a wand of simple, agreeable, and seductive cynicism Mr Balfour largely owes his immense influence over his party, and in a less degree over the House as a whole, to that personal charm which, for want of a better word, though it would be difficult to find a worse, we call magnetic influence But behind the charm and grace of manner lies an indomitable will, as the Land Leaguers of Ireland remember to their cost, and an unflinching courage, as was proved in the great crisis of September, 1903, when he told the Duke of Devonshire that he should "carry on with or without any of his then colleagues, until he was beaten in a square fight on the only field of battle known to the Constitution" These qualities explain the hold he has upon the House of Commons, in spite of the recent organised attempt to affront him, but they do not necessarily account for the devotion and self-sacrificing loyalty of his own party in Parliament It has been said, and said truly, that Mr Balfour is less frequently to be seen in his seat on the front bench than those who have preceded him in the position he occupies But I wonder whether these critics ever take the pains to estimate the effect upon a Prime Minister who does his duty wrought by the change occasioned by the new rules They are said by some to be inconvenient to private members, but to no private member are these rules so inconvenient as they are to the Prime Minister, who would certainly never have introduced them if his own interests alone were concerned, or if he had seen any other less embarrassing method to secure the despatch of public business Here are time-tables giving a sketch of two very average days of the Prime Minister's work during the session of Parliament —

ORDINARY DAY	CABINET DAY
Till noon Correspondence and Pat- ronage Questions dealt with	Till 11 45 Correspondence, &c
12 0 Interview with Chief Whip on House of Commons arrange- ments, and conferences on official business with colleagues and others, &c	12 0 noon till 1 45 Cabinet
1 30 Luncheon	1 45 Luncheon
2 15 At the House of Commons	2 15 At the House of Commons
3 0 Conference on the preparation of a Bill with Minister in charge and the draftsman	3 0 A deputation to meet, or to see Ministers going or returning to their posts abroad
4 30 Despatches to approve and other official papers to be dealt with	4 0 Meeting of a Committee of Cabinet
6 0 Discussion on business to be brought before the Defence Committee	5 30 Interview with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs
7 45 Dinner	7 0 Audience at Buckingham Palace
9 0 till 12 0 House of Commons In his place to take part in debate	7 45 Dinner
	9 0 till 12 0 House of Commons Despatches and official papers to read Interviews with Col- leagues and Head Whip on arrangement of business, and as to debates, &c

It may be added that the occurrence of any sudden emergency adds materially to the strain. In view of these tables it is impossible for Mr Balfour to get through his mass of work and be in his seat on the front bench day by day during debates lasting from 2 30 p m till midnight. Before the adoption of the new rules it was unnecessary for the leader of the House to be in his place before 5 p m. It is indeed very seldom that Mr Balfour comes later to the House than 2 30, and it is frequently earlier. The old unofficial conferences of special committees of the Cabinet, formerly held at 10 Downing Street, now assemble in the Prime Minister's private room at the House of Commons. He is at hand if any crisis or novel point occurs in the assembly, and it is the rule rather than the exception that he can preside uninterruptedly over these bodies, which sometimes include the most important of all, the Committee of Imperial Defence,¹ without being summoned to the chamber to deal with some difficulty which has arisen. To men like Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr Gladstone, the atmosphere of the chamber itself was as the breath of their nostrils, and they paid comparatively little time to the business of the departments for which, as Prime Minister, they were as responsible as the Secretaries of State themselves. It may be stated in their defence that one temptation to sit in their places does not offer itself to a modern Prime Minister. It

(1) The recognised practice is for the Committee of Defence to meet at the Foreign Office every Wednesday morning

would be too much to affirm that oratory and great dialectic and argumentative powers have deserted the chamber once so pre eminent in the world for the magnificence and dignity of its debates. But the list of those who essay to convince the House of Commons instead of disseminating their views in the country through the Whispering Gallery above the Speaker's head is gradually diminishing and will soon be extinct. Sir William Harcourt, who, to the regret of all, is retiring from the Parliamentary arena, is one, and nearly the only one, left of the old guard. Lord Goschen, sometime Sir William's colleague, and sometime his opponent, but always his rival in the old-fashioned Parliamentary eloquence, has been transferred to that solemn House, to address which, as a famous statesman said, was like talking in a churchyard. It is a mistake to attribute to the vanity of the less eloquent rank and file their more frequent appearance in the dwindling columns which the Press now accords to Parliamentary matters. That is due to the demand of electors.

But, after all, we have not yet dealt with Mr Balfour's leadership as an actuality, and as affecting his position as chieftain of the party which follows him. Putting aside all questions of the higher statesmanship, what is the principal duty of the party leader as such? Obviously, it is to keep his party together as a compact unit, to strengthen and comfort it in hours of depression, to stimulate and to inspire it when the bugle sounds for the final charge. Has Mr Balfour succeeded in keeping his party together, in repelling the onslaught of the enemy, in inspiring his followers to great efforts, and in mastering the arts of Parliamentary strategy and tactics, which must be skilfully employed in the defence of causes, whether they be adjudged by others good or bad? Radical critics will answer the first question in the negative, and declare that under Mr Balfour's rule and governance the great Unionist Party has been broken up, and will point to the secession of a score or so of men professing and calling themselves Unionists as evidence of his failure. But there are two sides to this question. It was not any act or deed of Mr Balfour's that the fiscal question fell as an apple of discord amongst the party. Mr Chamberlain, than whom a more loyal colleague never lived, was entitled to take the manly course he did of resigning his place in the Cabinet in order to promote a crusade of fiscal reform in the country, because he believed that thus only could the dissolution of Imperial unity be averted. Here is not the place to discuss the merits or demerits of the scheme which is so anxiously discussed. All I take note of is that the cause of the divisions in the Unionist Party was not anything done by the Prime Minister, and bears not the slightest resemblance to the split in the Liberal Party.

gratuitously created by its great leader eighteen years ago. The captain of a vessel which is on its right course, with all its compasses absolutely correct, cannot be blamed if his vessel strikes upon an uncharted reef unknown to, and unchronicled by, previous sailors. The captain comes up for judgment in the inquiry as to what steps he took to repair the damage, to maintain discipline in his crew, and to speed the vessel on to the haven where she would be. It is admitted even by strong opponents of Mr Balfour that no man who has held Mr Balfour's position from the beginning of the Victorian Era could have held his party together through such a crisis as has confronted him since last September. His success indeed has been attributed by a certain class of critics to the fact that Mr Balfour is a man "without principle, without will, merely self-centred and possessed of a low cunning." If so, the honourable gentlemen who have stuck to their leader with unswerving loyalty, even when they differed from him on the fiscal question, must share the opprobrious epithets showered upon him with so generous a hand. And upon the brows of Mr Churchill, Sir John Dickson-L'oynder, Mr Ivor Guest, Major Seely, and Mr T. G. Bowles must rest the laurel of supreme statesmanship, of generous loyalty, and of Christian diffidence. It was known at least to some outside the Cabinet that before the historic meetings in September of last year Mr Balfour was prepared for the secession not only of the colleagues who actually left him, but of others who still form a part of his Ministry. The story of those memorable September days has not been told, nor half told, nor even a third told. What has been so far made public has been used as material for a brutal attack upon Mr Balfour's personal honour, which those who seceded from him know to have been as unjust as it was unfounded. They ought to have been the very first to make public that knowledge. Mr Balfour will not himself, nor will he let others, who know the incidents and details of the case, publish anything which, though completely vindicating his high sense of honour, would give personal pain to others who might think themselves affected by such disclosures. But in some vague and misty form the gist of that dramatic episode is known to, or guessed at, by the most respected members of the rank and file in Parliament. And even this very incomplete knowledge has strengthened the bonds of their loyalty and enhanced the respect and esteem in which they hold their leader. When the Prime Minister is described as a *roi faneant*, or sneered at as "Pretty Fanny" by Lord Rosebery in an outburst of that conspicuous refinement of taste and ostentatious display of his unrivalled acquaintance with the minor poets, it must be remembered that the Prime Minister

has not only brought in and carried more measures of the first importance than any of his immediate predecessors, but that he has personally conducted them through the House of Commons. For even when that excellent man, Mr W H Smith, gifted with all the qualifications of statesmanship save that of debating power, was leading the House of Commons with admirable tact and judgment, Mr Balfour had entrusted to his sole keeping the conduct of the most controversial Irish measures which have been placed upon the Statute-book, besides taking more than his share of debate on questions outside the department of the Irish Office. And since his accession to the Leadership made vacant by Mr Smith's regretted death, he has piloted through the House of Commons nearly all the measures of importance which were left by other Premiers to the care of their colleagues. It is said, however, that Mr Balfour holds his party together by a trick. If Mr Balfour's intimation that fiscal reform in any of its shapes does not form part of the Government policy for the present Parliament is to be called a trick, what are we to say of the practices of Sir Robert Peel and Mr Gladstone on the one hand, and of Lord Palmerston on the other? A distinguished colleague of the Prime Minister resigns in order to inaugurate a crusade throughout the country in favour of a change in our fiscal system, with part of which system Mr Balfour is in entire agreement. Subsequently, Mr Balfour goes to Sheffield, and there enunciates a fiscal policy with which he and his colleagues are prepared to challenge the opinion of the country while they have no intention of submitting it to the present House of Commons. It was open to the Opposition to have moved a vote of censure upon that speech if they had thought fit. They did not think fit, or, in other words, they were afraid to raise the issue in the only form known to the constitution. Nothing could be more plain and straightforward than Mr Balfour's conduct. He is clearly only responsible for the policy of the present Government in the present Parliament. He gets no more advantage—indeed, he gets less, owing to the enforced silence of his principal colleagues—from this postponement of a verdict till the date of the next General Election. If Mr Chamberlain forms leagues and indulges in a propaganda, so can, and do, the Free Food Unionists, together with the whole Opposition front bench and their rank and file. This indeed, on a very minor scale, was what occurred before the momentous election in 1841, which gave Sir Robert Peel an overwhelming majority, committed absolutely to Protection. There were Corn Law Abolition Leagues on the one hand, and Agricultural Defence Leagues on the other. But here comes the difference. Sir Robert Peel, returned to Parliament

on a Protectionist platform with a Protectionist majority, arrayed against a formidable Whig Opposition, took a great part of his party bag and baggage to the Opposition, in order to destroy what Peel himself was elected to defend. Take, again, the case of Home Rule. Mr Gladstone, known to be a Home Ruler only to a handful of his most intimate friends, omitting everything but the baldest reference to the subject in a voluminous address, turns out the Tory Government on the issue known as "Three acres and a cow," and thrusting that issue aside as soon as it had effected its purpose, sprung upon the Parliament and the country the most revolutionary measure which had ever been submitted to them, and one he had just declared that nothing but an overwhelming majority over Tories and Nationalists could justify him or his party in touching. It split the Liberal Party up, as Mr Chamberlain's fiscal reform is said to have shattered the Unionists. But Mr Gladstone, instead of giving the country time to think and reflect, wished to rush his measure through a Parliament which had no mandate—blessed word—to discuss a scheme for dissolving the union between Great Britain and Ireland. "Oh," say his apologists, 'but Mr Gladstone was beaten, and had to take the sense of the country.' It is quite clear, however, that Mr Gladstone did not want to be beaten, and was sorely displeased when a secession of his own colleagues and supporters brought about that catastrophe. So much for sins of commission with which the perfectly upright course of Mr Balfour must be contrasted. But take the sins of omission, which really deserve the epithets of trickery and fraud. Lord Palmerston always went to the country with a promise of Parliamentary reform in the very forefront of his election address. He hated any reduction of the franchise, he never intended to grant any, and he never allowed a Bill drafted with that object to get further than the second reading stage. That indeed was a manoeuvre not very reconcilable with the high standard of political morality. To put it briefly, Sir Robert Peel did something which he had expressly promised not to do, Mr Gladstone did something which no intelligent person in the United Kingdom could conceive it possible that he should do, and Lord Palmerston repeatedly promised to do something which he had not the slightest intention of doing. How has the action of Mr Balfour affected either Parliament or the country? It has left both entirely free from any kind of moral or political obligation to destroy, reform, or maintain the existing fiscal system. What more could possibly be expected of him? He cannot gag his Ministers, whether they be Free Fooders or Free Traders, upon a question which is not before Parliament.

Mr Gladstone, while he was a staunch supporter of the Church of England, never forbade any of his Ministers, still less his supporters, to attend meetings of the Liberation Society, and, indeed, he defended Mr John Bright when, as a Minister, he made a most violent attack upon the House of Lords. It is the business of the leader of a party to prevent any disruption of his followers so long as it is in his power to do so. No doubt the Prime Minister has deprecated and prevented, as far as lay in his power, discursive and academic debates on the fiscal problem in the House of Commons, which might cause irritation and dissension in his own ranks. But he has never refused to give the Opposition an opportunity of airing their grievances on a direct vote of censure.

I would finally point out that with the possible exception of Lord Aberdeen, there is no other Prime Minister in the long list of those who have served the British monarchy since the dawn of the nineteenth century, who has ever reached that goal without being urged on to it by the spur of personal, as well as of political, ambition. It would be hypocritical to assert that, having reached that goal, he does not cherish and is not proud of his position. When he found himself in that "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," he certainly did not struggle against it. But it must always be remembered, and, indeed, is one of the secrets of his successful leadership, that he found himself in that tide by no design and desire of his own, but, as an act of self-sacrifice and of personal devotion to his illustrious kinsman, Lord Salisbury. When, for the first time in his life, he had been brought face to face with the more squalid aspect of contested elections in thoroughly Democratic constituencies, the necessity of refuting gross personal libels, of meeting and contradicting a constant stream of deliberate lies in the form of pamphlets and leaflets and anonymous literature of every kind, appalled him and disgusted him. And one day he said to a friend: "I am sick to death with the shady side of politics, and I am nearly determined to give the whole business up. I have no partiality for the dull routine life of the House of Commons, and I only entered it because my Uncle Robert (the late Lord Salisbury) thought I might be of use there." Mr Balfour did not want office in general, nor any office in particular. He was willing to take any place, subordinate or more exalted, so long as he could serve his distinguished relative and the country. An uncomplaining but rather bored shuttlecock, he was battledored about from post to post in the work of reconstruction, and it need no longer be a secret that but for a very characteristic and cynical sentence of Lord Salisbury he would have yielded to the pressure of Sir

Michael Hicks-Beach, then leader of the party in the House of Commons, and of Lord Carnarvon, and have become Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The office he then declined to accept subsequently in times of desperate stress and strain, had ruined many reputations, but it furnished Mr Balfour with the opportunity of proving to the world that he was marked out as a ruler of men and as an inevitable Prime Minister.

E B IWAN-MÜLLER

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE NEW GENERATION

MANY a time as I have sat in my library, facing the thirty-six volumes in which Cardinal Newman collected such of his writings as he specially wished preserved, I have asked myself what will be his place eventually as a thinker and a teacher. Two books¹ recently published may perhaps help towards an answer. One is from the pen of Lady Blennerhassett, unquestionably the most considerable exponent just now of the culture of Catholic Germany. The other we owe to Dr William Barry, a master in theology and in philosophy, in history and in romantic fiction, who, as unquestionably, is the foremost representative of Catholic intellect in this country. I shall proceed to give a brief account of each.

Lady Blennerhassett's work, as its title-page states, is "a contribution to the history of the religious development of the present day." It is, she tells us in its introductory pages, a study of Newman designed to present the outlines of his life and teaching to German readers. She does not write merely for Catholics. She remarks, quite truly, that unswerving as was Newman's allegiance to the Church in which he found the true home of his religious convictions, his sympathies were not confined to that fold, and notes how, after outliving the inevitable reaction of feeling against him, following upon his submission to Rome, he had the consolation of finding his way back to souls dear to him (*den Weg zu den ihm theueren Seelen zuruck zu finden*) and how he gradually won the affection and reverence of his countrymen at large. It is to German readers in general that she wishes to make Newman better known and I cannot doubt that her work, skilfully planned and admirably executed, will be received with the appreciative favour always shown in her own country to this accomplished writer.

It would be beside my present purpose, and would take me far beyond my present limits, to give a detailed account of Lady Blennerhassett's book. I wish rather to indicate the judgment which she has been led to form of Newman as a thinker and a teacher. "If it be asked," she writes, "what spiritual influence has been mightiest and most enduring on the religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon world, from the middle to the end of the last

(1) *John Henry Kardinal Newman, ein Beitrag zur religiösen Entwicklungsgeschichte der Gegenwart*, von Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. Berlin, 1904
Newman, by William Barry. London, 1904

century, the answer is not doubtful. The generation whose cradle-song Byron and Shelley sang, for which Coleridge philosophised, and Sir Walter Scott discovered a vanished world, and Carlyle and Macaulay wrote history, the generation to which John Stuart Mill exhibited the Utilitarian teaching, and Darwin introduced a new view of Nature, names the name of John Henry Newman as that of the man who most deeply influenced the feelings, most strongly stirred the souls of men. To the last day of a life of ninety years, this influence was exclusively religious, but it was exercised by one who held the foremost rank, both in the intellectual province and in literature." Such is the judgment of this highly gifted woman upon Newman. And, as she points out, it is now being accepted far beyond the limits of the English-speaking peoples. For the last twenty years, she observes, the more thoughtful minds of French divines have increasingly appreciated the true way of treating the explication of religious doctrine unfolded in the *Essay on Development* and the *Grammar of Assent*, and the present theological progress in France, she considers, is due, if not in its results, yet in its method, to Newman.

Dr Barry's book is modelled upon a very different plan from Lady Blennerhassett's. He writes for a public well acquainted with, at all events, the outlines of Newman's career, and not altogether ignorant of his works. The number of careful and conscientious students of his writings among us is perhaps not very large, such students are always rare. But probably there are few cultivated Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not read the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and some of his verses are among the most popular of our religious poems. Dr Barry is concerned with his intellectual life, and with the external accidents of his career, the texture of his beliefs, and the moments at which they were acquired, only as illustrating and illuminating his literary development. He deals with Newman as a great English classic, regarding him, however, not from a merely English but from a European point of view. But with Newman literature was not an end in itself, it was a great means to a greater end. A deeply, one may say, a naturally religious mind, he from the first discerned that his vocation was prophetic. This comes out strikingly in some verses addressed by him to his brother Frank in the year 1826 —

"Dear Frank, we both are summoned now
 As champions of the Lord
 Enrolled am I, and shortly thou
 Must buckle on the sword
 A high employ, not lightly given,
 To serve as messenger from heaven "

“To serve as messenger from heaven” What, then, according to Dr Barry, was Newman’s message?

Dr Barry’s answer to that question may be read at large in his brilliant pages, and especially in the two chapters entitled *The Logic of Belief* and *Newman’s Place in History* All I can do here is to give, in a very compressed form, some outlines of it —

“Newman realised, as others did not, that Christianity was fading away from the public order, that Christians would be called upon more and more to exercise their individual judgment, to mix in a society no longer Catholic or Protestant, but free-thinking as was the later Roman Empire, sceptical yet superstitious, corrupt yet polished, and he began to provide against the evil day His policy would have gone upon lines, novel as regarded the immediate past, now irrecoverable, but identical with those by which Clement, Origen, Basil, and the early Fathers had guided their course under heathen rule It was a programme for to-morrow which implied great and permanent losses, not pleasant to think of, a reliance on energy instead of routine, and what many took to be a change of front By this time Darwin had published his ‘Origin of Species’, the Bible criticism familiar to Germany since Lessing, had put out feelers in ‘Essays and Reviews’, Colenso was applying his arithmetic to the Pentateuch, Hegel had been heard of in Oxford Newman was alive to the signs of the times, he read and gave them a meaning Events have shown that he was not deceived”

So much, in general, as to Newman’s attitude of mind And now let us look, more closely, at a portion of his teaching All his life long, as he said in his address at the Palazzo della Pigna, on receiving the Cardinal’s hat, he had opposed what he called Liberalism in religion, meaning by Liberalism, as Dean Church happily puts it, “the tendency of modern thought to destroy the basis of revealed religion, and, ultimately, of all that can be called religion at all” The question, then, which he asked himself was this “What must be the face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries?” To answer that question he falls back on personality as “the key to truth”¹

“He takes himself,” writes Dr Barry, “for granted, his nature, faculties, instincts, and all that they imply Metaphysicians have commonly started from the universal to arrive at the particular, but he, who is not of their sect, reverses the process ‘Let concretes come first,’ he exclaimed, ‘and so-called universals second’ He went back to the days of childhood, when he was ‘alone with the Alone’, and on this adamant basis of reality he set up his religion The inevitable, though com-

(1) It has been profoundly observed by Dr Barry that Newman’s view of personality is essentially Carlyle’s doctrine of heroes “wearing its academic robes”

monly unrecognised, premiss of all reasoning is each man's individual nature, so that if a multitude agree, still it is because every one finds in himself a motive for assenting to the view taken by all. Whether the motive be weak or valid we do not now inquire. But what of the process? In many books it is described as an art—the art of logic—and rules have been given for its proper exercise. Newman, as we might expect, denies this old position, at least in its accepted form. 'Reasoning,' he says, 'is a living spontaneous energy within us, not an art.' Revelation is an accommodation to our weakness, an 'economy,' in its nature unequal to that which it bodies forth. And as is the object, so is the evidence. 'Almost all reasons formally adduced in moral inquiries are rather specimens and symbols of the real grounds, than those grounds themselves.' They are 'hints towards the true reasoning, and demand an active, ready, candid, and docile mind, which can throw itself into what is said, neglect verbal difficulties, and pursue and carry out principles.' Defenders of Christianity, however, are tempted to 'select as reasons for belief, not the highest, the truest, the most sacred, the most intimately persuasive, but such as best admit of being exhibited in argument, and these are commonly not the real reasons in the case of religious men.'

"It would be difficult to name a controversial divine who had ever made these admissions before Newman, to the unphilosophical, of whom Froude or Kingsley was a type, they would seem to border on scepticism, to conceal infinite reserve, and to furnish bigotry with weapons of offence. Newman was engaged upon two inquiries, for which the shallow enlightenment of an age when Bentham was a prophet and Macaulay a preacher could not be prepared. He was grappling with the idea of Evolution and the fact of the Unconscious. So have they been termed since, in his language we must call the one 'development,' the other 'implicit reason.' His claim to be original in philosophy rests on discoveries to which zeal for theology impelled him. Newman held that 'it is the mind which reasons, and not a sheet of paper', but he went a step beyond this judgment upon artificial logic when he brought in as auxiliaries emotion, instinct, and the will to believe. This was escaping from literature to life, subordinating science to action, or rather testing presumptive knowledge by its behaviour in contact with realities, the world was now the school, whereas religious apologists had taken their narrow little classroom for the world. In this truly Aristotelian spirit Newman, after some thirty years of meditation, set about writing, with infinite pains, his *Grammar of Assent*.

"Ten times he went over some of its chapters, we are told, over the last, perhaps twenty times. It bears the marks of revision in a certain weariness which broods upon its pages, and will scarcely compare with the great Oxford Sermons where he handles the same topics. But its wisdom, depth, significance, and pathos make of it a work such as St Augustine might have offered to a century like our own. It is philosophy teaching by experience. How man ought to arrive at certitude has been the subject of many an ambitious treatise. How, in concrete matters, he does arrive at it, was Newman's concern."

In reading over these extracts, I have a sort of guilty feeling, as though I had mutilated the admirable pages (114—191) whence they are taken. Still they will, I think, convey to my readers the main outlines of Dr Barry's argument, and I trust will lead many of them to study it at length in his own volume. I add to

my citations a few lines in which he sums up his estimate of Newman's work —

"Newman was to be the Christian prophet and philosopher of the coming century 'By the solitary force of his own mind,' to quote J A Froude, he has not only restored Catholicism in the English-speaking world to a place and power which it might seem hopelessly to have lost, he has also reacted on the mental habits of those whom he joined by teaching them a language they could not have gained without him, modelling afresh their methods of apologetics, making known to the Roman schools a temper of philosophy and style of argument which promise a common ground, a forum or an agora, between North and South where, at least, they may discuss with understanding, and by drawing their eyes to the abyss of the unknowable which must ever lie beneath our most certain affirmations "

The fragments of Dr Barry's work which I have just cited will suffice to indicate both its philosophical depth and its literary excellence I shall now go on to set down a few thoughts which it suggests to me concerning Newman's place as a thinker and a teacher

Let me put it in this way We live in an age when all first principles once generally held in the Western world are called in question, when what is designated "the right of private judgment" is freely exercised, not only by the wise and learned, but by the foolish and ignorant, when the man in the street, who, according to Carlyle's contemptuous estimate, is really capable to judge of little save the merits of the coarser kinds of stimulants, confidently gives sentence on all things in heaven and earth Authority once deemed conclusive is discredited and impotent "Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do?" the *Church Catechism* asks of the neophyte *Bound to believe and to do?* The smallest Board School boy would resent the suggestion as an outrage upon the Nonconformist conscience to be met with passive resistance The obligation now generally recognised is not to believe and to do, but to examine—hopelessly incompetent as the vast majority of people are for the task It is true, however, that in this province, as in all others of human life, men are gregarious They follow a few leaders—there is no help for it They take their beliefs, their principles of action, on trust, while fondly imagining that the notions which have drifted into their heads originated there The trend of thought is determined by a few thinkers The number of Germans capable of intelligently appreciating the Kantian philosophy has ever, probably, been extremely small And yet it is not too much to say that Kant wrought the moral regeneration of his country¹ Now,

(1) This will perhaps appear to some of my readers a great deal too much to say I may be permitted to refer such to pp 167—172 of my volume, *Essays and Speeches*, for that vindication of it which my space does not allow me to enter upon here

Newman, as it appears to me, is doing as great a work for England as Kant did for Germany

It would probably be difficult to bring together two names representing minds more differently constituted Newman, "an Alexandrian who wrote in English, if ever there was one," as Dr Barry happily remarks, a literary artist whose prose is unmetrical poetry, a mystic, a saint, and Kant, a Teutonised Scotchman, dry, hard, unemotional, unspiritual—a critic whose judgments are delivered in what is probably the most repelling diction ever achieved by man The contrast is very like that between the Platonic demiurgus and an analytical chemist And yet the analogies between their teachings are most curious and significant¹ To draw out this in detail would be impossible here I can only touch in passing upon a few instances How striking, then, is the identity of their testimony regarding Theism and Immortality "Belief in God and in another world," writes Kant, "is so interwoven with my moral nature that the former can no more vanish than the latter can be torn from me" The words of Newman seem to come as an echo of this deep saying "The existence of a God of Judgment is as certain to me as my own existence, it is the great truth of which my whole being is full" "We have a direct and conscious knowledge of our Maker" Both Kant and Newman offer the most strenuous opposition to those schools of thought which teach that there is no knowledge *a priori*, and there are no truths cognisable by the mind's inward light and grounded on intuitive evidence, that sensation and the mind's consciousness of its own acts are not only the exclusive sources but the sole materials of our knowledge One signal merit of Kant's philosophy, as it seems to me, consists in the abundant light which he has thrown upon personality, enabling us to see clearly its fundamental characteristic—a self-consciousness involving self-determination and the power of making our desires an object of our will This cardinal fact of personality, as we saw just now, is the very foundation upon which Newman builds Kant conceives of the moral law—not, according to a widely popular misconception of his teaching, as a higher self, but—as an independent reality which entering into a man evokes the higher self within him And this conception underlies Newman's teaching, though he carries morality to the height of sanctity and passes through ethics to holiness "The Divine Law," he writes, "the rule of ethical

(1) Newman, who knew no German, was quite unacquainted with Kant, at all events up to 1884 "I have never read a word of Kant," he wrote to me in that year I am told by a common friend that subsequently he perused translations of the *Critiques of the Pure* and the *Practical Reason*, pen in hand—that was his usual way—and made some notes on them

truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, universal, absolute authority in the presence of men and angels, is the Divine Reason, or Will of God, and this law as apprehended in the minds of individual men is called conscience " Newman and Kant, whatever the dissimilarity of their intellectual constitutions, the difference of their phraseology, the divergence of their beliefs, were apostles of the moral law And that is what I meant when I said just now that Newman is doing for this day a work similar to Kant's a century before

Yes, this is the main line of Newman's teaching, to which all segments of it must be referred Man was for him a *person*, that is, an ethical being, marked off by that unique and supreme distinction from

"the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes "

Man, alone of all animals "born under the law of virtue," is endowed with conscience, a Deity within him—*ἑποῖς ἀπασὶ συνέδῃσι Θεός*, as Menander sang centuries ago, in words where we seem to hear "the Spirit of the years to come yearning to mix himself with life " For the old Hellenic moralists conceived of goodness rather than rightness as the rule of duty They busied themselves in inquiries about the *summum bonum* The word "ought" did not mean for them what it means for us Even in Aristotle the faculty of conscience, though implied, receives no explicit recognition, he gives no adequate account of its categorical imperative, of the ethical *δεῖ* It was the ascetic element in Stoicism which led men more sharply to distinguish the good from the pleasurable, and to discern the absolute character of the moral law But Christianity, which has been truly said to have in some sort unveiled human nature to itself, has revealed the full import of the word Its significance for us represents the ethical advance of the modern world over the Hellenic When Newman began to preach and to teach, the school of Bentham was high in popular favour a school the outcome of whose doctrines was the cancellation of that advance Denying that good and evil are of the will, resolving morality into a long-sighted selfishness, it sought—and that in the name of progress!—to undo the work of the noblest of ancient philosophies and of the most august of all religions The Physicists, who came later, went further than the Utilitarians They declared by the mouth of Darwin that "the imperious word ought" implies merely the existence of persistent instincts, that a man ought to speak the truth

in the sense in which a pointer ought to point, a retriever to retrieve, a hound to hunt. Doctrines such as these stirred the spirit of Newman within him. It was his life-work to combat them.

"All through my day," he writes, "there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience. Literature and science have been embodied in great institutions in order to put it down. Noble buildings have been reared as fortresses against that spiritual, invisible influence which is too subtle for science and too profound for literature. Chairs in Universities have been made the seats of an antagonist tradition. Public writers, day after day, have indoctrinated the minds of innumerable readers with theories subversive of its claims. As in Roman times, and in the middle age, its supremacy was assailed by the arm of physical force, so now the intellect is put in operation to sap the foundations of a power which the sword could not destroy. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man, that its dictate is an imagination, that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect, in which we helplessly lie? And what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil?"

"So much for philosophers, now let us see what is the notion of conscience in this day in the popular mind. There, no more than in the intellectual world, does 'conscience' retain the old, true, Catholic meaning of the word. There too the idea, the presence, of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature, but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humour, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any moral rule, but they demand, what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, for each to be his own master in all things, and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent, who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way. Conscience has rights because it has duties, but in this age, with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a Lawgiver and Judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had."

To these doctrines Newman opposed the august teaching that conscience, a constituent element of the mind, is a Divine Voice speaking in the nature and heart of man, the internal witness both of the existence and the law of God, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas. To every individual man the rule and measure of duty.

(1) As a matter of fact, Newman's view of conscience is not precisely that of the Catholic schoolmen. He goes beyond them in regarding it as a distinct faculty, which is also the teaching of Butler and of Kant.

But the individual is not in truth the *individuum vagum* of Rousseau's abstraction, he is organically connected with other men in a polity civil or ecclesiastical, he is found not in solitude—*unus homo nullus homo*—but in society. And society lives by law which, rightly conceived of, is an expression of the same reason that speaks through the voice within. I need hardly observe that the principle of authority enters everywhere, into every field of human thought and of human action. And it is as necessary as it is universal, necessary as an aid to the individual conscience. Conscience, Newman points out, in a striking passage of the *Grammar of Assent*, is like a clock—"It may be said to strike the hours, but it will strike them wrongly unless it be regulated." It is a guide fully furnished for its office, but it cannot exercise that office without external assistances. One of those assistances is furnished by authority¹. And here arise practical difficulties in the religious as in all other provinces, the solution of which is by no means always easy. The question of authority *versus* conscience was for years—indeed, I may say, during his whole life—before Newman, and it seems to me difficult to imagine anything wiser than his treatment of it. A recent writer has called Origen "the very type of the true combination of reverence of authority with the active spirit of inquiry and courageous facing of difficulties." Surely these words of Professor Stanton most aptly characterise Cardinal Newman.

A religion, Newman has observed, in his *Grammar of Assent*, "is not a proposition, but a system. It is a rite, a creed, a philosophy, a rule of duty, all at once." Yes, it is all these, but, as he insisted long before he was a Catholic, "it has ever been an assertion of what we are to believe", and it is this first of

(1) It may interest some readers to know that Mr Gladstone did not think "a religion of authority incompatible with freedom of thought," as appears from the subjoined letter addressed by him to me on the 29th of January, 1882. In acknowledging it, I expressed regret at having misunderstood him, gave references to passages in his Vatican pamphlets to which the misunderstanding was due, and asked if I should publish the correspondence. He replied that just then—at that time he was Prime Minister—he had "no desire to appear in the field of even friendly controversy," but left it to me to deal later as I might think fit with his letter—which, I am sorry to say, I forgot all about until I came upon it, casually, a few days ago. It is as follows:—"Your interesting article in the *Contemporary Review* for February has a passage, marked by courtesy and evident sincerity, in which you have, I am sure unwittingly, fallen into error concerning an opinion of mine to which you do me the honour to refer. I have never laid it down, or believed, that a religion of authority is incompatible with freedom of thought. Forty three years ago I was severely criticised by Lord Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, for having maintained the exact contrary, which I have at all times held, and have variously endeavoured to set forth, as, for example, within the last few years, in articles published in the *Nineteenth Century* respecting Sir George Lewis's work on the influence of authority in matters of opinion."

all "Bound to believe" is the very preamble of its message. And, to quote the words of *Loss and Gain*, it was because he found in Rome, and in Rome only, a competent authority to tell him what to believe, that he submitted to the Catholic Church. This is the burden of his book on Development. "There can be no combination on the basis of truth without an organ of truth," "a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a divine right." If conscience is the subjective organ of religion, the Church is its objective organ. But what if the two come in conflict? What if ecclesiastical authority requires us to accept statements which go against our conscience, statements which, after the best and most careful exercise of our judging faculty, appear to us erroneous? Well, I cannot deny—how can I, with history before me?—that cases may arise in which boldly to speak the truth, in opposition to ecclesiastical authority, and if necessary to suffer for it, is a bounden duty *tempus est loquendi*. "There are," to quote the words of Burke, "times and circumstances in which not to speak is at least to connive." But they are rare. If there is a time to speak, there is also a time to keep silence *tempus est tacendi*. We must be always intellectually loyal to what we believe to be the truth—that is certain. But obedience is a virtue as well as veracity. It is never safe to go against conscience. It is always dangerous to defy that consentient judgment which theologians call the *sensus fidelium*. In practice there are two questions to be considered. Is the view of which we think ourselves so assured really a certitude, or is it merely a more or less probable opinion? And if it is really a certitude, does there lie upon us the obligation to publish it *hic et nunc*? Lord Acton, in one of his recently published *Letters*,¹ speaks of "the deadly taint of a conscience perverted by authority." Such perversion is, of course, possible. History unquestionably exhibits instances of it. History exhibits far more numerous instances of a conscience perverted by vanity and self-will. Cardinal Newman held that ordinarily the rule is patience, and in quietness and confidence to leave the issue to time —

"Time, which solves all doubt,
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out"

They were very favourite lines with him. One lesson he found

(1) My regard and reverence for my deceased friend compel me to express my deep sense of the wrong done to his memory by the publication of these documents, many of which, written in his haste, or, as the Vulgate has it, in his excess (*Dixi in excessu meo*), by no means represent his calm and deliberate judgment upon the subjects with which they deal, as I have reason to know, and convey a quite false impression of one of the truest and most loyal of men.

writ large on ecclesiastical annals, namely, this — "The initial error of what afterwards became heresy was the urging forward of some truth, against the prohibition of authority, at an unseasonable time " And once, being asked in conversation what was the main fault of heresiarchs, he replied, " Their impatience " But here, in order to present more fully his mind on this matter, I will give an extract from the very striking Introduction prefixed to the treatises republished by him under the title of the *Via Media* It will probably be new to most of my readers —

"Much is said in this day by men of science about the duty of honesty in what is called the pursuit of truth—by 'pursuing truth' being meant the pursuit of facts It is just now reckoned a great moral virtue to be fearless and thorough in inquiry into facts, and, when science crosses and breaks the received path of Revelation, it is reckoned a serious imputation upon the ethical character of religious men, whenever they show hesitation to shift at a minute's warning their position, and to accept as truths shadowy views at variance with what they have ever been taught and have held But the contrast between the cases is plain The love and pursuit of truth in the subject matter of religion, if it be genuine, must always be accompanied by the fear of error, of error which may be sin An inquirer in the province of religion is under a responsibility for his reasons and for their issue But, whatever be the real merits, nay, virtues, of inquirers into physical or historical facts, whatever their skill, their acquired caution, their experience, their dispassionateness and fairness of mind, they do not avail themselves of these excellent instruments of inquiry as a matter of conscience, but because it is expedient, or honest, or becoming, or praiseworthy, to use them, nor, if in the event they were found to be wrong as to their supposed discoveries, would they, or need they, feel aught of the remorse and self reproach of a Catholic, on whom it breaks that he has been violently handling the text of Scripture, misinterpreting it, or superseding it, on an hypothesis which he took to be true, but which turns out to be untenable

"We will suppose in his defence that he was challenged either to admit or to refute what was asserted, and to do so without delay, still it would have been far better could he have waited awhile, as the event has shown—nay, far better, even though the assertion has proved true Galileo might be right in his conclusion that the earth moves, to consider him a heretic might have been wrong, but there was nothing wrong in censuring abrupt, startling, unsettling, unverified disclosures, if such they were—disclosures at once uncalled for and inopportune, at a time when the limits of revealed truth had not as yet been ascertained Galileo's truth is said to have shocked and scared the Italy of his day It revolutionised the received system of belief as regards heaven, purgatory, and hell, to say that the earth went round the sun, and it forcibly imposed upon categorical statements of Scripture, a figurative interpretation Heaven was no longer above, and earth below, the heavens no longer literally opened and shut, purgatory and hell were not for certain under the earth The catalogue of theological truths was seriously curtailed Whither did our Lord go on His ascension? If there is to be a plurality of worlds, what is the special importance of this one? and is the whole visible universe, with its infinite spaces, one day to pass away? We are used to these questions now, and reconciled to them, and on that account are no fit judges of the

disorder and dismay which the Galilean hypothesis would cause to good Catholics as far as they became cognisant of it, and how necessary it was in charity to delay the formal reception of a new interpretation of Scripture till their imagination should gradually get accustomed to it "

I have well-nigh reached the limits which I proposed to myself when I began to write, but there are still a few remarks which I should like to set down. I will do so as briefly as possible.

For seventeen years I enjoyed the high privilege of much intercourse, both personal and epistolary, with Cardinal Newman, and I do not think Dr Barry exaggerates in describing him as "the loftiest and deepest intellect of the age." If I were asked which of his high and noble characteristics struck me most, I think I should say his largeness of mind.

It has been objected to him that his view of religion was simply ecclesiastical. In a sense, this is true. The religious sentiment, so strongly recommended as a substitute for dogma, appeared to him quite inadequate to supply the needs of human nature. I remember on one occasion asking him, "Is not this religious sentiment merely the ghost of religion?" He laughed assent, and said, "A little holy water would lay it, perhaps." Religion was for him a matter of persons and things, of definite teaching and prescribed rites, embodied in institutions. On the other hand, he knew—this has been well brought out by Dr Barry—that words are symbols of something too deep to be adequately expressed in them. "The best in their kind are but shadows." The inscription on his tomb, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," is a true revelation of him.

The same note is on his philosophy. It is sometimes said, indeed, that he had no philosophy. That he was no metaphysician is, of course, true. But who can deny to him a philosophy of his own, in the wider sense which Plato¹ claims for the word, of real knowledge as opposed to mere opinion? The *Grammar of Assent*, in which it is most systematically expounded, is not metaphysics and does not pretend to be. It abounds in profound and most valuable suggestions, in a subtle psychology, and in refined observation of the difference between various orders of mind. But its language is altogether remote from the schools. Its standpoint is personal, not scientific, and therein lies its real value. It has been objected to him by one of his critics that "his imagination dominated his reason." But with Newman imagination was that "high reason" of the poet, whereof Milton speaks, as—to quote Dr Barry again—it was "with Carlyle, Wordsworth,

(1) Τὸν φιλόσοφον σοφίας φήσομεν ἐπιθυμητὴν εἶναι, οὐ τῆς μὲν, τῆς δ' οὐκ, ἀλλὰ πάσης, — Plato, Rep. 475 B.

Goethe, and Shakespeare not the bare mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from the letters of the alphabet in what is, at best, a luminous void, but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer making his way from crag to crag, under him the raging sea, above, sure ground and deliverance " Yes, Newman had a philosophy of his own, living and permeating as life itself

Equally large-minded was his way of dealing with theological questions I suppose his greatest achievement in that department is his book on the development of religious doctrine, in which he has done so much to bridge together past and present His teaching, indeed, on this topic is not new the Catholic tradition has always maintained it Newman adds not a syllable, so far as the *principle* goes, to what is laid down in well-known passages and even treatises of the early Fathers He does not innovate, he merely emphasises, illustrates, illumines, and resets He may be said to have made an end of the old unhistorical view of Christian dogma which he found in possession No well-instructed scholar would now maintain that thesis of the immutability of Catholic doctrine which Bossuet held When Newman wrote, few Catholics, I suppose, questioned it I may note here his winning tolerance towards those who differed from him in opinion, his abiding readiness to meet them as far as possible, and to attenuate difficulties by what he called "a wise and gentle minimism" He had nothing of the angry zealot about him His hardest words were for those who wounded conscience by "tyrannous ipse dixits," and used their private judgment to anathematise the private judgment of others I do not know that he ever expressed himself more clearly on this subject than in a letter to me—it is dated May 13th, 1883 "My maxim," he writes, "has ever been that it is better to make mistakes than to make nothing, and that nothing that man can do is without mistakes Unless our authorities have faith in their laity, unless they give writers elbow-room, they will succeed in no able refutations of infidelity, or rather, I should say, in no sufficient Men won't fight well under the lash Such smaller mistakes as Catholics may make may be set right, while what is good and serviceable will remain "

During the early 'eighties I had many conversations with Cardinal Newman regarding the effect of modern criticism upon the traditional thesis hitherto commonly accepted by Catholics concerning the inspiration of the Sacred Books¹ of Christianity At that time the subject greatly occupied the minds of many thoughtful and devout persons, among them being the late Dr Clifford, Bishop of Clifton Writing to me on the 2nd of May,

(1) That is the true translation of *Biblia Sacra*, it is noteworthy that in the Middle Ages the plural *Biblia* was turned into a singular—books into book

1883, that learned prelate expressed himself as follows — “ Many Catholics entertain notions [on the subject of Biblical inspiration] similar to those attributed to them by M. Renan, and, by doing so, do a great deal of mischief. As these questions become every day more popular, the evil is on the increase. All other theological difficulties are rapidly sinking into insignificance in comparison with that of the reconciliation of the Bible with modern science. The question must be met openly and fairly, and the sooner the better ”. The Cardinal, to whom I showed this letter, pondered it for a long time, and then said “ Yes, the question must be met openly and fairly—openly and fairly ” (he laid much emphasis on the adverbs)—“ so much is certain, but ‘ the sooner the better ’? I don’t know—is it as yet ripe? ” It comes to my memory, as I write, that once, in conversation with him about some point of Biblical exegesis, I quoted—perhaps somewhat impatiently—a dictum of one of the Hindu Sacred Books ‘ A fact is not altered by a hundred texts ’. He answered, a greater than usual gentleness of tone veiling the implied rebuke, “ True, but the texts are a fact too ”. His own feeling unquestionably was that much of the traditional thesis is untenable and will have to be abandoned, although he resented “ the rude manner,” as he expressed it, in which too many critics permitted themselves to deal with literature so sacred and, as he was fond of saying, sacramental. He was chary of expressing himself on a subject which he had not specially made his own, and which he felt to be of much difficulty and delicacy. But in his article on *The Inspiration of Scripture*, published in 1884, he lays down the principle—if it “ be assured to us ” that a canonical book is “ inspired in respect of faith and morals ”—all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary ”—a pregnant principle indeed, which appears to be ever more widely commending itself to competent and candid judgments as eminently reasonable and eminently religious.

I have, however, exhausted not indeed my subject, but my space, and must end this paper. I cannot end it better than with a prescient sentence of Dr. Barry’s, to which I entirely assent — “ Should the Catholic Church extend its conquests in the world where Shakespeare is king, [Newman’s conversion is] not less likely to have enduring results than had St. Augustine’s on the intellect of the Middle Ages which he formed ”.

W S LILLY

LE MAROC

THE recently completed Anglo-French Convention, the brutal capture of Mr Ion Perdicaris and his step-son, near Tangier, and the undeniable and critical state of anarchy which marks the last stage of the existence of Morocco as an independent empire, all tend to lend special interest and importance to a really good and informing book upon the land of the Moors. Such a book is that just published by the firm of Armand Colin, in Paris, *Le Maroc d'aujourd'hui*, by Eugène Aubin, the talented author of *Les Anglais aux Indes et en Egypte*, an entertaining work of travel which the Academy of France showed its discrimination by crowning last year. There is another fact which should lend this book importance and interest in our eyes. It is written by a Frenchman, and, by our recent Convention, we have said in effect that the future of Morocco shall be left in French hands. For years France has vigorously denied any wish or intention to bring about this state of things. For years English statesmen have solemnly assured inquiring politicians, whose curiosity has been aroused from time to time by writers who insisted perseveringly that this was what France was aiming at, and what England could not afford to allow her to achieve, that nothing of the sort was contemplated, or would be permitted. The whole thing was categorically denied on both sides of the Channel less than six months ago, and as categorically affirmed by the present writer, and in these very columns. But that is past. Even the shade of Nelson, or the forgotten warnings of far-seeing Disraeli, cannot alter the accomplished fact. Britain has given France a free hand in the land which supports the southern Pillar of Hercules, and faces the northern half of the gate to the East—Gibraltar. The days of that country's independence are numbered. A good book about the country, written by a sane, tolerant, observant Frenchman, is a book worth thoughtful consideration. That is why the writer wishes to draw the attention of English readers to M. Aubin's *Le Maroc*.

In his preface the author disclaims all knowledge of Arabic

Ignorant la langue arabe et isolé dans une contrée aussi rebelle à tout contact avec les Européens, il m'eût été impossible d'entreprendre une pareille tâche, sans le concours d'un Algérien, Si Kaddour ben Ghabrit

One is rather surprised to learn of M. Aubin's ignorance of Arabic, for he has travelled extensively in the East, but, though one would naturally suppose this would detract from the value of

his book, one is made to feel in the reading that it is really no more than another item to be placed to the credit of his industry, his perseverance, and his insight. For the book is long and full, and it covers very many aspects of the matter in hand. The author has obviously a good working understanding of the Oriental character, this, and a pronounced gift of sympathy, have done even more for him in his work than the help of his native assistants. Intuition, sympathy, the literary man's quick insight—call the gift what you will, it plays little part or none at all, as a general thing, in the work of a man who writes of a foreign country in which he has spent half a lifetime. When a capable Indian Civil servant undertakes to describe life in India, he is apt to be exceedingly dull, and not very informing. There are no other pictures quite so convincing and informing as the vivid first impressions of a well-equipped literary craftsman. He approaches his subject as it is approached by his future readers. But he brings a highly-trained faculty of observation to bear upon it, and, being a stranger to it himself, he seizes, preserves, and transmits all those indicative, essential externals which are precisely what the rather tired and probably official resident of the country in question would refrain from mentioning in any way, and precisely what the casual reader must have if he is to learn anything at all about the subject. *Le Maroc* has not lost very much by reason of its author's ignorance of Arabic, and it has gained something in picturesqueness, dash, and confidence.

To judge from the leaflet which accompanies the book, M Aubin's publishers do not share either his modesty, or his ability to weigh and sift evidence, since this leaflet affirms that M Aubin was one of the very few Europeans who lived in Morocco during the recent Bu Hamara disturbances. The writer of this article was in Morocco during the greater part of the time in question, and can testify to the fact that it did not in any way affect the numbers of the European community there. But the author himself somewhat overrates the importance of this rising, and finds more of its circumstances "unique" than would have been the case had he lived longer in the country, or studied its history more closely. M Aubin does not think very much of the written history of Morocco, one gathers, since he writes —

I naturally profited by my long hours of solitude to read most of the works published on Morocco. Aside from historic data, I found hardly anything to draw upon, for there does not exist, to my knowledge, any book, in any language, which exhibits, for those whom it may interest, the mechanism of Moorish life, and of the Moorish Government.

This is a remarkable statement, and indicates that the author has been unfortunate enough to overlook a number of very valuable descriptive works in his own language published during

the past century, not to mention the many English, Dutch, Spanish, and Arabic books descriptive of Morocco. As Lieut-Colonel Sir Lambert Playfair wrote, during the reign of the last Sultan —

The next author on the empire of Mulai el Hassan, who thinks it necessary to justify the existence of his work, will require to face the fact that, exclusive of manuscript records, of which a prodigious quantity are stored in the archives of every country having relations with Morocco, there are enumerated in the bibliography to which these lines form the introduction, the titles of over 2,000 contributions to its history, geography, and politics, for the most part printed, which we have thought worthy of being recorded

But, again, as with the author's ignorance of Arabic, so, it may be with his failure to find books dealing with "the mechanism of Moorish life," his own book has possibly lost little or nothing, whilst it has gained from the freshness and impartiality of its writer's point of view, and unbiassed intelligence. As he says

It has been, then, by questioning as many people as possible, that I have arrived at an idea, which I believe just, of this country, so completely closed to all European penetration. Needless to say I have always sought information from the surest source, and that when possible I have checked statements one against another

One gathers so much from the book itself, but, as was, of course, inevitable, the author was occasionally misled, and then his ignorance, alike of the language and the history of the country, handicapped his acute intelligence, and prevented his detection of the error into which he had been led. For example, towards the end of the book he gives an excellent account of his visit to the Shareefs of Wazzan, and adds to it the following comment —

After the French conquest, the Shareefs, who possessed in Algeria important interests, were naturally drawn toward us. Sidi el Hadj Abd es Selam, who ruled the Zaouia from 1851 to 1892, had dreams of the French destiny in Morocco, and uttered many prophecies in our favour. These celestial inspirations led him to beg, twenty years ago, for French protection, which was thenceforward extended to the chiefs of the Wazzan family

Now the author very probably thought that in seeking information about the Wazzan Shareefs he could hardly do better than go to a member of the Zaouia at Wazzan. But, had he subsequently made inquiries almost anywhere else, he would have learned that the late Abd es Selam's "celestial inspirations" in favour of France did not lead to his application for French protection. They followed it. What led to his application for French protection was quite another matter, it was neither more nor less than his failure to obtain English protection, the outcome

of one of the late Sir John Drummond Hay's serious errors of diplomacy

M Aubin's description of the young Sultan's personality is good, but here, again, first-hand information led him a little astray. Moors are notoriously weak in the matter of dates. Abdel Aziz IV is in his twenty-sixth, and not in his twenty-third year. The author prefaces his book with a brief *Vocabulaire Arabe*, for assistance in the compilation of which he expresses his gratitude to M Gaudefroy-Demombynes, the secretary of *l'École des Langues orientales*, but in the text are many such words as *Chleuh*, *Zikr*, *Tekkes*, *Tolba*, *Mokhaznis*, and the like, which are not included in the vocabulary, and which certainly will need explanation both in England and in France, and that the more so since the author's ignorance of Arabic makes his spelling of such words erratic, whilst a carelessness very foreign to the rest of his methods has left some of these words in italics, and some not. Elsewhere, the author has spared himself no pains. His collection of commercial and other statistics, for example, whilst not showy, is obviously of value, both to French and English readers, and is admirably well set forth. His maps, also, are excellently clear, and more than usually accurate.

Now, with regard to where M Aubin's travels took him in Morocco, and what he did, it may be admitted at once that, with the exception of his visit to Wazzan, he never left the safety of the beaten track. Even Wazzan was tolerably safe when M Aubin journeyed there, though three years before, the writer of this article was stoned in the market-place of that sacred city. From Tangier, M Aubin travelled by sea to the southern port of Mazagan, where he took to the road and journeyed to the capital city of the south, Marrakish.

Marrakish represents the perfect type of a Moorish town. In its girdle of ruinous walls, pierced only by as many gates as are necessary for communication with the outside, it contains the three essential parts, sharply separated into special quarters: the Kasbah for the Government, the Medina for the Mussulman population, and the Mellah for the Jews. At sunset and on Fridays at midday, during the hour of prayer, the gates are closed, the three groups remain isolated from each other, and the town sleeps in peace. (Not always in peace, M Aubin!) Only one postern remains open in the Kasbah, to admit, until one hour later, the entry of the Sultan's couriers.

That is well enough, save for the first sentence. Marrakish the Red is not a typical Moorish town. It is the most African town in Morocco, but it is not at all typically Moorish, as Fez, for example, is. Morocco city, and its people, show in a hundred ways the intimacy of their connection with the Soudan, the interior, the great desert, and with Timbuctoo. Anything typically Moorish

is typically Arab Marrakish is rather an African than an Arab city M Aubin goes on to make the customary observations about the slave market in Marrakish His highly civilised sensibilities revolted against it, as was inevitable, but he describes it well, better than does the average traveller, and he has the discrimination to add —

I must say that the domestic slavery of the Mussulman family has always appeared to me a thing of extreme kindness—"douceur"

Christian travellers in Mohammedan lands are very apt to forget that Christians are the people who have been responsible for the real horrors of slavery It is natural and proper for a man of Western civilisation to resent every aspect of slavery, but it is a wholesome corrective for him to bear in mind a few historical facts regarding it The Koranic teaching permits and justifies slavery, but it regulates it upon a basis of humanity, decency, and common-sense, and the slaves of a country like Morocco are distinctly better off than the poorer sort of free men It is an historical fact that a century and a half ago there was far more cruelty perpetrated aboard French galleys than in any of the Muslim galleys of the Mediterranean, whilst the Christian slave trade of last century was stained by horrors of a sort quite unknown in Mohammedan communities, where men no more think of maltreating slaves than English farmers think of maltreating and injuring their cattle, and where the manumission of slaves in certain circumstances and at certain times, is honourable, necessary, and customary

M Aubin was well impressed by the Khalifa of the Medina at Marrakish —

El Hadj Abd es Selam el Ouarzazi is a man of advanced age, a native of Marrakish His manners, like those of most high officials of the Makhzen, are distinguished, and he is full of dignity, in his floating vestments whose elegance lies in their graceful drapery and extreme whiteness He received me on the threshold of his house with that *empressement*, that flood of words and gestures of welcome which in this country always greets the arrival of a guest The luncheon provided was the most delicate of repasts, both in dishes and in service The teacups were first brought on a tray covered with silken stuff, various infusions were successively prepared with mint, vervain, marjoram, and citron Then one washed the hands which were to serve as knives and forks, and all the dishes were placed side by side under covers of palm fibre There were chickens dressed with preserved citron, and rice with raisins, and lamb stuffed with cummin For dessert, there were cakes of almond paste called Koab el-ghezal (gazelle shoes) Last came coffee, in which had been poured drops of orange flower water The hands were washed again, and the garments sprinkled with perfumes, and fumigated with a brazier

This is pretty, but it is not realistic, as the writer of these lines well knows It is true enough, perfectly true, but it is hardly the whole truth Yet, perhaps it is enough The author also

visited the old and famous Si bou Bekr, British *protégé*, and chief capitalist of Southern Morocco. But this old gentleman (who has lost most things that he held dear, save his wealth) did not find favour in his guest's eyes.

In his fandak, squatting on the ground, surrounded by papers which overflowed from many boxes, and by the ruins of European furniture, he represents the Moorish incarnation of a brewer of crooked and evil affairs.

He offered us tea in a silver-gilt service presented to him by the British Government, in recognition of his long services. He seemed a good-natured old fellow passing the decline of life in the midst of a swarm of familiar negresses.

Here the author achieves a picture. But he did not get to the bottom of Si bou Bekr, by a good long way.

From Marrakish the Red, the author journeyed back to Tangier, and, after a few days' rest, set out for Fez, where he spent six months in an orange garden placed at his disposal by a hospitable shareef. This, and his journey to Wazzan (only a day's march off the Fez road), was the extent of his travels. But in Morocco an observant man may learn much while squatting in a doorway, a fact which M. Aubin had the wit to appreciate at an early stage of his travels. Here is an illuminating piece of gossip which came to M. Aubin in his orange garden, and which reached the writer of these lines, and tickled him a good deal, in a Moorish hut between Ceuta and Tetuan, five or six years ago —

Sidi Rehal is a Marabout of distinction. His influence is not very extensive, but he has for sons all the inhabitants of the town (that bears his name), and Zaouias scattered at some distance claim relationship with him. The servants of the holy man have a deplorable reputation, which is explained by an appropriate legend. When Sidi Rehal wished to ask for his people the heavenly benediction, he tried to say "May all my sons be wise, and all my daughters virtuous." But by some inconceivable error he cried "May all my sons be thieves, and all my daughters harlots!" His descendant and mokaddem, Sidi Azzouz, is an old man who never goes out of the Zaouia, where he lives in piety and in a mystic dream. They say he expresses himself in severe terms regarding the reform leanings and European tendencies of the young Sultan. "Moulai Abd el Aziz," says he, in his symbolical language, "has mounted a camel whose saddle has neither girth nor breast band."

M. Aubin's description of the rise of the Bu Hamara rebellion is precisely what the writer of this article gave to readers of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* last year, and as such cannot well win comment in this place. The following lines are worth quotation, however.

"A Sheikh of Riata, made prisoner in the sortie of 29th January, was asked by the Makhzen people what were the motives of the insurrection. 'We rose,' replied the Berber mountaineer, 'because we had learned that the Sultan had become a Nazarene, and that he had sold Morocco to the English.'"

As the present writer pointed out last year, this really was the Pretender's cry throughout

When M Aubin approaches the political situation in Morocco, he shows himself notably a sane, shrewd, open-minded Frenchman, loyal, but tolerant, and impartial Here, and in other similar respects, his book is vastly superior to that of the Marquis de Segonzac, issued by the same publishers last year That book made one feel that the Marquis de Segonzac had learned very much in Morocco, and that the French Foreign Office had profited largely by his journey He had little to give the ordinary reader M Aubin gives all he has, without a hint of official reserve, and with quite unhampered candour

From the moment when the Sultan entered upon the path of European gaieties, he had to feel attracted specially by one of the two nations, one of the two ideas, one of the two cultures, between which the Morocco of the hour was evolved (Last year the present writer endeavoured to explain the circumstances leading to the young Sultan's choice, in the columns of the *FORNIGHTLY REVIEW*) It is thus that he has shown, until now, a marked leaning towards England, and a certain aloofness from France Not such an aloofness as appears irremediable

But up till a recent period, English policy in Morocco has been better served than ours, by circumstances and by men

No Frenchman has much reason to feel friendly toward Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, who has been a distinct link between the present Sultan and his father and England, but, at least M Aubin writes without bitterness

Among the groups which have used and abused this extraordinary wind-fall (the Sultan's European tendencies), the most able, and at the same time the most important has been that headed by Kaid Sir Harry MacLean Sir Harry is a Scotchman, formerly an officer of the Gibraltar garrison, who, for his own reasons, quitted the English army He went to Morocco, and there took service as instructor of the army of Sultan Moulay el Hassan For twenty-five years he vegetated there, laboriously forming a model battalion of infantry and seeking to extend his feeble authority as instructor It was after the emancipation of Moulay Abd el Aziz (by the death of Regent Ba Ahmad) that fortune began to smile upon Sir Harry MacLean He found himself then at Court, the only European of his kind who was permanently and purely Makhzen His long stay in Morocco, and his Moorish appearance, made him seem more like a Moor than an Englishman He was then in a position to inspire confidence, and to become the European instructor of the young Sultan Henceforward his duties multiplied To his modest rôle of military instructor, he added, little by little, that of friend, confidant, and adviser of the Sultan, introducer of foreigners to the palace, and organiser of European pleasures He made himself besides political, commercial, and financial agent for the Makhzen

Like his description of his luncheon with the Marrakish Khahfa, this is all true, but it is not the whole truth The Kaid did truly become a notable power after the death of Wazeer and Regent Ba Ahmad, but he had been thoroughly in the confidence of the late

Sultan He did extend his field of operations considerably, as a sort of general adviser to the present young Sultan English policy backed and justified all he did at the time, or pretty nearly all Also, the Kaid's influence was making for genuine reforms, for the serious side of civilisation It was a countryman of M Aubin's, or, at all events, a Hebrew gentleman who claimed French nationality, that represented to the young Sultan the attractions of the frivolous side of civilisation, the circus, the dancing girls, and the rest of the Paris gauds, the things most hateful to the orthodox in Sunset Land

This book of M Aubin's should be read by all those Englishmen who pretend to any knowledge of, or interest in, the concerns of Britain's foreign policy, and that ought to include all educated Englishmen, if it does not The Anglo-French Convention is now signed, sealed, and published, and the British public know exactly what policy we are committed to so far as Morocco is concerned The strategic importance of Morocco could hardly be overrated It is a land of great possibilities in many other ways It might well become the granary of Southern Europe It is the source from which Gibraltar draws the bulk of her daily supplies of food One may easily imagine circumstances in which it would be almost her only source of supply It is one side of the gate to the Mediterranean, and to Suez It is a country which Nature has made an hundred-fold richer than Algeria or Tunis What has been the immediate result in Morocco of the publication of the terms of the Anglo-French Convention? Before that event, quiet lawlessness reigned The Sultan's tendencies toward European civilisation, encouraged by England, up till the point at which England suddenly turned a cold shoulder upon the young man, for political reasons which neither he nor any of his subjects could understand, had robbed him of all spiritual prestige That, in such a Mohammedan community, meant the loss of all power For two years he had been unable to collect his revenues, and, without money or prestige, was powerless either to punish the Pretender or to enforce his laws A curiously quiet state of anarchy prevailed The publication of the Anglo-French Convention was the signal (not very quickly acted upon, because European news does not travel by telegraph in Morocco) for the bursting into flame of a thousand smouldering fires in Al Moghreb The writer has not space at his disposal here for the detailing of examples That which shocked him most was one of which all the world has heard the kidnapping of his friend, Mr Ion Perdicas, by the brigand Raisuli, within three miles of the British and French Legations, from under a roof which has very often sheltered the British and French Ministers, to a place of captivity situated almost within gun-shot of Gibraltar

There are scores of other lesser instances. This is the most striking by reason of the personality and repute of the principal victim.

The writer's information from Tangier does not suggest that France played any part whatever in obtaining the release of Mr Perdicaris, that longed-for consummation which circumstances and Moorish shiftiness postponed until one of the two victims, at least, was reduced to a condition of absolute physical prostration by a captivity the hardships of which, to a delicate, fragile gentleman, advanced in years, and long used to the ordering of his days according to medical prescription, it would be difficult to exaggerate. The generosity of that captive's nature, the almost Quixotic chivalry and nobility which are a part of the man, induced him to think the best of his captor, and to speak more kindly of Raisuli than would any among the Europeans of Morocco, whom that brigand has never wronged. But the unlovely fact remains that Raisuli is a thief, a traitor, and a cruel-hearted outlaw, who, by sheer insolence and criminality, has now made himself the governor of five considerable provinces, besides obtaining the release from prison of a number of his lawless followers, and extorting from the authorities a substantial sum by way of bribe. England and America have joined, we are informed, in claiming from the young Sultan an indemnity for this outrage, and the capture and punishment of the now wealthy bandit, Raisuli. The only fitting punishment for Raisuli is death, or imprisonment for life. Reform is out of the question, where so traitorous a barbarian is concerned. Can the Sultan of Morocco, who, as was said, has been unable to collect his revenues for two years, inflict punishment upon a mountain leader with money, and a considerable following at his back? Be it remembered that the Sultan's position has not improved, but rather the reverse, since the gloomy days of last year, during which he gave up in despair the attempt to induce his unwilling levies to attack the Pretender's forces, and, suffering an abject loss of "face," withdrew the remains of his disloyal army, and retreated to the walls of his palace at Fez, where he has remained ever since, beyond which his rule has not run one mile.

Without assistance Moulay Abd el Aziz cannot possibly undertake the punishment of any such man as Raisuli. By the terms of the Anglo-French Convention, England has withdrawn her claims in Morocco, and promised France an open field and a free hand there. M Etienne has assured the Morocco Committee in Paris that there are to be no French military moves in Morocco. A strictly economical policy of pacific penetration is to be the order of the day. Peace and, above all, economy, is his motto now, though now, at length, he has laid aside his hollow pretence that the French movements on the south-eastern frontier of Morocco

are not concerned with the extension of French dominion. He maintained that attenuated subterfuge with great diligence up to the very day of the publication of the Anglo-French Convention, though its absurdity was more than once or twice demonstrated in the columns of this, and of other English Reviews, during the past three years. And so now, by the terms of her treaty with Britain, by the French Government's pledges to the French public, and, one may add, by the determination of the French people, French activity in Morocco is confined to pacific penetration. Pacific penetration will not enable the Sultan to punish Raisuli in twelve months, nor yet in twice twelve months. Meantime, European residents in Tangier, and elsewhere in the Sultan's realm, are petitioning their respective home Governments for protection of their persons and interests, in circumstances which render the lives and liberty of all Christians in Al Moghreb unsafe. Raisuli himself is insolently playing the bandit (he has already sent word into Tangier that if the Sultan shows a sign of attempting to withdraw one of his ill-gotten privileges, or of interfering with him in any way, he will at once descend upon the Europeans in Tangier, and thereby enforce a European guarantee of his immunity and independence), flushed by the success of his recent outrage, and imitators of Raisuli are springing up in all directions. An officer of one of the American warships stationed at Tangier Bay, in a letter to the writer of this article, tells no more than the obvious truth, when he says —

The plain fact of the matter is, my dear fellow, whatever the diplomatists may tell you, that France has grabbed a bigger row than she cares to hoe in Morocco. Her Colonial party has a tidy appetite, but it has bitten off a bigger chunk than the French public can chew, and the penalty is not going to be just trouble for France — it is going to be trouble for all European residents in this old-timey country, and that of the very worst sort, besides friction which may lead to much, or little, or nothing, but friction, anyway, between various civilised nations. If Raisuli is not punished no European will be safe in Morocco. The Sultan can't punish him, and it's dead sure that France can't punish him while sticking to any old policy of pacific penetration.

The situation is a curious one, and eminently worthy of careful study.

Meantime, Christendom has at its hand the final tableau in the history of a nation that once dominated Europe as far north as the banks of the Loire, and led Europe in culture, in learning, in wealth, and in civilisation, within a few generations of its own inception. Of the modern state of that nation, of its final appearances upon the stage of history, something may be learned by the least studious in the pages of M. Aubin's *Le Maroc*.

A J DAWSON

THE AUXILIARY FORCES AND THE COMMITTEE OF THREE

"No military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular Forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be"—Report of the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa

In the year 1900, when the South African War had almost entirely depleted this country of its Regular garrison, and for the defence of Great Britain and the replacement of our casualties at the front, we had practically to rely exclusively upon the Auxiliary Forces, Mr Wyndham, then Under-Secretary of State for War, in reply to the urgent representations of those Forces, solemnly promised on behalf of the Government that Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers should be organised into a separate branch at the War Office, and should have their own direct representative on the Headquarter Staff of the country¹

On Saturday, April 9th, 1904, when the terrible experiences of the Black Week had been forgotten, and the Regular Army, helped over the South African stile by the patriotic efforts of the civilian soldier, had safely returned to England, Home and Beauty, the following notice appeared in the *Morning Post* —

Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K C B, Inspector General of Auxiliary Forces, has requested to be relieved of his duties, which he will hand over next week to a successor. On the reconstruction of the War Office by the creation of the Army Council, it was decided that the department of the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces should be temporarily separated from that of the Adjutant-General, pending the report of the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteer Forces. But on the publication of Part III of the report of Lord Esher's Committee, the proposals of the committee were immediately adopted and put in operation, and the department of the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces became once more a branch of the Adjutant General's office. This arrangement Sir Alfred Turner is understood to have been unable to accept, and his request to be relieved of his duties is the consequence. Colonel Le Roy Lewis has also asked to be relieved of his duties in the Department of the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces.

It is probable that not one in a thousand persons who read the above paragraph realised its deep and far-reaching significance, and the doubts of those few of the five hundred and seventy-nine

(1) "The Militia and Volunteers are obviously capable of much further development. As to the improvement of organisation we mean to have an officer at the War Office in future specially charged with the Auxiliary Forces, and we mean to give him a staff—in fact, there will be a separate branch of the War Office—to deal with our Auxiliary Forces, men who are *personæ gratae* with them, and who are specially qualified to understand their interests"—Speech on the Army Estimates, March 12, 1900

thousand members of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers who had an inkling that all was not well, were, in a great measure, appeased by the notice which appeared on April 14th, to the effect that Major-General Mackinnon, C V O , C B , who commanded the City Imperial Volunteers in South Africa, had been appointed " Director-General " of Auxiliary Forces, in succession to General Turner, and by the subsequent announcement that he was to be assisted by Colonel Romer as representing the Militia, Lord Matland the Yeomanry, and Colonel Sturmy Cave the Volunteers

The daily Press, as a whole, took remarkably little notice at first of General Turner's resignation and its cause,¹ and with the solitary exception of the *Spectator*, which has recently been at some pains to express the opinions and aims of the most progressive and most thoughtful members of the Auxiliary Forces, no newspaper, up to the end of April, saw the significance of a matter which, as the *Spectator* expresses it, " is one of supreme moment, and involves the whole future of the Auxiliary Forces "

This striking chorus of silence was only broken when Sir Howard Vincent threw down the challenge in the political arena with his admirable open letter to the Prime Minister, and backed it up by the representations of some sixty Unionist M P 's The fact that the country, as a whole, is profoundly ignorant and even more profoundly careless of their needs, potentialities, and aspirations, is, indeed, one of the chief causes for the present unsatisfactory condition of the Militia and Volunteers No doubt the Report of Lord Esher's Committee bristles with technicalities upon which no one who has not made the dreary subject of War Office Reform a speciality can ever pretend to have an opinion We are probably, as a people, more or less determined that the War Office and the Regular Army, which with a kind of rough justice we have found guilty of the South African blunderings, shall be reformed But we do not exactly know or precisely care how the reform is to be accomplished We do know that we are sick of destructive criticism, which is extremely irksome to our national self-esteem, and are accordingly but too thankful to the Prime Minister and to the Committee of Three for patching together some sort of a constructive scheme and setting the

(1) In spite of Mr Arnold Forster's attempts to throw doubt upon the accuracy of this statement, the facts have been substantiated by General Turner himself in his letter to Sir Howard Vincent—"My request cannot be termed a resignation in the ordinary sense of the word, but one to be relieved of my office at an earlier date than that settled, and this I begged as the only protest in my power to offer against a course which had been taken, and which I am convinced from experience is one very prejudicial to the well being and efficiency of the Auxiliary Forces The great part of the work is to be taken from the Department, and its importance reduced to a minimum "

machine in motion Prompted by the same feeling of rough justice, we regard with satisfaction the root and branch expulsion of "all the old gang," and welcome the cry of new men and new measures In these circumstances it is, of course, convenient to forget that most of the so-called new men are themselves the remnant of a War Office gang which inhabited Pall Mall many years before the days of Brodrick The electorate, as a whole, which considers itself fully qualified to form a judgment on the technicalities of education, or fiscal, or foreign policy, is only too glad to pronounce itself incompetent to grapple with the far simpler and vitally important problem of imperial defence, and is content once more to leave its solution to "the experts," although it was the "expert" mismanagement of the war which brought us so perilously near to ruin

When, therefore, the man in the street reads in Part III of the Esher Report that the Auxiliary Forces are to be controlled by the Adjutant-General's Branch, and that their Director, who, with purely nominal duties, is to have no word to say as to their enlistment, organisation, training, discipline, administration, or inspection, is to be squeezed in the Scheme between the Army Medical Corps and the Judge Advocate, he fails so much as to raise his eyebrows Oblivious alike of the great numbers, past history, or recent achievements of the Auxiliary Forces, he is content to leave them to the management of the Regular soldiers, who, he argues, are, after all, paid to know all about all kinds of soldiering

It is proposed in this article to recall a few facts which are perfectly well known to everybody, and to see to what conclusions they would naturally lead

In the first place, according to the latest available returns, while our Imperial Forces include some 281,000 Regulars, the Auxiliary Forces number 579,000, or more than twice as many men The cost of the latter to the country reaches the not inconsiderable total of four and a half millions sterling In the South African campaign, out of a total of 448,000 men employed, 5,659 officers and 141,257 non-commissioned officers and men were members of the Auxiliary Forces, supplied from Great Britain alone There were, in addition, 52,000 oversea Colonials, many of whom had received their first military training in the Home Auxiliary Forces, and the same Forces contributed, either directly or indirectly, some thousands of men to the South African Colonial Corps The importance of a branch of the Imperial Forces which supplies two-thirds of our military strength, and at the crisis of a national call to arms beyond the seas has provided over two-fifths of the expeditionary force, and by sheer force of numbers

turned the balance of victory or defeat, can, therefore, hardly be exaggerated. Yet this large reserve has been obtained at the trifling average cost of £12 per head, while the Regular soldier on the effective and non-effective vote (and including, of course, the Army Reserve) costs £90 per annum, or over seven times as much as his comrade of the civilian army.

Into the relative merits of the Regular soldier and the Militiaman, Yeoman, or Volunteer, we do not propose to enter now. The most serious faults of the Auxiliary Forces lie in their imperfect and scratch administration, and their scratch officers, faults for which these Forces themselves are not entirely to blame. But it is certainly an open question whether a man who soldiers in his spare time every year, is not at least comparable as a fighting-machine to a boy who enlists at eighteen, serves under the new system for three years in barracks, and then for other nine passes into the reserve, and all the non-military influences of the plunge from an iron discipline into an all too unrestricted personal liberty. At any rate, no one will contend that a reservist formed on these lines is more than seven times as valuable as the so-called "partially trained" man who serves every year a little, and is not one-seventh of the expense. Put the case as we will, leaving an ample margin for individual prejudices, it cannot be denied that, taking our military establishments as they stand, the Auxiliary Forces form a highly important part of the whole, requiring careful thought and constant attention if they are to be used to the best advantage.

But the proposal of the Esher Committee is to entrust them to the care of the Adjutant-General, the Generals in charge of command districts, and their subordinates, and in the War Office to the heads of sections who from time immemorial have been hostile to their interests, and whose chief care at best must, of course, be the training of the Regular Army.

Thus the conditions of service, the organisation, the mobilisation, the discipline of the Auxiliary Forces, so totally and essentially different from those of the Regular Army, and so greatly varying in the different branches of the Forces themselves, will be controlled by the Director of Recruiting and Organisation for the Regular Army. Their training will be supervised by the Generals in charge of command districts, in spite of the fact that the military education of professional soldiers must perforce be cast on quite other lines than that of men who are only soldiers in their spare time. Administrative questions will be dealt with by the Major-Generals, whose time should be fully employed in dealing with the exceedingly complicated administration of a Regular force of all arms, scattered over a widely-extended district. Inspection

will similarly be undertaken by Regular officers, who, in the past, have been unable to judge the non-professional soldier otherwise than by the pipe-clay and pace-stick standard, which is very rightly regarded as the sure test of discipline in a Regular regiment. These officers will all of them report to the Adjutant-General, who, if he has the time to spare, and the inclination to hear him, is at liberty, but is not obliged to send for the Director-General of Auxiliary Forces. That officer is, however, expressly precluded from ever inspecting any of the units of the Force he is to "direct." He is to be a man at a desk in Pall Mall, possessing nominal control, but denied any facility for really knowing anything about the administration, the possibilities, the merits, or the demerits of either the Force or the System. He is like a *chef* locked up in an attic to write recipes, but never allowed into the kitchen to see how his subordinates deal with them, or to taste the results. All he does see are the confidential reports of the military guests. And as his duties are limited to the consideration of "general questions" only, it will rest with the Adjutant-General to judge which are general questions and which are not. The Adjutant-General will not be a human British general if he has not his own very decided opinion on points that he considers of importance, opinions which can only be deeply coloured by the Regular point of view. And what is worse, in cases, however important, where he and the advisory representative of the Auxiliary Forces differ, his decision is final, and as the Auxiliary Forces are in no way represented on the Army Council, there is no appeal to that Council. The strongest views, therefore, on the most momentous issues of those who lead the Auxiliary Forces, and are, after all is said, responsible for getting the men and making them efficient, if they conflict with those of the Adjutant-General, can never be heard officially at the Army Council, and will reach the Secretary of State, if they reach him at all, through the medium of questions in the House. Not that these issues will appear momentous to the soldier that sits in the Adjutant-General's chair—if they did he would almost certainly be wise enough to bring them up for consideration in the Council, whatever his own views might be. But from sheer inability¹ to understand the peculiar

(1) *As an illustration of this inability to appreciate between demands that are possible, and those that are impossible in a non professional Army, the following quotation from the views of the late Adjutant General of the Forces will suffice.*

Q 400 We will assume that the emergency arises, considering the amount of training they (in the Militia and Volunteers) get now, how long do you think it necessary to train them before they would be up to concert pitch? A couple of years

Continuous?—Yes, continuous training

(Lt General Sir T. Kelly Kenny—Evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Auxiliary Forces)

conditions, shall we say, of Militia Artillery, or of the possibilities of a three-weeks' camp for a London Volunteer Corps, he might easily consider the objections raised to any particular scheme framed by Regular soldiers for a particular branch of the Auxiliary Services as fractious and petty, and accordingly rule them there and then out of court. In such a case he would seem to himself to be taking a very obvious course, and would simply not believe that he was asking an impossibility. By an agglomeration of a number of such seemingly small errors of judgment, it is easy to conceive how the Militia, the Yeomanry, or the Volunteers would be lashed into a fury of indiscipline, or quite unwittingly choked into decline.

Above all, as he would have the virtual control of the purse-strings, the Adjutant-General of the future would differ largely from those of the past, and would scarcely be properly filling the duties of his office, if he did not place the needs of the Regular Army first and foremost, and in lean years, when the Treasury clamoured for reductions, make the reductions at the expense of a branch which must be, after all, only of secondary consideration in his department.

We may now claim to have established two arguments, first, that the Auxiliary Forces, even as they stand to-day, are a very important element in the national Army, second, that to entrust the ultimate responsibility for their efficiency to the men whose first care must be the charge of the Regular Army, is to wreck all hopes for their future existence, let alone for their possible expansion and improvement. But in order to secure our ground here still more thoroughly, it will be well to take a brief survey of the effects of a similar, though less intensely declared, policy in the past.

In 1868, the control of the Militia and Volunteers was very rightly amalgamated with that of the Reserve Forces, and in order to secure unity of action in the event of war, placed under the supervision of an officer of high rank, who was to act under the immediate orders of the Secretary of State. These Forces were thus treated as a whole under an officer whose sole business was their charge, and who was, therefore, free to throw in his lot with them, and build his reputation upon the amount of efficiency which he might be able to produce in them, quite apart from the Regular Army. But, in 1878, the Auxiliary Forces branch was put under the Adjutant-General, and though since 1894 the tendency has been rather in the direction of giving the Inspector-General a freer hand under that officer, the evil consequences of the connection have been evident enough.

The effect of the system upon the Militia has been notorious,

it has literally been bled to death to feed the regular territorial units¹ The deplorable situation in which it found itself at the outbreak of the South African War, when its condition "caused Lord Roberts the greatest anxiety," is simply the outcome of this policy as carried out to the utter destruction of the Militia during a long series of years The Yeomanry was many times over pronounced by all the competent army authorities to be "utterly useless" It only escaped disbandment before the war owing to the social influence of its officers, and was saved after the war—not so much by the record of its own achievements, which were cruelly decried by the Regular Army, as by a Secretary of State, who determined "to put his money on that horse"

The Volunteer Force, by its enormous voting influence and the unflagging energy of many of its leaders, had saved itself from extinction ever since the day when, to the great dismay of the War Office authorities, it was born of the national panic arising from the sudden discovery that we were without an Army to defend us from the legions of the third Napoleon, and had even made itself remarkably efficient in spite of all obstacles But prior to the war it had practically no friends at the War Office, though it commanded a certain amount of respect, if not of confidence, among a large section of the civil population During the war it succeeded in establishing itself high in the opinion of most people at home, and even of not a few Regular soldiers in South Africa But it continued to suffer at home from the professionalism of the Adjutant-General's Department, and after the war, when all dangers were over, a dead set was made against it by all and sundry in the Regular Army, the motives for which, if we remember the salient facts of the South African War, it is not hard to seek—faulty regulations and insulting memoranda,² which are

(1) 19 000 men are annually drafted from the Militia into the Line, and there is good reason for believing that as many again would follow suit if they had the necessary physique Yet the present strength of the Militia is but 95,000 men'

(2) The ill considered and impossible scheme devised in the Adjutant General's office and issued on Nov 27th, 1901, caused a great outcry from commanding officers of Volunteers all of whom had men in South Africa, who, by their conduct on the march, and in the forefront of fight, were demonstrating what excellent soldiers had been produced, even under the old regulations Not withstanding this the Adjutant General's department tried to force down their scheme with an insulting memorandum issued Dec 24th, 1901, in which it was stated —

'For some years past the Volunteer Force has constantly claimed to be seriously accepted as a reliable and organised section of the Army for Home Defence It is now determined that the responsibility claimed shall be realised Under the old regulations it was impossible for either an officer or volunteer, although he might become technically efficient so as to earn grants for his corps, to attain the high standard of efficiency now requisite to enable him to take his appointed place in the military organisation and defence of the kingdom'

So great was the indignation caused by this piece of professional bad taste

fresh in most people's minds, were the only reward to the Volunteer Force for the undoubted services it had rendered, and succeeded so well that the splendid patriotism and enthusiasm engendered by the war may now be said to have been completely, and, we fear, irremediably crushed out. Nevertheless, the Auxiliary Forces still consist of 10,000 officers and nearly half a million men—and now the Committee to whom we all confidently looked to set our military house in order, without even waiting for the report of a Royal Commission which has been over a year in considering the question of their organisation and status, think that they have done well by the Auxiliary Forces by giving them, say, ten minutes of their time and thought! It is true that the Committee confessed to feeling a difficulty in making proposals which were liable to be upset by changes resulting from the report of the Commission. But if so, why did they not suspend judgment altogether on a question which ought, if properly regarded, to bear no relation to the problem of the administration of the Regular Army? Or, at least, when it was found that the professedly diffident recommendations of the Committee were so utterly at variance with the ripe judgment and large experience of General Turner and his Staff as to necessitate the resignation of these officers if carried into effect, why did Mr Arnold-Forster insist upon their immediate adoption? We fear that it is but too evident that the interests of the Auxiliary Forces have once more been deliberately sacrificed to what the Esher Committee believe to be those of the Regular Army. The extraordinarily low estimate formed of their importance in the general military system is emphasised by the salaries which are considered sufficient for the three officers who are to assist the Director-General as representing the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers. Each of these officers is to receive in return for services which, if they are really to be of value, will be arduous indeed, the magnificent sum of £250 per annum!

It now remains to consider to what position in the military organisation of the country the Auxiliary Forces may fairly lay claim, and what rôle they may be reasonably expected to assume in war-time.

It is not within the scope of this article to enter into the details of all the various proposals mooted for the reform of the Auxiliary Forces. But the main fact upon which we are all agreed, is that

that the Secretary of State called together a committee of commanding officers of Volunteers, and the regulation was modified A.O., April 22nd, 1902, but in order to save the *amour propre* of the Adjutant-General's department, it had to be done delicately, and the force is now serving under the clumsy and ill-suited scheme that was the result.

we can certainly not do without some kind of an Auxiliary or Secondary Force, and, this being so, the underlying principles which are essential to the efficiency of such a force are so clear and so essential to the question of organisation which we have under consideration, that we may perhaps be excused if we briefly recapitulate them

In the first place, we must make a distinction in our minds between the duties that would fall to the lot of the Regular Army, on the one hand, and of the Auxiliary Forces, on the other, in the event of a great national struggle. In the second place, we must consider the vast difference in the sort of training and of *cadre* organisation which is possible or requisite in the two Armies. And, finally, we must establish what manner of men those senior officers should be to whom we must look to provide the professional element in the Secondary Force, and to form the connecting link between that force and the Chief of the General Staff.

In order to arrive at the ideal Regular Army, we cannot do better than take our stand by Lord Cardwell's propositions—viz, that after the Indian and oversea garrison requirements have been met, the Regular Army of this country should be comparatively small, that its efficiency should be the highest possible, and that it should be capable of easy expansion. It should not be in any way responsible for Home Defence, nor should it of itself attempt to be expansible to the size necessary for any struggle upon the Continent with a first-class European Power. In other words, if it can provide drafts to meet the drain of war upon the oversea garrisons, and, in addition, have always at hand an expeditionary force of sufficient strength to secure victory in our smaller wars, that is all that we should demand of it. For Home Defence and for the greater expansion requisite for big wars, we should look to the Auxiliary Army composed of the great bulk of the population, trained and organised indeed for war, but as regards actual achievement, content with the comparatively low standard of the European conscript army. The first requisite for such a National Army would come from above (viz, from the Army Council), and would be the organisation of its *cadres*, complete in all arms on a war footing, an element which has always been found wanting in the old *regime*, when the Auxiliary Forces were crushed under the heel of the Regular Army. The second, and even more important condition, would be the passing of the greatest possible number of the population through the greatest amount of military training that the individual citizen or employer were able to afford. Allusion has already been made to the invaluable services rendered by the Auxiliary Forces as a Reserve in the South African War.

It is easy to see what their value as a Reserve for a war with a really big State would be, were the whole nation to pass at one time or other through the ranks of the Home Army. The danger of the view that no Army is needed for Home Defence has recently been brought very vividly before us, by the disasters that have befallen the Russian Squadron at Port Arthur before a fleet which was only slightly, if at all, superior to it in fighting strength. If, as seems probable, the days of the battleship are over, and the invasion of Korea was possible while a considerable Russian fleet was still in being, it is idle to deny the possibility of a hostile descent upon these shores. Moreover, it is too often forgotten that to bring a European war to a successful conclusion, a considerable Army is absolutely necessary in order to complete the work which we must assume will be begun by our Navy, and that for such a purpose our Regular Army, whether it numbers 100,000 or 300,000, could inflict a pinprick only against the armed millions of the Continent. What, for instance, could Japan have achieved had her available Field Army been even double the size of our own? The Peninsular Army, it is true, rarely exceeded 50,000 men, but then the Grand Army itself numbered but 400,000. To-day the Army of France exceeds four millions. Yet we continue to base our calculations upon the conditions of one hundred years ago. In a European war, it will, before we take any other consideration into account, be a question, first and foremost, of numbers. The need, therefore, would appear to be not for an increase of the Regular Reserve by a system under which boys are enlisted for two or three years of barrack drill, followed by seven in the Army Reserve, but for a small and highly trained Expeditionary Army. Behind this first line would stand a Home Army, so devised as to encourage the greatest possible number of full-grown citizens to make themselves as far as possible acquainted with the elements of a military education.

No doubt the amount of money which we can afford for our land defences is very limited, and, at first sight, we seem to be getting most value for this money by spending it as far as it goes in providing a certain number of highly trained and absolutely efficient troops. But, on further consideration, if we admit the importance of numbers, the true economy would favour a policy which, after obtaining an expert staff, will spend the balance in what is virtually a retaining fee for a really national force.¹

(1) "Q 3401 *You would rather have 300,000 men indifferently trained than 100,000 well trained?—Yes. I would even go further, I should diminish the present efficiency of the Volunteer Force if I foresaw that I could add to their number 30 or 40 per cent*"—(Evidence of Major General Sir John Ardagh before the Royal Commission on the Auxiliary Forces.)

In order to achieve this end it will be necessary to make the conditions of service in the Home Army very elastic, so as to take from every man what service he is willing and able to give, and to find for each some task, which, while consistent with his earning his living by his civil occupation, is within his reach to perform in the military system of the country. It will be needless to labour the point as to the wide difference in the kind of training suitable for making the best of the civilian who is, in his spare time, a soldier, and that which will be necessary to make soldiers out of the very limited and somewhat low social class which is willing to take to service in the Regular Army as their trade.

We have now arrived at the most difficult problem of all, namely, as to the kind of officers who shall be made responsible for the training of the National Army. It is obvious that for such duties the officer who comes from the Regular Army and goes back to it is by education and aspirations quite unfitted.

On the other hand, only a small proportion of the officers of the Auxiliary Forces are fit to perform the duties of the rank they hold, and in the higher grades especially the military art cannot safely be left to men who are unable to make a life-study of the subject.

It is natural enough that the Regular officer, who is accustomed to the professional soldier, and whose whole interests, sympathies, and, may we add, prejudices are in favour of the barrack square traditions, should be totally unable to understand the Auxiliary Forces. He can never believe in the value of Irregulars, witness the official military estimate which, because the Boers were irregulars, considered 50,000 Regular troops ample for settling the Boer War. The absence of the niceties of drill in the Auxiliary Forces offend his professional eye, and he quite overlooks the vastly better physique and the superior intelligence of a body of men who have other fish to fry than the receiving of a shilling a day or thereabouts in return for the total surrender of their individual freedom. Consequently, his ordinary attitude is to regard all partially-trained troops as worthless, or, at best, with amused toleration, and to cry for conscription,¹ which he must know to be impossible under present conditions in this country. It is quite otherwise, however, with the officer, who, after a careful study of his profession in the Regular Army, retires from that to take command of some unit of the Auxiliary Forces. His professional prejudice rapidly wears off, and he becomes the most ardent advocate of the merits of the new Army in which he is enrolled, while retaining

(1) Compare the evidence of most of the Generals before the Royal Commission on the Auxiliary Forces and notably of Lord Wolseley, Sir T. Kelly Kenny, Sir Evelyn Wood, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, &c., &c.

all the best elements of his Regular training. Of such are *Generals Turner and Mackinnon themselves,¹ and while with adequate provisions to make him really efficient, to the Auxiliary officer may safely be left all the ordinary company work, with the possibility of high promotion to those few who have leisure and inclination to make a serious study of soldiering, it is to the Regular soldier, who is willing to throw in his lot for good and all with the Home Army that we must chiefly look to fill the higher and more technical grades. Provided that he never looks forward to a return to high rank in the Regular Army, the *esprit de corps* and the pride in his own dung-hill which is the typical characteristic of the Englishman will make him as convinced a believer in his new corps, as, had he remained in the Regular Army, he would, to the exclusion of any other kind of soldier, have been in Thomas Atkins. Nor do we think that the charge of a Home Army which largely exceeded the Regular Army in numbers, and whose probable destiny was a first-class European war, would prove to a keen soldier a less interesting or more limited career than one which carries with it constant banishment from home, and a dull routine of garrison duty, relieved only by the transient joys of a few black wars.

The fact is, that were we able to clear our minds of the traditions of 200 years, it is the Home Army which should really be regarded as the Regular Army for the serious business of war, and the Standing Army which should be Auxiliary to it, more especially as providing it with a staff of professional officers.

We may perhaps now understand the arguments which regard the subjection of the Auxiliary Forces to the Adjutant-General's Branch as absolutely fatal to the efficiency, or even to the existence, of these Forces. We trust that we have demonstrated the paramount necessity for the existence of the Home Army as a distinct Force, with distinct duties and with a training framed on special lines and designed to meet extraordinary contingencies. Such an Army must obviously be represented at Headquarters by its own officers, and must be worked professionally by its own leaders on professional lines, and not by members of the Regular Army in amateurish fashion, on off-days, and in a spirit of magnanimous condescension. The staff in Pall Mall

(1) "Q 1771 *Taking the Infantry, one month to six weeks would be enough to my mind to make anything of the Militia and Volunteers, if they were properly officered. That is my firm conviction. The views I have ventured to express and the opinions I have formed as to the value and rôle of our Auxiliary Forces are more or less those of every German Staff Officer with whom I have conversed, as I very often have done, on the subject*"—Major General Sir Alfred Turner before the Royal Commission

must be large, and must represent all arms, and until the Auxiliary Forces are brought under one Act, all branches must have their representatives. These cannot, it follows, be confined to four officers, who would really best please their chief by being absent as often as possible, and, like the good child, speaking to the Adjutant-General only when spoken to, and doing as they were bid. The Home Army must be directly represented on the Army Council, and as it is essentially the nation armed, and represents the civil element in our military system, its obvious representative on that Council will be the Civil Member.

We will conclude with a table which shows the arrangements proposed for the Auxiliary Forces under the scheme of the Esher Committee, and which are now actually at work. Underneath it we have placed another, representing the scale of duties of a staff, surely not excessive for the representation of a Force which to-day stands at over half a million men, and ought, eventually, if administered on sound lines, to be nothing less than the vast majority of the able-bodied nation in arms.

To sum up, under the scheme now in operation, the Adjutant-General, like all the other Regular officers, who are made responsible for the Auxiliary Forces, cannot possibly give more than one-twentieth of his time to their consideration. Like many other distinguished soldiers who have never been in close contact with the Auxiliary Forces, he does not believe in the System, and would be afraid to take the field at their head against the conscript soldiers of Europe. It is not likely, therefore, that he will be inclined, personally, to waste his time in trying to improve a machine which he holds to be radically defective for the purposes of war. He will consequently need expert advice in dealing with this branch of his work above all others. Yet, while he has a host of assistants for the various branches of his Regular work, he has but four assistants to represent the Auxiliary Forces, and three of these are only graded (or "degraded") to the very junior rank of D A A G, and paid £250 a year!

No one would maintain that there are not grave defects in the Auxiliary Forces, most members of our citizen Army would be the first to admit that their own particular corps was at present totally unfitted to take the field as a mobile fighting force. But the reason for the many shortcomings of the Auxiliary is surely not to be found, as the Regular soldier would maintain, in faulty conditions of service, nor in the inability of our people to achieve what has easily been accomplished by the Boers or the Swiss, and to convert themselves into totally efficient soldiers without undergoing two years or more of barrack discipline. The crying need in Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers alike, in order to build up out

of these Forces mobile field armies of the three arms, is for organisation and manœuvre ground,¹ and for facilities for the systematic training of the officers and non-commissioned officers. If compulsion of any kind is required, it should be on employers of labour and owners of land that the screw should be put, not upon the individuals whose willingness to serve as far as in them lies is amply demonstrated. A man of average type, whether he belong to the professional or to the working classes, is excluded from service in the Militia because he cannot spare twenty-eight days of consecutive training each year. Hence the Militia tends to be composed more and more only of men of casual employ. Similarly, the recent regulations which demand seventeen days' consecutive training from the Yeomanry, are rapidly emptying that Force of the middle-class type, and the great majority of the recruits who now come forward have never before sat upon a horse, and look chiefly to the high scale of pay which they receive. There remain the Volunteers. These serve throughout the year, and average one drill in each week, in addition to a training under canvas of from seven to fourteen days. But their employers, as a whole, are resolute in refusing to allow military training to take any precedence over the workshop, and are so far justified in their attitude that when a Volunteer battalion does go under canvas, the military value of the time spent is, thanks to the Landlord and his Great Cock Pheasant, out of all proportion to the money value of the civil employment sacrificed.

It is true that the officers and non-commissioned officers are notoriously defective² in all branches of the Auxiliary Forces, and

(1) The following is an extract from the official narrative of a Volunteer Brigade which obtained permission to manœuvre in the New Forest in September, 1903—"The permission was given on nine conditions, the first of which was that the manœuvres were to be restricted to open forest and open plantations. This proved a serious detriment to the manœuvres, and it was difficult to understand why the troops of the Crown, when training for war, should not be allowed to pass through those enclosures, when the subjects of the Crown, hunting for their own amusement, are allowed to do so."

(2) "Q 1047 *What the Volunteers chiefly want are efficient officers and non-commissioned officers*"—Lord Roberts

'Q 3452 *Their education (i.e., Militia officers) is 'very poor indeed'*—H R H the Duke of Connaught

'Q 14482 *I infer from what you have said that provided you had a really thoroughly trained cadre of officers, and a first class set of non-commissioned officers, you could make a first class army as regards the privates with a very small amount of previous training—Yes, I quite concur in that*"—Major General Mackinnon

"Q 2337 *I do not mean to say that there are not some both Yeomanry and Volunteer officers (I have seen some myself) every bit as good as any Regular officers you could have in a Battalion*"—Sir John French

"Q 14473 *I think one might work up the officers they have a very great deal of zeal, and, generally speaking, have far more intelligence than the ordinary run of Regular officers*"—Major General Mackinnon

probably not one-third of these are fit to discharge the duties of their rank. But there are admittedly notable exceptions, particularly since the South African War, and the steady improvement which has been noticeable of late years especially in the Volunteers would be greatly accelerated, if the Authorities were, while insisting upon the resignation of all inefficient, to encourage efficient service, by showing a real determination to make the best of a Volunteer system which is so admirably suited to the instincts and peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxon race. A corps, be it Regular or Volunteer, is just what its officers make it, and most of the faults found in the Auxiliary Forces, such as their possible want of discipline and cohesion in a tight corner (witness Stormberg or Helvetia or Sanna's Post), are traceable, not to the system, but to the private and personal even more than to the military shortcomings of the officers. Yet if this country is taught by its expert advisers to regard the Auxiliary Forces as a "rotten reed,"¹ is it to be expected that our upper classes will give up their fishing or their cricket to undertake the responsibilities of a laborious task which their military brothers tell them is pure waste of time?

While then some of the acknowledged defects are surely traceable to a want of public spirit—or, at least, of imagination—in the rich and privileged classes of the community, it is no exaggeration to say that the most serious of them lie at the door of a central administration which either will not, or cannot, organise for war, and to professionalism amongst Regular soldiers, which, while finally hoping for universal compulsory service, not merely does not care, but rather does not wish to make Volunteering in the Auxiliary Forces possible, and so deliberately puts the telescope to the blind eye.

ROBERT A JOHNSON

POSTSCRIPT

SINCE the main body of this article was written the long-awaited Report of the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers has been published.

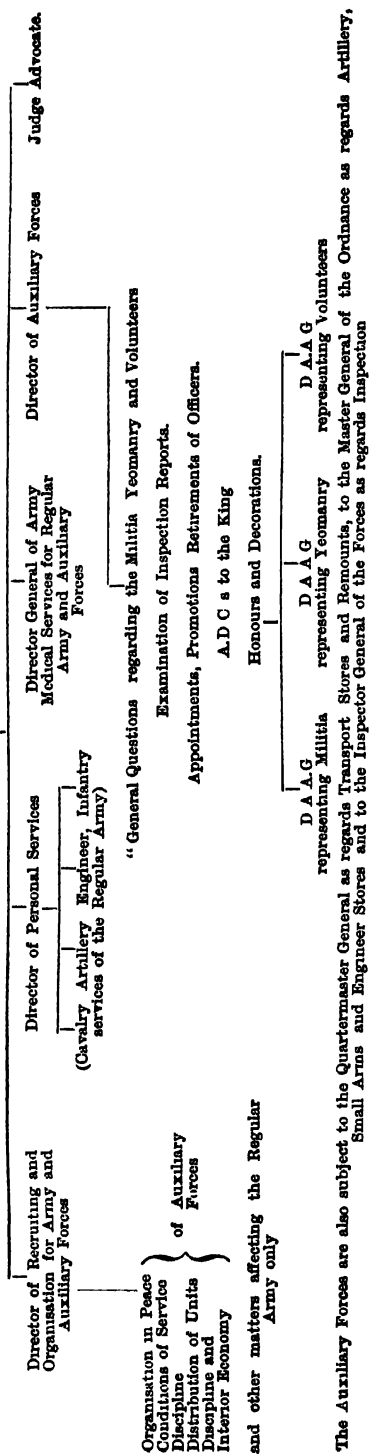
It will be observed that the one recommendation upon which the Commissioners are almost unanimous (*pace* Lord Grenfell), is the chief proposition of this article, viz., that the Volunteer Force, at any rate, should be managed by a separate Department at the War Office, and should have its own divisional organisation.

Beyond that, the main Report adds little to the practical side.

(1) 'Q 1658 *If you think you are going to fight the Regular soldiers of France with our Volunteers you are depending upon a rotten reed*'—Lord Wolseley

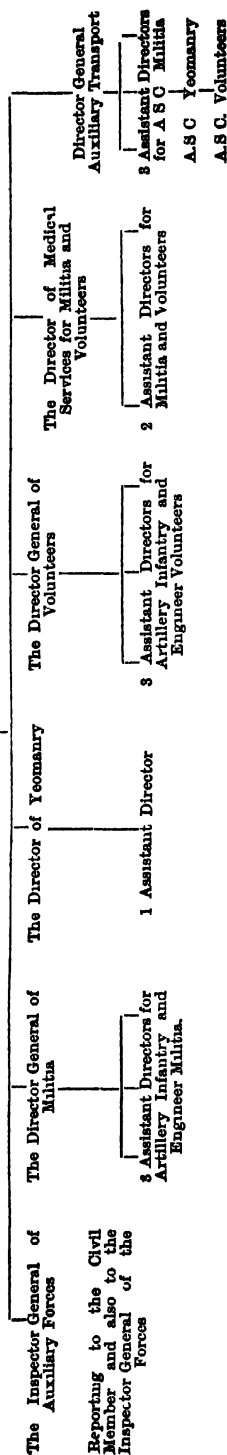
I--THE AUXILIARY FORCES UNDER THE ESHER SCHEME

The Adjutant General with a seat on the Army Council.



II--AN ADEQUATE STAFF FOR THE AUXILIARY FORCES AS REPRESENTED IN A SPECIAL BRANCH OF THE WAR OFFICE

The Civil Member of the Army Council



The cost in salaries of this scheme would be £ 6 Officers at £800 per ann = £4 800

The cost in salaries of this scheme would be { 12 Officers at £250 per ann = £3 000

In addition, the Auxiliary Forces should be represented by their own officers in the Quartermaster General's Branch and in the Department of the Chief of the General Staff and adequate staffs should be provided for complete Home Army divisions

of the question, nor does the evidence, as a whole, bear out the extraordinary conclusion arrived at by the Commissioners as to the necessity for conscription

No doubt the views of the Heads of the Army, as a whole, tend strongly in that direction, though there are important exceptions, like Lord Roberts and Sir John Ardagh. But if we are to cut our coat according to our cloth, in a country whose very constitution is built up upon a hatred of militarism, this impossible attitude on the part of the Heads of the Army only strengthens the case for putting the Auxiliary Forces as far as possible out of the reach of their ultra-professional prejudice

As regards the suggestions of the Commission for the improvement of the Auxiliary Forces as they stand, all the more important items of the scheme have the hearty support of those who, like the present writer, are absolutely confident that if only the Government *has the courage to spend sufficient money* on the perfection of a voluntary system, a thoroughly reliable field force can be organised without resorting to compulsion

As regards Mr Arnold-Forster's proposals, it is extremely to be regretted that he has been induced by the cry for a popular Budget to propose reductions which, in the case of the Volunteers, at all events, will deprive the country of the power of giving at least some military training to nearly 100,000 willing men—a number which is equal to the total strength of his proposed Foreign Service Army—for the sake of an economy of a paltry £435,000

But the outstanding merit of his scheme is that it provides for a Home Army as absolutely distinct from the Foreign Service Army. This Home Army is, as contemplated in the article, to be at once our safeguard against hostile raids, and our "spear-head" in a big war overseas. If what money there is is spent upon putting this Home Army in a sound condition of organisation and equipment, we shall at least have made a beginning. It may then be left to succeeding War Ministers, building upon this foundation, to eliminate the Regular soldier in the technical sense of the term, from the Home Army altogether, and to entrust Home Defence and the "power of expansion beyond the limit of the Regular Forces of the Crown," to a large, well-organised, well-officered, economical, and truly "Auxiliary" Force

R A J

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND WALL STREET

WHEN the complete history of the American Presidential campaign of 1904 is written, its most striking and important chapter will deal, I believe, not with the contest between the candidates nor with the struggles in the nominating conventions, but with Wall Street's fight against President Roosevelt. That movement in opposition to a second term for him was the most peculiar in many campaigns. It was clear as to its main points, and yet there was much that was mysterious, and much that showed how strong are fancy, imagination, and superstition in the lives and thoughts of men whose only vital concern the world assumes to be money and trade. The causes, origin, and environing circumstances of that movement make a careful and discriminating analysis of it valuable to the world. Its very existence is an index of an amazing change which has come over American politics within a decade.

Let me say, *in limine*, that Wall Street, as the great financial district is called, and which has been transferred as a phrase to the men of finance in New York, had until the past few years no distinguishing political entity. Men and concerns divided into parties there as they did elsewhere. For twenty years before 1896, the main issue before the public was the tariff, and about the Republican candidates usually rallied the manufacturing interests, while around the Democratic standard-bearer gathered as zealously those financial concerns whose stock was held by importers. There was many a contest between the two factions, and each one ribaldly accused the other of trying to drive the country to ruin. And while the rancour was only superficial and was strongest during campaign and tariff schedule-making years, it continued to divide "the Street" into two pretty distinct camps. Only on one thing did they unite—financial operation. Both wanted solidity of values, integrity of financial bases, and—as much freedom as possible in executing their deals. Above all, "the Street" wanted, and wants to-day, all the help from the Treasury it can get, it wanted and wants elasticity of currency, long credits from the Treasury, the stretching of the law so far as may be possible to enable it to get as much money as it can to use, and to return it at the last moment allowable. It made no difference to Wall Street which Party was in power, so far as purely financial operations were concerned. The financiers could expect liberal treatment just as surely from a Democratic as from

a Republican Secretary of the Treasury Nominally, the Democratic Party has always posed as an anti-Wall Street organisation, but when in power its leaders have been fully as accommodating to desperate appeals from the money centres as the opposition has

But in 1896 came a great fundamental change With the nomination of Mr Bryan, Wall Street recognised instantly that a new force was in control of the Democratic Party—a force which bore no relation to the old, and which in its standard-bearer typified overwhelmingly antagonistic principles to the basis, not only of Wall Street, but of the nation Other politicians, like the late Secretary Sherman, had been in the habit of calling Wall Street “a nest of gamblers,” but this man Bryan believed the speculators and money kings *were* gamblers, and they felt that if he were elected he would proceed against them as gamblers Vaster and more important than that was his denunciation of the gold standard, and his determination to abolish it and substitute therefor bimetallism, which would have then meant the single silver standard Thus Wall Street was assailed from two sides Its basis and its favours were both to be cut off The nation knew little, and cared little, about those favours, but was willing to endure them to preserve the credit of the nation, and insure its economic stability

So to save the nation and to save itself, Wall Street entered into the campaign of 1896 solidly for McKinley and against Mr Bryan It became a gigantic political unit As to the amount of value that assistance was to the Republican cause, I am not sure Certainly in the eastern States of the Union, where banks and factories are many, that support was valuable, but in the West, where the spirit against corporations is fierce in all parties, undoubtedly Wall Street's championship was a source of weakness to Mr McKinley

Again, in 1900, this support was given to Mr McKinley, though by no means so generally as in 1896 It ought to have been, if possible, more hearty and more nearly unanimous, for what McKinley promised he had performed Prosperity had, indeed, followed his advent Whether or not because of the Dingley Tariff Law, the United States prospered during the McKinley administration as never before, and Wall Street ought to have recognised that administration as being in a degree responsible for the good times

The story of those good times is certainly an amazing one A remarkable series of circumstances propelled the United States along the highway of commercial supremacy at a furious pace Among these circumstances were the restoration of confidence insured by McKinley's election, the pouring into business of

millions of dollars which had been hidden in banks, vaults, and stockings by reason of fear on the part of investors, the Dingley Tariff Law, which boomed enterprise without doubt, the discoveries of gold in the Klondike and elsewhere, the war with Spain, the South African war, the Philippine insurrection, the Boxer rebellion, and a succession of bountiful crops I doubt if ever in the world's history so many circumstances converged upon one nation to put money in circulation. All of these were not really genuine good things, some of them injured business in the end, but all of them caused money to circulate. But about the autumn of 1901 many of these aids to business came to an end. Wars were over, our invasion of foreign markets began to cease, crops were not so good, and it became necessary to look elsewhere for sources of trade and money supply. President McKinley, by all odds the wisest and most far-sighted statesman and politician in our generation, saw plainly that the only way to keep up this plane of prosperity was by reciprocity with South American and other nations. In his view, reciprocity was not a foe to Protection, but a corollary. Immediately after his announcement of that doctrine came the frightful tragedy at which the world sat stunned. Then entered Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt was not known or liked by steady and trained financiers. They did not know what he would do, and they feared what he might do. His first words, however, were reassuring. His pledge to carry out the policy of President McKinley drove all clouds from the sky—for a time. He could not, indeed, secure reciprocity as McKinley had planned, for he had not the mastery of men and of Congress that only McKinley had, and so he was powerless to restore to its high pressure the course of commerce. Yet in general business conditions were good, the country was prosperous, and there ought not to have been any apprehension as to the future.

But when we turn to Wall Street not many months after Roosevelt came into office, we find signs of distress. It seems incredible that the country should be prosperous, and its great speculative institutions should be labouring. On examination we soon learn one of the causes of this condition. We find that with the great impulse given to business by McKinley's election, and its booming sequences, came a new and tempting form of *haute finance*—Trust formations. These trade combinations were not only consolidations of old concerns, but were great new companies with enormous capital stock, of which a large part was water. These Trusts were instantly and fabulously successful. They earned great dividends as long as the unnatural pressure of business kept up. But with the restoration of normal conditions

about the time of McKinley's death, these artificial, feverish stimuli were removed, and, as in the human body, the result was collapse. Some of these bubbles floated gaily for some time, but within a year or two after McKinley was assassinated, most of them, like the great Steel and Shipbuilding Trusts, burst in air, leaving thousands to grieve. There were panics at times in Wall Street—not great ones, to be sure, yet flurries that unsettled stock market values and brought ruin to some men.

With all these gloomy attendant circumstances, the worst was yet to come. One day the wires announced that President Roosevelt had instructed the Attorney-General to proceed against the Northern Securities Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law! This was heaping disgrace upon misery. Wall Street was stunned. It could not at first believe the news. When at last the report was verified, "the Street's" worst fears of Roosevelt's unsteadiness seemed assured. Then, indeed, was there trouble on "the Street." The Northern Securities Company, as all the world knows, was a holding company, organised to bring about the consolidation of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad companies. It was the full fruit, the chiefest product, of the inflationist movement. Its railroad source was J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad, and its financial source was J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York. The scheme of the consolidation of the first two companies was a deliriously intoxicating one. They run from St. Paul, on the Mississippi, to the Pacific coast, half-way across the continent, and are parallel and competing lines all the way. They had fought many wars of rates ever since their completion. Why not cease warring and combine? It was a hard task to arrange all the details, and the C. B. and Q. was finally brought in to satisfy certain interests. Now this combination differed in many respects from others of this period. It had a much sounder basis, and was even in the receding times a source of profit. But it was only possible by reason of the "combine and conquer" spirit, and was brought about by the same methods as the great bubbles. There was absolutely nothing to prevent the full success of this scheme, called "the merger," except one thing. Its creation was against the Anti-Trust Law passed by Congress in 1890. But, I venture to assert, the promoters of this merger gave never a thought to that law. It did not enter into their calculations. Nobody paid any attention to the Anti-Trust Law, and it had never been applied with any success to railroads. But Theodore Roosevelt had made up his mind that this proposed merger was iniquitous, that it meant transportation slavery for people in a section in which he had once lived, and when his Attorney-General, in response to his inquiry,

informed him that, in his opinion, the merger was also a violation of law, the President set his teeth down hard and said, "Go ahead!"

Still worse, from a Wall Street point of view, he advised Congress to amend the Anti-Trust Law and make it more strict by subjecting the Trusts to the light of publicity. A law was accordingly passed, creating a new executive department and calling upon all great Corporations alleged to be Trusts for detailed annual statements of their business—this was the publicity feature. From that time onward, the great financial interests were ready to fight the President tooth and nail.

Why the whole "Street" should join in this war upon the President may be easily seen from a glance at stock quotations since his announcement of the war upon the merger, and his demand for new Anti-Trust legislation. In September, 1902, the average of twenty-five leading stocks of the New York Stock Exchange was 101.86. Within a year from that time they had fallen to 68.41. This evening's paper (March 25th) gives them at 73.56. Panics have followed panics, and the days of calamity have been many. It is easy enough to see why men engaged in speculation—and that includes pretty nearly all the great financial interests as well as the avowed brokers—should rail at the President as the author and finisher of their undoing. Even the wisest man, when he loses money, seeks immediately to find some one else to lay the blame upon. Roosevelt was that man. Of course the chorus came from the brokers, and the "little fellows" whom the great financiers affect to despise, but those financiers kept up a deep undertone of approval. Especially was this the tone of the interests connected with the great Trusts. The Rockefeller interests were the first to refuse to testify before the Bureau of Commerce, and thus led in defying the publicity section of the new Anti-Trust Law. With them were joined, of course, the anthracite coal companies, who bitterly resented the President's interference and settlement of the coal strike—the very act which won the multitude to him. Thus one may see how practically the whole financial district of New York became aggrieved, enraged, and even furious, at the present administration. It had lost terribly, and ruin had warped its judgment until it blamed any one but itself and the results of the balloon's collapse.

But the full fury of the "Street" was not felt and revealed until the early winter of 1903-4, when the "merger crowd" learned that the Supreme Court would decide against them. How they learned it in advance cannot be told here. Then they began to wage a bitter, blind war against the President. Their leaders, and the leaders of other

factions, had become as one in this antagonism. This merger, if sustained, would have been followed by other mergers, until practically all the railroads of the country would have been in a few hands, and operated without regard to the interests of the public. Thus it will be seen that the merger attack has been the culminating and chief feature of the Wall Street war on the President.

So the country saw in the winter just past a determined effort to wreck the President's hopes for a second term. All of Wall Street which had backed McKinley had whirled about, was battling against his successor, and seemed ready to sue for the support of any man of the Opposition Party who would agree to the terms. The "Street" had become imbued with the notion, the superstition, I call it, that all their woes were blamable and chargeable to him. All the panics proceeded from him. Throughout the financial district you could hear the cry, "Unsafe!" from daylight to dark. The greater interests had one peculiar complaint: they never knew what Roosevelt was going to do. I found what this meant, it meant that in every previous Administration they had had a go-between, a mediator who would carry to the President their wishes, and to whom the President would communicate his intentions regarding financial affairs. But now they have no such medium. They don't know what he is going to do, so they let their imaginations run riot. They had become possessed of the fear that Roosevelt was going to smash something, that he was like an unbridled horse, that he was about to engage his country in a foreign war, at any rate, that if re-elected he would be freed from the promise of following the policy of McKinley, and would "cut loose" in a way that would bring disaster if not ruin to the country. When it was recalled to them that John Hay was surely a safe man, they would retort that Hay would resign soon, and surely would not be a member of the new Administration. It was a sort of mania that possessed them, and to some extent possesses them to-day—a Rooseveltophobia, I called it. The horror words, "Unclean! Unclean!" were never exclaimed more shudderingly in the streets of Damascus than was the phrase, "Unsafe!" babbled about the streets of lower New York.

Yet "the Street" made a most miserable failure in its attempt to accomplish anything definite out of all its scheming. The leaders did get control of the leading daily newspaper of the country and the best-known weekly journal, but the campaign they carried on against Roosevelt was as weak as it was transparently venal and malignant. In vain these organs of corporation opinion printed despatches and letters from various sections alleging that a strong anti-Roosevelt sentiment existed there. In vain they pursued the President with virulence and mendacity in their

editorial columns. Probably attempts were made to excite enmity to the President by means of emissaries to other sections of the country. I know that many leading commercial concerns outside Wall Street and Trust influences were permeated with that "unsafe" hallucination. But all these efforts resulted in only a little disaffection in such money centres as Boston and Chicago. So far as votes were concerned their campaign was futile. Indeed, although I have studied the subject minutely and by the aid of peculiarly competent assistants, I fail to find that the Wall Street campaign was organised or equipped in any thorough or definite manner, as we understand the phrases in political campaigning. This is one reason for my calling it "blind" warfare. They did have one definite scheme, however. They exhausted their efforts, they rested their whole case on Mr. Hanna. No doubt Mr. Hanna could have made trouble for the President. No doubt he was in some ways better qualified for the Presidency than is Mr. Roosevelt, and no doubt the strife would have become bitter enough to make the Democratic Party, led by a Wall Street candidate, a formidable factor in the campaign. But Mr. Hanna was made of better, sterner stuff. He told one of his and my friends—and I am only able to quote his words now because his lips are sealed for ever—a few weeks before he fell ill: "I believe that I have attained a high place and rank in the opinion of my countrymen. It has been long in coming, and in order to win it I have had to rise over great quantities of abuse. Now I have their confidence, and now, if I should go back on my word, I would lose that confidence which is dearer to me than the Presidency can ever be." In vain the Wall Street leaders, personal, political, intimate friends, sent for him, they besought and pleaded with him. Again and again they offered him the crown, and each time he, the sensible man and true patriot, refused. His death completed their defeat. Then came the merger decision of the Supreme Court, holding the combination illegal, and sustaining the Government's position at every point—and the great fight of Wall Street against the President was ended.

But it was not without its lessons. Among other things, it showed how weak is the power of money in politics. With all its vast agencies at work, this Wall Street movement could not win one State away from Roosevelt. It has been a contest which every true American must regret. It is a shame that venality should so rule in our financial centres and try to defeat the will of the people. Yet I am bound to say a word here in extenuation of these men, a word which I seemed unable to say at any previous point. It is this: Wall Street thought it was right, certainly it was honest with itself. The leaders of finance really believed that

the second term of Roosevelt would shatter our prosperity They really believed that he was unsafe Above all, they feared that his second election would disturb that confidence and security of investors which had been preserved since McKinley's first election The voters have shown again and again that they cling to the Party which seemed to bring confidence and prosperity out of the wreck of the panic year of 1893, and the silver frenzy that followed The voters believe that with Democratic principles go hard times, and they are determined not to trust that Party again That is one of the great reasons for Roosevelt's strength with the people, but Wall Street has felt that Roosevelt's second term would mean the same as a Democratic victory, and then would come crash faster as great as in 1893 How such able men could so ^{themselves} themselves is a problem of psychology which I submit to ^{the} world

air has been cleared by the merger decision The victory RS, 4, President has been so supported by popular approval that is no chance for the dissonant minority to be heard The has not been lost on Wall Street It has also seen conventions from Alaska to Florida instructing their delegates to vote for Roosevelt's nomination Another thing that Wall Street has learned is that it does not control either the wealth or the votes of the country The good cheer contentment, and happiness of the country when in contrast with Wall Street's distress has been most distinctive The country has come to feel contempt for Wall Street Our prosperity and growth no longer rest in the great money centre Every bank in every remote district is a money centre Wall Street is a useful institution—in its place Its defeat here has been necessary and salutary, one in which all patriotic Americans, including Wall Street itself, and the friends of Democracy throughout the world, should rejoice

FRANK BASIL TRACY

TWO CENTENARIES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

DISSATISFACTION was expressed in Boston when Mr Henry James, taking it upon himself to apologise to Europe for America, wrote that Nathaniel Hawthorne was "provincial" Boston, in this case, was right, and Mr Henry James was wrong To apologise for a nation is almost as ungracious as to indict one, and the epithet is not less misleading than unkind Your true "provincial" is a man of the world—but of a small world obviously belonging to his environment—such as it is Nathaniel Hawthorne, just as obviously, never really belonged to any one of the many environments in which he successively found himself He had, from time to time, a certain professional contact with the external world, as a weigher and gauger, as a Customs House official, as a Consul, but, socially, he never was in touch with it He belonged to Salem, or Concord, or Brook Farm, as little as to Liverpool, or London, or Rome Wherever he went, his real life was somewhere else, in some remote and invisible cloudland His position in every social circle in turn suggests not the Provincial, but rather the Mysterious Stranger

He began at Salem, where his solitude was almost absolute For years his neighbours there were aware of him only as an eccentric young man who avoided their society, did nothing to push his way in the world, but spent his days locked in his bedroom, and his nights in solitary peregrinations on the sea-shore or through the silent streets His few acquaintances were rather interesting to him as the professional student of human nature than likely to draw out any latent social gifts that he possessed "A very polite and agreeable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor of very questionable habits," is one fairly representative example He himself has written that his "lonely youth was wasted" in these conditions, and if it was not truly wasted, it was, at any rate, offered up as an unconscious sacrifice to the formation of his genius It is essentially a grave, gloomy, and unsocial genius He writes, not as an unhappy man, but as a man who has never known what it is to be young—who has never "let himself go" in irresponsible frivolity The early conditions of his life adequately account for that They account also for that habit of detachment from his material environment which make him, as has been said, the Mysterious Stranger

From Salem, Hawthorne proceeded to Boston, to perform

functions in the Customs House There social advances were made to him, but he resented them "Why cannot they leave poor persecuted me alone?" he protested, when invited to dine out, and he declined the invitations, and lived eremitically Then followed the Brook Farm episode Here transcendentalists of both sexes proposed to till the ground, forming a co-operative society, and living a communal life Hawthorne sank all his savings in the adventure, and then found that he could not himself be a partner in it His companions distrusted him, feeling that his eye was fixed on them, not sympathetically, but critically and ironically, and he himself confessed that "the real Me was never an associate of the community" He came to that conclusion quite suddenly, and, having come to it, he vanished, got married, and went to live at Concord Here, at least, one might have expected him to expand genially, for here was concentrated the best literary society of New England Emerson shone upon Concord as a constant sun, and Margaret Fuller flashed upon it as a frequent meteor But the records of Hawthorne's sojourn there depict an uncanny Apparition rather than a human being of flesh and blood He was the man whom everyone heard of, but whom no one ever saw A lady who is still living relates that, as a child in her teens, she once climbed up to his study window by a ladder in order to make sure of his material existence As a rule, he was only to be seen after sundown, canoeing by moonlight on the Concord River When he tramped through the slush to the village reading-room, he returned home "generally without having spoken a word to any human being" Margaret Fuller, who thought that the secret of happiness lay in talking, wanted him to receive Mr and Mrs Ellery Channing as "boarders", but he rebuked her with gentle dignity Emerson, who received the elect on Sunday evenings, invited him to the receptions He attended them, but sat apart from the company, taciturn and sombre Those who were nearest to his intimacy are mentioned, even in his Note Book, with the honorific prefix of "Mr" His own testimony is that "a cloudy veil stretches across the abyss of my nature" Anyone, he adds, is welcome to descend into those depths if he can "But he must find his own way there, I can neither guide nor enlighten him"

As it was at Concord, so it was at Salem during Hawthorne's second sojourn there as Surveyor of the Port, and so it was also during the years which he spent in Europe His reputation was then made When he took the Liverpool Consulate, he was the representative American of letters As many doors were open to him as to Bret Harte, when he afterwards took the Consulate at Glasgow, but he entered them rarely, reluctantly, and dreamily Lord Houghton tried hard to "launch" him, but came to the

conclusion, quite unwarranted, as we are assured by the biographers, that Hawthorne had conceived a personal dislike to him. At literary breakfasts and dinners, he pleased neither himself nor others, not because he was morose, nor because he was "provincial," but simply because he was not, and could not get, "in touch." The old habit of dwelling in the clouds adhered to him. The veil was still stretched across the abyss of his nature, and also operated as a bandage for his eyes. What he wrote gives the impression that he disliked England, and Englishmen, and Englishwomen. He had no chance of liking them, because he never saw them. All that he ever saw was the romantic and poetical England of the past—the England of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson. For them the veil lifted, or else he summoned them behind it. The actual contemporary England was hidden from him. In exquisite prose he passed criticisms which would have seemed inaccurate even for a reporter. He went so far as to write of Englishwomen as compounded of beef and beer, and so gave offence. But no offence was meant, and none need be taken. For it might be said of the sojourn in England, as truly as of the sojourn on Brook Farm, that "the real Me was never an associate of the community." The real Me was then, as ever, in the clouds, and at Lord Houghton's breakfast parties there attended only the apparition of a Mysterious Stranger.

It is important to dwell upon this attitude of Hawthorne towards the external world, not so much for the purpose of acquitting him of the charge of "provincialism" which, in the case of a writer of his genius, is no great matter, as because the quality of his writings is largely explained by it. One would gladly take it that the real Me had nothing to do with the writing of the "campaign" life of President Pierce. It is a thoroughly deplorable document, exalting a public man of an inferior type, and defending the "peculiar institution" with pernicious ingenuity. One can only excuse it on the ground that Hawthorne, descending from his native cloudland to the political arena, knew as little what he was doing as the majority of those platform orators and leader-writers who have lately been forgetting their political economy in their admiration of Mr. Chamberlain. His place was in cloudland, and the real Me remained there, while the apparition came forth to go pamphleteering on behalf of an old friend who might be relied upon to show gratitude in the hour of victory. It is not a pleasant story, in whatever light we look at it, and it is best not to look at it at all, but to consider only the real Me's real work, imagined and composed in isolation and detachment.

There never was work which bore the stamp of detachment

more unmistakably, and it is an entirely different kind of detachment from that, for example, of Flaubert. In the case of the French master, it is only the point of view that is detached. Flaubert stands aloof from his story, and from his characters, and unfolds his narrative without enthusiasm, or sympathy, or any sort of *parti pris*. But the story and the characters themselves are not imagined, but observed. A very real Me has been among them taking notes, and the deadliness of the irony is the direct result of the minute accuracy of the report. Flaubert, in short, despised the external world, but did not avoid it, except under the compulsion of bad health. Hawthorne, on the contrary, did not despise it, but did avoid it—or, rather, shrank from it much as a timid child shrinks from the rough life of a public school, with the result that his novels are not to be thought of as novels of real life. None of them have the ring which persuades you that this is very likely happening next door or round the corner. They do not spring from the observation of real life, and it cannot even be said that they represent real life as seen through the distorted mirror of an eccentric temperament. They depend not upon observation, but upon intuition. Conceived in cloudland, they symbolise life instead of depicting it. Their characters are not individuals exalted into types, but types introduced to us as individuals. In the case of a few of the characters, such as Zenobia in "The Blithedale Romance," and Hepzibah, in "The House of the Seven Gables," the individual pierces through the symbol. But this is rare. In "The Scarlet Letter," which is commonly, and perhaps rightly, accounted the masterpiece, there is hardly even the attempt to individualise the type. One cannot weep for Hester Prynne, because one cannot feel that she is of flesh and blood. She is the embodiment of an idea—the impersonal victim of a relentless Nemesis. One is made sensible, not of the pathos of her sufferings, but of the tragedy of her situation.

Yet if one seeks for any profound and definite truth which Hawthorne may have sought to symbolise, one is disappointed. In cloudland, no less than in real life, he seems to have been fumbling and feeling his way. He symbolised sentiments rather than thoughts—sentiments, too, which were probably incapable of exact definition. A French critic has spoken of him as a pessimist, but that is wrong. Pessimism implies a doctrine, and Hawthorne had none. Moreover, Hawthorne lacked another great qualification for pessimism. He was, in his way, a happy man. His fortunate marriage ensured his happiness, and his letters bear witness to it. But it was a sombre happiness into which gaiety did not enter. His humour, which is considerable, is the humour of a lonely man—an unsociable kind of humour.

One is often conscious of it, but seldom, if ever, moved to laughter by it, and one is always more conscious of the deep autumnal tone of melancholy. Emerson was so conscious of this that he is said to have gone about, at one time, advising people not to read Hawthorne's books. Few critics, perhaps, are so completely committed to optimism as to feel the necessity for that strong measure, but many must find the melancholy morbid, and desire to analyse it.

No doubt the Puritanism of New England played a part in it. It is a very ugly Puritanism, with a very ugly history behind it, but it must have been through the ugliness of its past, rather than of its present, that it principally affected Hawthorne. He does not seem to have been brought up in the terror of hell, or the sense of sin, or the unrelieved tedium of religious exercises. Consequently, there could be no question of deliberate revolt against such obsessions. But Puritanism was in the air, and in the family—more particularly in the family. Hawthorne's ancestors in the direct line had committed abominations in the name of Puritanism, burning witches and persecuting Quakers. These facts were skeletons in his cupboard, and skeletons of no ancient date. He inherited these hideous memories of the crimes of his forefathers, and they oppressed him like a nightmare. "I, the present writer," he wrote, "as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed."

How far Hawthorne actually believed in that hereditary "curse" might be a matter of debate. In the sense in which his misguided ancestors believed in witchcraft, he probably did not believe in it at all. He was hardly the sort of man to shed the articles of the Christian faith and yet cling to old wives' superstitions. But he had certain sombre facts before him. The ancestors had worked this wickedness, the family had slowly declined from importance and prosperity, the fable of the curse was current. And Hawthorne's manner of life was not such as to help him to shake off any gloomy thoughts which the grim association of ideas engendered. The thoughts must have been present with him when he locked himself in his bedroom, and when he took his lonely walks on the sea-shore in the dusk, and that seclusion and those walks extended over many impressionable years. The result must have been, not indeed a definite belief, but a morbid frame of mind, gradually built up and consolidated by the solitary meditations of a man who was never taken out of himself. The frame of mind has its place in literature in "The House of the

Seven Gables " It was the creation, not of the artist's fancy, but of the man's experience

The inheritance of the curse, however, would have been a small thing if a goodly portion of the Puritan temperament had not been inherited with it It was just because he possessed the temperament that he was sensitive about the curse For his relation to the religion of his ancestors was very much like that of Carlyle Carlyle has been described as a Calvinist who had lost his creed Hawthorne might be defined as a Puritan who did not go to church For the determining of his theological standpoint, this negative evidence is practically all that exists, but Puritanism, as a feeling, is very obviously present in every fibre of his being We can discover it in small matters—in his refusal, for instance, to meet George Eliot because of the irregularity of her matrimonial status, and in his tirade in "Transformation," against the indecorous impropriety of the nude in art But one discovers it chiefly in the tone of his principal romances Even when he seems to be assailing Puritanism, he is using the Puritan weapons, and speaking in the Puritan language, from the Puritan point of view He most naturally writes of sin, and of judgment insatiably pursuing sin from one generation to another His most characteristic climax suggests the sounding of the trumpet to announce the Judgment Day His happy endings, such as the good fortune of Pearl in "The Scarlet Letter," and the marriage of Phœbe to the daguerreotypist in "The House of the Seven Gables," are always 'out of the picture' They suggest weak concessions to the well-known desires of the subscribers to the circulating libraries, and if they have sometimes been enthusiastically applauded, that only proves that they have served their purpose, and pleased the type of mind for which they were intended

Not, of course, that Hawthorne wrote, or desired to be read, as a moralist Even from "The Scarlet Letter," where a moral might naturally be looked for, it would be difficult to extract any but the mild and obvious moral (for the sake of which the book quite clearly was not written), that young clergymen ought to be circumspect in their dealings with the female members of their flocks Graver moral issues, it is true, arise, if they cannot be said to be raised, in the course of the narrative, but they are not settled There is hardly even a hint towards their settlement "What we did," cries Hester Prynne, "had a consecration of its own", and, at the end, she looks forward to a "new truth" that should "establish the whole relation between man and woman upon a surer basis of mutual happiness" But this means nothing unless it means that free love is preferable to monogamy A moralist would be helpless in the presence of the dilemma

Hawthorne is not embarrassed by it, and, apparently, did not even see it. What he saw was a story, and he told it as an artist—but as an artist whose soul was soaked in the Puritan sentiment to which he owed no intellectual allegiance. He could not lose sight of the consecration, because he saw the sin, or of the sin, because he saw the consecration. But he took no side, being content to unfold the drama and exhibit the pity and the fear.

It is in a sense an unreal story. Cold analysis would be fatal to it. In no actual world, even of the Puritan period, can one believe that the characters would have acted as Hawthorne makes them act. An actual intrigue of the sort which he relates would inevitably have been less sublime. The minister would either have been more of a man, or more of a cur. His victim—— But analysis of that kind is as idle as it is easy. The whole narrative is lifted on to a plane on which such criticism has no place, and the unreality is deliberate. The artist has not illuminated real life by his genius, but has used the forms and machinery of life to present a picture conceived, as it were, in the cloudland of abstract ideas. There is no call upon our tears, because we have to do, not with human beings of like passions with ourselves, but with symbols, and with the clash of the conflicting forces which they symbolise. We are not so much moved as impressed—impressed at once by the cold, chaste beauty of the picture, and by the sense of the unwavering march of inevitable retribution.

It was, no doubt, the theme of the book rather than its merits that accounted for its immediate success. It seemed to stir questions of profound moral significance to which American novel-readers were unaccustomed. On the one hand, the orthodox beat upon their drums. "Is the French era actually begun in our literature?" asked the indignant *Church Review*. On the other hand, the author received a shower of letters from admirers, principally, it would seem, young women, whose affections had been starved, and in whose bosoms the idea of "consecration" for sin, and of a "new truth" concerning sexual obligations and restrictions had awakened a responsive chord. That, however, was, in the nature of things, a transitory impression. The new truth in question was only referred to, and not defined. Many other new truths on the same subject have since been not only mentioned but expounded. From that point of view "The Scarlet Letter" has long ago been superseded, but the book has nevertheless survived, and what has kept it alive has been the remorseless drama, rising at the last to what, in hands less skilled, would have been melodrama. The scene in which the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, in the exercise of his holy office, denounces his own sin, is not only one of the most powerful in all literature,

but also one which later writers have most delighted to honour with the flattery of imitation. It is repeated in "*Les Misérables*," and in the countless melodramas based upon "*Les Misérables*," where the magistrate on the bench points to the prisoner in the dock, exclaiming "Here, take the fetters off those honest hands, and rivet them on mine." It is repeated when Mr. Hall Caine's Manxmen assemble the populace to listen to the confessions of their crimes. It has been repeated with less variation by a minor novelist, the author of "*The Silence of Dean Maitland*."

This particular proof of excellence is not forthcoming in the case of the other books, but a review of "*The Scarlet Letter*" might nevertheless very nearly serve as a review of the whole of Hawthorne's work. It all depends not upon observation of the actual facts of current life, but upon meditation conducted in the sombre cloudland of symbols and abstract ideas. Consequently, it is all very unreal in one sense, though, at the same time, very real in another. The picture, even when ostensibly of contemporary life, does not in the least resemble anything that we have ever seen, or are likely ever to see. But Hawthorne has seen it in a vision, and to him it has meant something. It renders a feeling rather than an idea, but it renders it faithfully, though symbolically. It is convincing, not as an argument, but as a sensation—real to the reader who does not confuse reality with realism.

There is no realism in, for instance, "*The House of the Seven Gables*." On the contrary, there is much fantastic nonsense about mesmerism, and there are many of the cheap tricks of melodrama. But the story is real in the higher sense, in spite of these unreal ingredients. There is, just as in "*The Scarlet Letter*," a tragedy which makes no appeal for tears, because the characters are symbols rather than persons—are, with the exception of Hephzibah, general rather than particular. The real thing is the curse, working through the generations to the ultimate extinction of a family. The idea of hereditary curses haunted Hawthorne, as we have seen. He had locked himself up with them in his bedroom, and he had taken long walks with them in the twilight on the beach. The story lives as the medium of this nightmare. All the exquisite detail is subsidiary to its exhibition, and all the fantastic and melodramatic episodes are in accord with it. They supply the atmosphere. However sceptical our temperament, we have to believe in curses as long as that atmosphere environs us.

Perhaps, however, Hawthorne's addiction to the fantastic and melodramatic was a source of weakness as well as of strength. There are times when it is out of the picture, like his machine-made happy endings, and introduces discordant unreality into stories

that have promised to be real. It does so conspicuously in "The Blithedale Romance." In that novel, at any rate, Hawthorne claimed that real life was his starting-point. He admits, in his preface, that Blithedale was suggested by Brook Farm, and it is said that Miles Coverdale was meant for himself, and Zenobia for Margaret Fuller. A passing reference in the course of the story to the real Margaret Fuller—a reference which would be absolutely purposeless if it were not intended to throw the reader off the scent—is fairly conclusive evidence that he did begin to draw Zenobia with that lady in his mind. But, however that may be, both Margaret Fuller and Brook Farm are soon lost sight of. The supernatural and the melodramatic supervene, and the story, which begins as an ironical presentation of an interesting social experiment, resolves itself into weird talk about Veiled Ladies, and disclosures of guilty secrets, and the superfluous discovery of a long-lost father. Even the frank tomfoolery of Besant's similar novel, "The Monks of Thelema," is less painfully inappropriate to the theme than those sensational absurdities. Than "The Blithedale Romance" there could be no more convincing proof that "the real Me" was never at Brook Farm.

Was the real Me ever at Rome? One is bound to ask that question after reading "Transformation", and to ask it is perhaps to answer it.

"Transformation" is a charming book from many points of view. Many tourists have used it as a glorified guide-book, and it is superfluous to say that it is infinitely better written, though less systematically arranged, than the works of Augustus J. C. Hare. The descriptions are always delightful, and the symbolism is often charming, even when it is not very easy to understand. The reader will also be stopped and fascinated, as Hawthorne's friend, Henry Bright, was, by the passing criticisms of life. "There are little bits of *you* in the book which are best of all—half moralising, half thinking aloud."

A book, however, may earn high praise on these lines, and yet remain unsatisfactory. Critics have found "Transformation" unsatisfactory for several reasons, but one reason may suffice, since it includes all the others. Rome was too vast, and various, and rich in points of interest to yield any response to methods which had succeeded admirably in New England, where all life was prosaic, and the storied past was only a thing of yesterday.

Hawthorne himself unquestionably suspected this. It was presumably because he suspected it that he went to the American colony for his characters. By doing so he provided an artistic justification for the inevitable intrusions of the New England point of view. The real weakness of the book has nothing to do with

this point of view, which is, artistically, as permissible as any other, but consists in the invasion of mystery and melodrama. In the New England stories those devices of romance could be effective. There was nothing in real life to compete with them. They illuminated the dark places and contrasted with the dreary, common round. But in Rome the realities were themselves romantic, and neither the mysterious parentage of Hawthorne's Jewess, nor the dark secret of his denizen of the catacombs, could, in comparison with them, seem either interesting or important. They suggest stage thunder while a real thunderstorm is raging, a display of fireworks in the sunlight, a dime novel bound up with a poem. The suspicion of that fact also seems to have stolen over Hawthorne while he was writing. For his mysteries differ from the usual mysteries of fiction in one remarkable particular. They are left unsolved, for all the world as if their inventor had grown ashamed of them.

GEORGE SAND

One can compare George Sand with George Eliot if one chooses, but the true parallel is with Madame de Staël.

George Eliot's attitude towards the code which she transgressed was always deferential. She had not the courage of her irregularities, and never brought theory quite into line with practice. One never feels quite sure whether her guiding maxim was *Video meliora proboque*, or "Circumstances alter cases." In the case of George Sand and Madame de Staël, one is not left in any corresponding doubt. They neither disapproved of themselves, nor claimed the benefit of a special dispensation as the reward of genius. They not only revolted, but raised the banner of revolt, asserting the right of women to "live their own lives," long before that phrase came to be adopted as the badge of advanced Feminism. The Puritan's "sense of sin" troubled their consciences as little as it impeded their actions. They hardly doubted—George Sand certainly did not doubt at all—that God was on their side, and actively sympathetic with their extra-conjugal amours. Their writings were a running commentary on their lives, and their lives a running commentary on their writings. They have their place in the history of sentiment, if not of thought, as well as in the history of literature. As the champions of a cause they will continue to be interesting to read about long after they have ceased to be interesting to read.

Of course, there were differences between them, and insistence on the differences may be as good a method as another of making the picture of George Sand stand out distinctly.

The first difference is that Madame de Staël was "in Society,"

whereas George Sand was not. This made things easier for the former lady. She had no need to change her environment in order to revolt, and no temptation to descend to eccentricities. She was far too important to become *déclassée* through her conduct in that complaisant age. It was such a simple matter for her to "live her own life" in the circle in which she had always been accustomed to move, that it would never have been suspected that her proceedings were in any sense deliberate, or bore any relation to theory, if she had not poured out her soul on paper, and set forth the doctrine that, while the best thing of all was to find happiness in marriage, the next best thing was to find happiness in love.

George Sand, on the other hand, was a young woman from the country, with no more opportunities for "living her own life" than the average clergyman's daughter in a remote rural rectory. She pined in vain for the social and intellectual enjoyments in the midst of which her prototype had grown up. At first, it would seem, the desire for them, even if conscious, was not acute. She was married, and was devoted to her children. But she was also bored, and boredom is cumulative in its effects. For a time she was sustained by the calm platonic friendship of a lawyer, but the longing for a larger life, and for more palpitating emotions, grew upon her. The longing was stimulated by the misconduct of her husband, who got drunk, and made love to the maidservants. So the crisis came, and she decided to "kick over the traces," and plunge into Bohemia. To understand her, it is necessary to realise that she did this, not under the influence of sudden passion, but, so to say, "on general principles."

In the second place, it is necessary to bear in mind that there were traces which she was absolutely obliged to kick over before the freedom which she desired could be attained. She knew that, and acted accordingly, going so far as to pay farewell calls at the houses of her "bourgeois" friends before definitely passing over to Bohemia, where alone the living of her own life was possible to her. There was, in short, a definite crossing of the Rubicon, with a definite campaign in view, and, having crossed that dividing stream, George Sand proceeded to live her own life with a thoroughness that no other woman of letters has ever equalled. She dressed herself in male attire, and smoked cigars, she smoked them not only in smoking-rooms, but in drawing-rooms. She regarded her favours as her own to bestow where she chose, and she bestowed them so freely, and, above all, so publicly, that the literature of her amours is like the literature of the Dreyfus case for magnitude.

That is one difference between George Sand and Madame de Staël. There is another.

In the affairs of the heart Madame de Staël was more often the

pursuer than the pursued, and endured, on the whole, more suffering than she inflicted. M. de Narbonne, says Madame Récamier, "treated her very badly, as successful men too often do." Camille Jordan, invited to travel with her in Italy, "as an act of charity to one whose soul is cruelly wounded," declined the invitation. Benjamin Constant actually ran away from her that he might get married without her knowledge. So that it was not without reason that she wrote, at the time when her renown was at its zenith, that "Fame is for women only a splendid mourning for happiness."

Quite other is the impression derived from the contemplation of George Sand's career. It suggests the harmonies of a triumphant Wedding March—a Wedding March that is not the less triumphant because, while the bride is always the same, the bridegrooms are continually changing.

By all the rules, George Sand ought to have been unattractive. She was a blue-stocking, she was mannish, her complexion was ruined, and her teeth were discoloured by the smoking of the cigars already mentioned. But these are matters in which one has to judge not by rules, but by results, and the results, in this case, were dazzling. Only once in the course of a long series of experiences did George Sand lay siege to a heart that was coated with triple brass, and then she withdrew indignantly from the assault before she had time to suffer. Prosper Mérimée regarded her as an adventuress. She has recorded her complaint that he did not take her seriously. "Take him back," she wrote to Sainte-Beuve, who had introduced him, and the incident was closed. It was "foolishness," she wrote, but it was her pride and not her heart that was wounded by the failure. It left no enduring trace. In a few weeks she had lived it down. And, in her other love affairs, both anterior and subsequent, it was always with her that the victory rested.

In a fit of melancholy introspection, she once said that her heart was a cemetery—to which her interlocutor is reported to have replied that it was a necropolis, and if the intention was to imply that her lovers were also her victims—and that there were many of them—the simile was reasonably well chosen. It might be added that her heart also resembled a cemetery in that the burials did not impede the verdure. It was a heart that was always young, in spite of the stress of its emotions, whereas the hearts of the men on whom she lavished those emotions always—with the one exception mentioned—emerged damaged and bruised, if not actually broken. Even when they technically "treated her badly"—and she represents herself as having been treated badly by nearly all of them—the result, in this respect, was the same.

Jules Sandeau treated George Sand badly. The day came when she discovered that she had a rival in the washerwoman. She quitted him with "affectionate compassion," packing up his belongings and sending them to the house of a mutual friend, and declining even a farewell interview. But, even so, it was her heart that recovered first, and it is doubtful whether his heart ever recovered at all. At all events, "La Grande Encyclopédie" records that he mourned for her to the end of his days, and it seems to be established that, long afterwards, when he was an Academician, he bore sufficient rancour to vote against a proposal that the Academy should award her a literary prize of twenty thousand francs. And she meanwhile had put the memory away, and loved Alfred de Musset, and Dr. Pagello, and Michel de Bourges, and Chopin, and many others.

Alfred de Musset also treated her badly. He was unfaithful to her in the course of the famous honeymoon at Venice, and he also, by his dissipations, obliged her to nurse him through an attack of *delirium tremens*. But here, again, it was he and not she, who suffered. He could not live without her, though he had to try but she could perfectly well live without him. Retiring, he wrote her reams of pathetic letters, and she meanwhile had set up house-keeping with the physician who had attended the poet in his illness. She dragged that physician after her to Paris, and then tired of him, and left him there—the laughing-stock of the Parisians—while she went down to Nohant to see her children. The doctor sought consolation by walking the hospitals, and making himself an expert in lithotripsy. George Sand needed no consolation. She returned temporarily to Alfred de Musset, parted from the poet a second time, to his great and permanent distress, was able to love, and to be loved by, Michel de Bourges, who was to be succeeded in his turn by Chopin, who, after having been dismissed by her, called out on his deathbed that he wanted to die in no arms but hers. Truly this is a life of which one may fairly say that it was lived to the melody of the Wedding March.

To an English critic, however, the distinctive note of the story is the deliberation and aggressive publicity of all these unconventional proceedings. In an analogous picture of English or American life, one always has a glimpse in the background of vice paying homage to virtue. George Eliot, for example, would appear to have paid that homage, not only when she wrote her extremely moral novels, but also when she usurped another woman's name, and called herself Mrs. Lewes instead of Miss Evans. That is the English way of doing things, and the doing of them is generally complicated by some agonising wonder whether certain other ladies who are better entitled to the names

they use can be induced to overlook the irregularity of the position and "call." Such tremulous hesitancy is unusual in France, and George Sand was singularly free from it even for a Frenchwoman. As we have seen, she crossed the Rubicon, and burnt her boats and bridges, and left P P C cards on all the ladies of her acquaintance whom she thought likely to disapprove of her new departure. Nor was that all. She also preached what she practised—a thing which the Anglo-Saxon usually finds not less difficult than practising what he preaches—and discussed her love affairs with her friends as openly as other people discuss the weather.

One finds a splendid illustration of George Sand's open-hearted candour in a letter which she wrote to dispose of a rumour that the pianist, Liszt, enjoyed the place of honour in her affections. "Liszt," she rejoined, "thinks only of God and the Virgin Mary—whom I do not precisely resemble. Good and fortunate young man!" But her confidences were positive as well as negative. They began at the beginning of her career and they continued until the end. There was as little mystery about her liaisons as if they had been royal marriages. She assumed that they were matters of public interest and importance. The presence of her children never embarrassed her in the conduct of them, even when they had grown up to years of indiscretion. She negotiated them—and especially negotiated the conclusion of them—through ambassadors, and reported progress without reticence, from time to time.

The rupture with Jules Sandeau was negotiated through Emile Régnauld. "I will pack up Jules' things and send them to you, for I desire to have no interview with him on his return. I have been too profoundly hurt by the discoveries that I have made as to his conduct to feel any other sentiment for him than an affectionate compassion. Tell him, &c." In the case of Prosper Mérimée, the intermediary was Sainte-Beuve. Her succinct note to the critic, "Vous me l'avez prêté, je vous le rends," is famous, if not authentic. Absolutely authentic, if less famous, is the Report to Sainte-Beuve, first published in the "Revue de Paris" in 1896. "The experiment failed completely. My suffering, my disgust, my discouragement, reduced me to tears. Instead of finding an affection capable of pitying and relieving me, I only found a bitter and frivolous raillery. After this folly of mine, I was more depressed than ever, and, as you saw, very much disposed to suicide."

In the case of Alfred de Musset, the whole world was in George Sand's confidence, from the poet's mother downwards. She actually called upon Madame de Musset to ask her permission to take her son for a honeymoon journey to Venice, and pleaded so

successfully that the permission was accorded. When the breach comes, and de Musset and his successful rival, Dr Pagello, have to receive their dismissals almost simultaneously, the confidants increase and multiply. Sainte-Beuve, as on the previous occasion, is to the fore. De Musset, in fact, writes to Sainte-Beuve, to complain that the critic only finds time to call upon him when he hears that he has quarrelled with his mistress, and George Sand, after inquiring of the critic what are the signs by which she may know whether she still loves de Musset or not, commissions him to implore her lover not to attempt to see her again. De Musset's friend, Tattet, also has his rôle. He is commissioned to give money to Pagello, and to pretend that it had been obtained by the sale of his pictures, which, as a matter of fact, had proved unsalable. Her son's tutor, Boucoiran, receives a double commission. He is to "deceive Alfred" with some excuse that she wishes to make for retiring to the country, and she further writes that she "confides and bequeaths to him Pagello—a most worthy man of his kind."

Similarly with the Chopin story. There are reams of letters about it. All the world is welcome to know that the rupture came because the pianist quarrelled with the novelist's son—also that the pianist was not exclusive in the affection which he bestowed, though he expected exclusiveness in the affection which he received. But there are limits to a healthy curiosity for this sort of detail. We only need the details for the sake of the light which they throw upon George Sand's mental and moral attitude towards this side of life. Constitutionally incapable of believing that anything that she did was wrong, she differed from her great English parallel in this notable particular—that whereas George Eliot was a moralist in spite of the "*faux ménage*," George Sand made the "*faux ménage*" the starting-point, or pivot, of her moral system. Her actions and her writings were two manifestations of a single energy. As has been said, she preached what she practised, and she preached it in about one hundred and twenty volumes, to say nothing of an autobiography and an immense correspondence.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for a writer to be both voluminous and vital. George Sand wrote many books that made a noise, but no book that can really be said to live, or to deserve to live. In two of the qualities which give permanent value to the written word, her work was lamentably lacking. She was not a penetrating observer of externals, and her grip of life was not intellectual but purely emotional. She worked with her heart, and not with her head, and wrote down not what she had thought out, but what she felt, and that is always a dangerous practice for those who desire to include posterity in their public. For intellectual values

are constant, whereas emotional values vary from one generation to the next. The sublime of to-day becomes the ridiculous of to-morrow—especially if the emotion is laid on with a trowel. George Sand is out of date for the same reason for which Chateaubriand is out of date—because the receptivity of the reading public is not what it was when she wrote. She commands our interest not as a creator but as a phenomenon—as the exaggerated type of an emotional epoch that has passed away.

Romanticism was the note of the age in which George Sand came to Paris. The romantic movement was in full swing in the 'thirties when she began to write, and it was not a literary movement only. There was going on a general ferment of ideas of which "Hugolatry" was the chief outward literary sign. Republicanism, and Saint Simonism, and the grotesque developments of Saint Simonism, were also mixed up with it. The attack was directed not only against classical forms in literature, but also against classical traditions of order in government and morals. There was, therefore, room for considerable diversity of interest and method within the ranks of the party of revolt. The rebels specialised according to their genius and inclinations. Where there was a general shaking off of shackles, each naturally devoted particular attention to the chains that, to him or her, seemed particularly galling.

Theoretically, George Sand accepted the whole Romantic programme of revolt. In literature she was, at any rate, to begin with, a Hugolater. There exist early letters in which she signs herself "George Sand Hugolâtre." But her temperament made her carelessly spontaneous in matters of literary form, so that, on this side of Romanticism, it is not Victor Hugo alone who towers above her like a giant. In politics, she was a Republican, and she served the Republican cause with her pen in 1848. But here, again, there were giants in the land, and a woman had little chance. Her political writings have not much more political significance than "Felix Holt." They have a great deal less significance than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There remained, however, domestic life and the relations of the sexes. That was the side of the Romantic movement that really went home to George Sand. She had herself suffered, and had revolted—first in thought and then in deed. Emotional by nature, she had found her way into a tangle of emotional perplexities, and she still had to write for her living at the time when the perplexities surrounded her. To write about herself and her personal problems was only to follow the line of least resistance. She followed it, justifying her life as she lived it, sometimes, as in "Elle et Lui," actually telling her own story under a thin disguise, but always supporting particular

escapades with emotional generalisations. She took love for her province, and, on that side, represented at once all that was most typical and all that was most exaggerated in the Romantic movement.

One must insist that the generalisations are emotional and not intellectual. In so far as the novels conduct an argument, the method is purely deductive. Almost all of them could be cast in the form of a syllogism, and the major premiss of all the syllogisms is the same. Love comes from God, and obedience to its dictates is a duty. Indiana, or Lelia, or whoever it may be, loved her lover. Therefore, she was right to be unfaithful to her husband, and he had no cause to complain of her conduct. That is the formula, continually re-stated with ingenious and pathetic variations.

It is a question, of course, how far the critic is justified in analysing the 'argument' of a work of art. He is always liable, if he does such a thing, to hear himself reminded of the Senior Wrangler who condemned "*Paradise Lost*" on the ground that it did not 'prove anything'. But circumstances alter cases in criticism as in other matters. Milton, in spite of his announcement that he would 'justify the ways of God to men,' was not really trying to prove anything. George Sand, as obviously, was putting herself forward as the prophetess of a new moral code. She did deliberately proceed from premises to conclusions. Consequently, one feels warranted in pointing out, not indeed that her premises do not contain her conclusions, but that, precisely because they prove so much, and prove it so easily, the premises are themselves the objects of a reasonable suspicion. The real point at issue is not whether the particular case is covered by the general proposition, but what is the evidence for the general proposition itself. If sexual anarchism is the ideal, then clearly Lelia or any other sexual anarchist merits our sympathy and even our applause. But what is the philosophic case for sexual anarchism? How are we to defend it without, by implication, simultaneously defending the anarchism of the man who, being hungry, steals, or being angry, kills? That is the ultimate problem, and George Sand does not face it. She does not even face the practical consequences of the anarchism which she advocates. As often as there is an awkward tangle, the god descends from the machine to cut the knot. Inconvenient children die, inconvenient husbands commit suicide. By these mechanical devices a happy ending is secured.

The fact is, of course, that George Sand's case reposes, not on a philosophic but on an emotional basis. The air was full of individualism, and she was by temperament an individualist. She took just as much individualism as appealed to her, and applied

it both in her life and in her writings. She not only felt happy when she was living her own life. She felt good. There could be nothing wrong in emotions that made her feel good. They came unsought, and, coming, were uncontrollable. Therefore she was in the presence of a miracle worked by God. She did not pause to reflect that the divine origin of hatred might be demonstrated by an absolutely analogous train of reasoning. She is contented with her intuition, and she applies it with an unscrupulous consistency. The generalisation is as follows —

The immense superiority of this sentiment over all others—*the proof of its divine origin*—lies in the fact that it is not born in a man's own heart, and that a man cannot dispose of it, that he cannot bestow it any more than he can draw it by an act of will, that the human heart receives it from on high, no doubt for the express purpose of conferring it upon the creature chosen for him among all others by the designs of heaven.

Of the particular application there are a crowd of examples. The following succeeds the passage just quoted at an interval of only a few lines —

Had not supreme Providence, which, in spite of man, is everywhere, presided over this union? Each of them was necessary to the other. Benedict to Valentine that he might instruct her in the emotions without which life is incomplete, Valentine to Benedict that she might bring repose and consolation into a tempestuous and tormented life. But there stood Society between them, rendering their choice absurd, guilty, impious. Providence has ordered things admirably, but men have destroyed the order. Which is to be held to blame?

Elsewhere it is Jacques, exclaiming: "I have never troubled my imagination in trying to kindle or revive the sentiment which did not yet exist, or had become extinct. I have never imposed constancy upon myself as a duty. When I have felt love dying out, I have admitted the fact without remorse, and have obeyed the Providence that was attracting me elsewhere." And then, again: "Say nothing against these two lovers," says Jacques to Sylvia. "They are not guilty, for they love. Where there is true love there is no crime." And then we find Jacques' wife betraying him, and saying to her lover: "O, my dear Octave, there shall never be a night when we will not kneel down together and pray for Jacques." And, finally, there is Jacques himself, whom the author advises to go and kill himself obscurely in order that his wife may enjoy her freedom, summing up the philosophy of the complicated situation thus —

"I doubt not that marriage will be abolished if ever the human race makes any progress towards justice and reason. A tie more human, and not less sacred, will replace the marriage tie, and assure the existence of the children born to a man and a woman, without fettering the liberty of

either of them But men are too coarse and women are too cowardly to demand a law more noble than the iron rule which governs them To beings devoid of conscience and virtue heavy chains are necessary "

The perusal of these passages—to which many others similar in tone could easily be added—supplies the answer to a good deal that has been written in defence of George Sand as a moralist—especially by writers who were introducing her works to English readers It supplies the answer, for example, to Miss Bertha Thomas, who protests that " the alleged hostility of her romances to marriage resolves itself into a declared hostility to the conventional system of match-making " The hostility to the French system of match-making is, in truth, not essential but incidental The essential doctrine is that the obligations of love are paramount, overriding all legal contracts, and all extra-legal promises The only alternative to the view that George Sand preached sexual anarchism would be the view that she wrote simply as a literary artist, and must not be regarded as having preached any doctrine at all But even so the doctrine of sexual anarchism is certainly in the novels, whether she intentionally put it there or not If it is not the conclusion, it is the postulate She preached what she practised, at the time when she was practising it One might even say that the consistent coincidence between her preaching and her practices constitutes one of her titles to our respect

Another title unquestionably lies in her success in holding her head high throughout her long assault upon the conventional prescriptions of decorum, and in growing old with dignity There was no mystery and no hypocrisy She was as frank and open in negotiating her amours as a mother could be in arranging the marriage of her daughter There was no attempt to conceal them from her children, and they appear in her correspondence with mere acquaintances as well as intimate friends Her courageous attitude wore down scandal, and won the general recognition of her right to be a law to herself, and to regard her life as her own, to live how she chose Nor was there anything in the calm of her old age at Nohant to recall the tempestuous excesses of her youth It was a sort of widowhood, though she regarded herself as the widow not of her husband but of her lovers—and not of one lover but of several Her heart was, as she said, a cemetery, and, as Jules Sandeau said, a necropolis, but there was a calm and chaste serenity in her meditations among the tombs

FRANCIS GRIBBLE

DOCKYARDS AND SHIPYARDS A PHASE OF ADMIRALTY POLICY

It has become a familiar metaphor to speak of our sea Service as a "great silent Navy." The image, presumably, is meant to suggest the general ignorance of the public at home regarding the inner life of our Fleet. Whilst this popular general ignorance of all but the most superficial aspects undoubtedly prevails, it is entirely the outcome of those seclusive conditions that necessarily beset the Royal Navy. The layman talks of our sea supremacy, which is a quality he can comprehend. But beyond a broad perception that the materialising of this national heritage means ships, guns, and men, maintained at the cost of a colossal and ever-swelling annual expenditure, the layman very seldom troubles to go. The indefiniteness of naval knowledge in this great maritime country is little short of surprising, even regarding the fact that our sea Service lives and moves almost entirely outside the ken of the public gaze.

This lack of specific acquaintance with the substantial expression of our sea power, notwithstanding the energetic patriotism of the Navy League, extends to the administration of our great ocean forces. The Admiralty is a mere abstraction to the national mind, headed by a First Lord, and composed of a Board which creates admirals, distributes fleets, establishes bases, orders the building of new warships, and the like. But the hidden workings of policy, by which results are achieved that give the newspaper naval critics plenty to write about, and the taxpayer plenty to pay for, are a source of complete mystery to the public. The Alpha and the Omega of administration is all they see: so much money is demanded for certain work, and in due course consummation is proclaimed in the form of a new battleship, of dockyard extension, of barracks for bluejackets, as the case may be. Between proposal and achievement is a blank that the layman views with indifference. Result is the sole quality he regards, and he tries to gather from the conflicting opinions of literary naval experts whether the nation has got full value for its money. The task is a hopeless one to compass in such a fashion, so he gives it up and rests content with the ever-present assurance that our Navy was never more efficient than now.

Not to prologue the purpose of this article any further, let us come directly to it by contemplating a feature of internal Admiralty policy that will completely illustrate the truth of the preceding

observations One of the most important items of the annual Navy Estimates is the Building Programme This Programme details the number and character of warships it is proposed to begin building during the year covered by it, and the money asked for under this head is the estimated cost of these additions to our Fleet The total of the Navy Estimates for 1903-4, after deducting appropriations in aid, is £34,457,500 Of this amount under Vote 8, the sum of £10,136,430 was apportioned to the Building Programme This item alone of the colossal total escaped unfavourable criticism during the debates Indeed, the only authoritative comment it called forth was an expression of opinion that the three battleships and four armoured cruisers for which the Building Programme primarily provided were insufficient to maintain our standard of response to foreign naval progress The Vote was agreed to without demur Had the amount of it been half as big again it would have been equally readily conceded The cost of building new warships is the least unpopular obligation of our national expenditure The Admiralty, therefore, can always get as much money as it may ask for, within reason, for building purposes Having got this money, what does the Admiralty do with it? Of course, it proceeds to build the ships for which it was granted But how, and where? This is the point we will now "look into," for it is fraught with a greater degree of significance as a national question than might appear upon the face of it

If we trace back naval history to the days when it ceases to be coherent record at all, we shall find that our warships have always been either built in the Royal Dockyards or by private enterprise That is to say, the alternative system of placing naval construction which is practised at the present day is virtually as old as the Navy itself But we shall also find, if we take the trouble to follow retrospect until it fades out into the dimness of tradition, that our naval shipbuilding policy has always been based on the premiss that the Royal Dockyards are the primary creative sources of our Fleet, and the private firms were adjuncts to which to relegate the surplus work that the first-named establishments were too full up to undertake

Modern Admiralty policy has been steadily reversing this time-honoured condition If we come to differentiate upon the allocation of current naval construction, we shall discover a condition of things that will rather astonish the layman, who does not peer into the comparative obscurity of naval economics The position at the present day literally amounts to this our State shipbuilding is offered to contract, and what the private firms either cannot or do not undertake the Royal Yards get Instead of taking premier place, Portsmouth, Pembroke, Devonport, and Chatham now

figure quite at the bottom of the Admiralty list. In its early stages, the idea of fostering the private industries by placing a sufficient share of warship construction with the leading firms to make it worth their while to keep up to concert pitch in capacity of production, was an excellent one. About twenty years ago, when the country was awakened to a startled perception of its naval weakness, and big building programmes were hastily promulgated, it became quite a matter of national necessity to facilitate our resources of construction. With the Royal Yards suddenly quickened into driving at high tension, they were not then equal to keeping pace with the work of re-creating the depleted and obsolete Fleet. Private firms had proved so efficient in their fulfilment of the comparatively small measure of warship construction which, prior to this, had fallen to their lot, that the Naval Administration of the day was well justified in supplementing the work of the overwrought Dockyards by laying down (as they did) battleships with such firms as the Thames Ironworks, Palmer, Laird, and other leading shipbuilders. It is no empty tribute of national indebtedness to private enterprise to admit that we could never have possessed the magnificent modern Fleet, which makes us to-day relatively stronger upon the sea than at any period of our history, had it not been for the co-operation of the mercantile builders.

Viewing this question from a purely patriotic and otherwise entirely disinterested standpoint, we must readily admit that it behoves us, as a sea Power, to reap to the full the advantages which our possession of the greatest and finest shipbuilding resources in the world should confer upon the quality of our naval efficiency. The designer's talent of the Clyde and the Tyne has indisputably exercised a marked influence upon the evolution of the modern warship. The layman will scarcely demur at concurring in the obvious view that we want naval efficiency in its highest form; therefore, to that degree in which the private industries of the country can enhance this condition, so is it the duty of all Admiralty Construction Boards to see that these industries are duly employed. But to that degree only!

This article is based upon a sufficiently clear discrimination of the merits and claims of the private builders to ensure at least perfect impartiality in the views it expresses. But the question of the prosperity of any private industry is an aspect not to be regarded as a determining factor of national policy. So long as the fostering of the mercantile shipbuilding trade coincides with the best interests of our sea Service, well and good, but it were surely time to raise a protest against the principle of carrying this system to an extent which directly menaces the competence of one

of the fundamental features of naval efficiency the policy which is being pursued towards the Royal Dockyards. Commonplace phrases are often very ambiguous in the range of their signification, and this term, "naval efficiency," is a case in point. There never was a time when the country at large has been rendered so familiar with the expression. Yet, what does naval efficiency suggest to the vast multitude who are sufficiently conversant with sea matters to appreciate the meaning of the words? Is it not all summed up in ships, in guns, and in men? The Fleet is the whole embodiment of the popular interpretation of naval supremacy. And so it literally is, but then, what goes before the Fleet? To be thorough in the mastery of any great question it is necessary to be elementary, to regard cause before contemplating effect. Thus, the "Fleet in Being," is the material expression of precedent conditions without which it would never have come into existence. The building-ship is the real birthplace of our sea supremacy the very inception of our naval efficiency. The national building-ships—those for whose maintenance the people are taxed, and upon which we can always count irrespective of the independent adjuncts of private industry—are the ships of the Royal Dockyards. If we want a warship built, we know that we can look to Portsmouth, Devonport, or Chatham to turn it out for us. But we have no such claim upon the private establishments. They will take the contract if it suits them, and although it may be a rather extreme hypothesis to assume all the big private ship-builders of this country—or, rather, those few of them possessing the facilities for warship construction—professing themselves unable to lay down any naval keels, yet it is a conceivable condition, and one which, therefore, is detrimental to a policy of naval efficiency that depends upon the private yards for the supply of the Fleet.

A naval dockyard is not, as many people appear to imagine, merely a harbour, neither is it merely an arsenal. In its full sense—that sense in which it should always be maintained—it is the birthplace and the nursery for units of a war fleet. It is likewise the hospital for the maimed craft that stagger away from the scene of battle, and in this rôle alone would be kept full busy should it ever come to hostilities. In proportion as the Royal Dockyards are efficient, so would they be able the more promptly to make good the endless succession of disasters which must inevitably accompany the next naval war. And, realising this condition, we shall easily perceive how Dockyard efficiency is really a highly important quality of that comprehensive term, naval efficiency.

View it thus-wise. Conceive a heavy engagement in the Chops

of the Channel, that traditional battle-ground of the British Fleet. Let us suppose that ten ships of our force are put out of action, and either steam or are towed into Plymouth Sound. Devonport Dockyard, we will presume, is in a state of the highest perfection of organisation and equipment. Out of the ten wounded ships, five, maybe, are only disabled by comparatively trifling causes. With that promptitude only rendered possible by an all-round condition of readiness, these are docked, their injuries made good, and at the end of two or three days they may be at sea again, in quest of the enemy who is seeking to devastate our commerce in the Channel. This is the one picture, demonstrating the advantage of maintaining dockyard efficiency in a manner which, seeing how time will be "the essence of the contract" in the future naval war, surely calls for no further emphasising. Now let us take the reverse side. We will imagine that the Admiralty, in pursuit of a policy formulated for reasons upon which we need not now speculate, have decided that, in face of the proficiency of the private shipbuilding yards of the country, the Royal Dockyards have ceased to be a national necessity, and that they have been allowed to dwindle into disuse, save as naval bases. Our figurative engagement is still fought in the Chops of the Channel, and likewise are ten ships put out of action. To Plymouth Sound they come, as being the nearest port. The straggling, mutilated procession glides into the waters of the Hamoaze, and brings-up. A cursory survey reveals the fact that the five slightly wounded ships may be got ready for sea again within a brief time, and we will continue our hypothesis so far as to figure them dry-docked in the almost deserted basins of Devonport and Keyham (the extension works at the latter place being by this time finished). So far, so good! But, the Royal Dockyards having been permitted to lapse almost into disuse as building and repair establishments, there is available at the period of our fancied crisis but a tithe of the men necessary to hurry through the refitting of five warships at one time. Skilled artisans and mechanics have cleared out of a district that has ceased to hold work for them, and you shall seek in vain to scrape together an emergency staff. The factory plant will have naturally fallen into a corresponding condition of obsolescence. And, finally, although we have gone as far as the dry-docking of our five ships, from sheer want of means of dealing with them we must float them again and send them to the private yards to have the necessary work carried out. This involves a two-days' voyage to the Clyde or Tyne, three days of overtime speed-driving we will allow for effecting the repairs, and two days to get back to the Channel again—that is to say, a week's absence of these ships from the sphere of operations where

they are most urgently needed to protect our commerce, when three days would have sufficed under the circumstances indicated in the earlier supposition

A highly coloured picture, no doubt, and yet, even though only intended by way of illustration, not exaggerated to impossible limits. The Admiralty policy for some years past has been to restrict construction work in the Royal Dockyards to the slenderest proportions. The current Navy Estimates compass a Building Programme which provides for the laying down of two battleships and four armoured cruisers, with sundry smaller fry which we need not regard in the present connection¹. Of these main units, the two battleships and one of the armoured cruisers go to private contractors. The amount of building work now in hand at the Royal Dockyards is as follows—Portsmouth, one battleship, the *Britannia*, Devonport, one battleship, the *Hibernia*, Chatham, one battleship, the *Africa*, and Pembroke, one armoured cruiser, the *Warrior*.

Now let us regard the construction facilities existing in the Royal Dockyards, so as to see whether the fact of allotting only two ships out of a programme of six to these establishments is due to the paucity of their resources. Pembroke is the best off in the matter of building-slips. Out of eleven slips at this Yard, four are either at present capable or could quite easily be rendered capable of receiving the biggest warships we have ever yet laid down. One of these being now occupied by the new cruiser, this leaves three slips available for fresh construction work at that dockyard. Devonport possesses five slips, three of which are capable of receiving first-class battleship or cruiser construction. Since the laying down of the *Hibernia* last January one only of the building-slips of that establishment (with which, in all the references made to it in this article, is bracketed Keyham) is in use. Portsmouth has only one building-slip adapted to the needs of big warship construction, and this is at present occupied by the battleship *Britannia*. Chatham can number five slips, out of which three are capable (or could readily be rendered capable) of taking the keels of big ships.

The position, therefore, is that, with facilities for the laying down of eleven first-class battleships or cruisers, the Royal Dockyards at the present time have only three battleships and one cruiser in hand. By the time this article is printed, the two new battleships of the current Programme will have been given out to private contractors. Why, in view of this condition, Admiralty

(1) In addition to the programme of new construction, it must not be forgotten that two battleships—the *Triumph* and *Swiftsure*—were lately purchased from Chile, and are included in the current Navy Estimates. Thus we find that Vote 8 really provides for four contract built battleships.

policy should dictate the placing of the major portion of the current Building Programme with private contractors is one of those matters which the critics of our Naval Administration find it very difficult indeed to comprehend. The view has been held that construction work is not the most important *metier* of the Dockyards. We will refer to this again shortly. But whether or not the building of warships is the most important aspect of Dockyard work, it is at least a very important one. The direct result of restricting construction in these establishments is to entirely dislocate labour and to keep costly plant standing idle. Skilled shipwrights become a needless class in a Yard where their trade is at a standstill, if they are on the piecework system, they dwindle away, making for the private yards where they can earn a full wage, in any event they cannot be properly employed, and this departmental disorganisation necessarily means a corresponding sacrifice of efficiency.

Rear-Admiral W. H. Henderson, the Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, who is quietly carrying out a great work of administrative reform in the internal economy of that establishment, lays it down that the first essential of Dockyard efficiency means the keeping of every department up to a full pitch of war preparation. No use, he argues, in gliding along the easy-going routine of a 'peace footing,' to be confronted with a hopeless condition of insufficiency should the sudden stress of war throw a violent tension upon an unprepared organisation. Admiral Henderson has differentiated the manifold duties of a Naval Dockyard under three broad heads—construction, big refits, minor repairs. The first-named he is disposed to place last, but this probably more by way of reconciling Dockyard administration in the most effective manner possible with current Admiralty policy, than because he discounts the importance of construction work. In his view, the ideal of organisation is to keep the whole mechanism of the vast establishment under his control working smoothly and continuously. If one year a battleship and a cruiser are in course of building, and next year all the slips yawn empty¹ there is a dislocation of labour which seriously handicaps the continuity of efficiency. The Admiralty should resolutely determine upon one policy or the other: (1) To abolish construction work in the Royal Yards altogether, in favour of private contract work, (2) To keep the resources of construction up to a high standard in the Royal Yards by a steady, regular volume of building work.

There are many pros and cons to both these alternatives. If the first were adopted, it would certainly leave the Dockyards free to act entirely as great nurseries for the maintenance of the Fleet.

As our Navy steadily grows year by year, so correspondingly must increase the degree of refitting and repair work which ever remains to be done. It is only by keeping pace with this that the full measure of our naval strength can be regarded as available. Admiral Henderson is vigorously opposing the existing system of allowing defects in warships to be husbanded until the period of the annual refit. The "stitch in time" principle is what he advocates, the dealing with "lame ducks" effectually and once for all, as soon as they develop signs of needing it, instead of letting the wound fester under a temporary patch-work, so that what might have been cured by a week in Dockyard hands will mean probably a month as the result of the delay. Again, the refitting of Fleets by divisions, instead of by single ships, is a most unwise policy, and for this reason it means the disabling of a large proportion of our home sea force at one time. If an enemy were awaiting his opportunity to spring upon us, he could certainly not choose a better time than when the two divisions of the Home Fleet had been a fortnight in Dockyard hands at Portsmouth and Devonport respectively, so as to allow of the vessels being well "opened out" and incapacitated from going to sea under several days at the very least.

But to come back to the alternative policies with regard to the placing of naval construction. The prompt and effective coping with all refit and repair work would certainly be one of the outcomes, under existing conditions, of relegating all Building Programmes to private contract. At present a certain proportion of refit and repair work is given to the private shipyards, "to relieve the congestion" that is said to exist in the Royal establishments. This congestion, which is really more apparent than real, has been brought about by following the principle Admiral Henderson is now seeking to break down. He puts the necessity of being able to deal with this work before the importance of construction for the Dockyards. Under prevailing conditions he is doubtless right. But we venture to go a little further than Admiral Henderson does, and advocate the placing of the Royal Yards upon such a footing as should enable them to effectively deal with their full share of construction, and all the obligations of refitting and repairing alike. The Admiralty administration of the Dockyards has been one of restriction. Take the case of the allocation of last year's Building Programme as an instance in point. Three battleships¹ were to be built under it, the money for which was duly voted in March, 1903.

(1) The Admiralty suddenly and unexpectedly ordered these three ships to be laid down in the Dockyards at the close of last year, thus anticipating their promise, referred to overleaf, to begin three battleships in April last. The point which it is intended to illustrate with regard to administrative policy still holds good, however, notwithstanding this departure from a settled programme. The original idea was to have given these vessels out to private contract.

Not until January last, however, were the *Hibernia* and *Africa* laid down, the *Britannia* following a month later. When the Programme was framed, as far back as November, 1902, it was perfectly well known that both Devonport and Chatham would shortly be starving for construction work. Why their slips were kept empty for nine months after the vote had been agreed to, is one of those anomalies which mark Dockyard Administration. The Secretary to the Admiralty in July last, replying to questions which Sir Charles Dilke was induced to ask upon representations made to him as to the withholding of construction work from the Royal Dockyards, announced that under the next Building Programme (1904-5) it was proposed to lay down one battleship in each of the three principal Yards¹. The explanation for this sudden prospective liberality of allotment was that with the proposed giving out of the current Programme to private contract (as then proposed), combined with what remained in hand from past Programmes, the big shipyards of the country would have had virtually as much naval construction in progress as they could well deal with. Therefore, in order to keep up their very wise system of laying down all the warships provided for by Navy Estimates within the year compassed by the vote, the Admiralty had to fall back upon the establishments with which they should have begun—the Royal Dockyards.

There is no reason why the Dockyards should not receive their full measure of naval construction work, and every reason why they should. The fact that the private yards are undoubtedly in a better general position at the present time to enter upon the building of battleships and cruisers than the Government establishments, is owing to that restrictive administration practised by the Admiralty towards the latter to which we have already referred. With a larger share of the money that is now allotted to private contractors, the building resources of the Dockyards could be developed without in any way militating against the efficiency of other departments. The ships are there, and the plant is there, both are kept largely idle for want of work. To employ them regularly would merely mean an addition to the existing *personnel*, leaving this existing *personnel* free to continue its regular routine in the discharge of other Dockyard functions. It has been argued that the private yards can build a warship more economically than the Dockyards. In spite of the apparent confirmatory evidence established by a comparison of the totals of "estimated cost"—which in many cases is not "final cost"—this statement may be readily refuted. The cost of labour in both cases is very much the same. The cost of maintenance is also much upon a par. Material has a regular market price, and although the charge

(1) As explained in the preceding page, this plan was not adhered to

for carriage would be heavier in the case of the Dockyards owing to their greater distance from the iron and steel centres, yet this would form but a very small item of the whole total. It is claimed that the private contractor scores in the matter of his sub-contracts. Why he should be able to place orders for specific work or material more economically than the Admiralty could do, is just one of those little matters which form an effective impeachment of that restrictive administration of which we have spoken.

But, in truth, where the great distinction comes in, which should give the Royal Dockyards such a big pull over the private firms in the matter of construction cost, is that they have no dividends to pay upon a large capital. There is no profit to be added to prime cost of production for the benefit of shareholders. Recurring to the question of "estimated cost," as taken from official sources in "Brassey's Naval Annual," let us make a comparison between two battleships of the same class, and see how the figures show. The *Russell*, built by Messrs Palmer and Co. at Jarrow, we shall find written down at £1,026,292. The *Montagu*, built at Devonport Dockyard, is shown as costing £1,013,437. Specified details of displacement, speed, engine-power, boilers, armour, armament, coal endurance, &c., precisely similar in each case. On the face of it, then, there is a balance in favour of the Royal Yard of £12,855. This is a very trifling proportion of such a large total, still, admitting it may be accounted for by a slightly more lavish carrying out of minute details, we still have plain the fact that the Dockyards can build as cheaply as the private contractors. But since the "Brassey" figures were compiled it has been demonstrated, in the case of this particular comparison, that the Dockyards can build much cheaper still. In October last, Admiral-Superintendent W. H. Henderson issued to the staff of Devonport Dockyard a "congratulatory order," announcing that a taking-out of the expenditure upon the construction of the *Montagu* revealed the fact that she had been completed for £54,000 less than the estimated total cost. In order to realise the full significance of this saving, it must be understood that it was entirely effected upon building work, and not upon contracts for material, guns, and engines. In other words, £54,000 was saved out of a sum that may roughly be set down at £400,000.

In point of economy, then, the Royal Dockyards, so far from having anything to lose by contrast with the private firms in the matter of construction, should show to distinct advantage. In point of rapidity of building, each one of the three principal Government establishments holds a record that far eclipses anything which the private firms have yet achieved. "Pride of place" in this matter rests with Devonport, which, in 1899, estab-

lished a world's time record of naval construction by launching the 15,000-ton battleship *Bulwark* exactly seven months after the laying down of her first keel-plate. Next in order comes Portsmouth, whose record is with the battleship *London*, launched in nine months and twelve days from the laying down of her keel-plate, and then Chatham, with the *Venerable*, similarly launched, in ten months. These two latter-named ships are both of the same size and type as the *Bulwark*. It is only fair to point out, however, that comparisons of launching records must be made relatively and not literally: there is no strictly defined "launching stage" in naval construction, and whilst one ship may be put afloat a few weeks earlier than another the former may take several months longer to complete. Allowing for this condition, however, the three Dockyard records quoted still hold good.

Why, then, with everything in favour of allotting a large proportion of the building of our Fleet to the Royal Dockyards, do the Admiralty steadfastly pursue a rigidly restrictive policy in this matter? We ask the question as a natural sequence to the train of reasoning which has led up to it, but it is not within the province of this article to try and answer it. Political reasons, the influence of big, powerful interests, and financial reasons have been variously suggested by way of explanation. Our purpose, however, has been to regard a certain existent condition, without proceeding to speculate upon the causes of it. That the private shipbuilding industries of this country should be fostered by the Government as far as the national interests will allow, is a most wise and indeed a necessary policy. But that the Royal Dockyards should be placed as altogether secondary to them in the all-important feature of building work, is a principle which, in our opinion, the Construction Board would find it no easy matter to adequately justify. Empty slips, idle plant, and disorganised labour have been the fruits thus far of this plan at two of the three principal Dockyards.¹ Such a condition must inevitably be the incipency of inefficiency. The recent laying down of three battleships at the Royal Yards cannot be regarded as more than a palliative measure in the state of affairs indicated, because there is every reason to believe it to be a temporary expediency rather than a step in the direction of reversing the present system of distributing naval construction. Right or wrong, the impression is pretty general that the Dockyards would not have got these three ships had the private contractors been prepared to lay them down within the year covered by the Estimates which provide for them.

To contend that shipbuilding is not an important mission of a

(1) Devonport, for five months last year, had no construction work at all in hand, and Chatham but one armoured cruiser during the whole of 1903.

Naval Dockyard is a futile argument in face of the abundant provision which exists for the carrying of it out in these establishments. Granted that the view which regards the Government Yards as nurseries and sick-bays for the Fleet is a very sound one, yet this can only be materialised by an all-round state of high efficiency and sufficiency. That they are up to an adequate standard in this respect at the present time may be gravely questioned, having regard to the large proportion of refit and repair work that has latterly found its way to private firms. Portsmouth alone has lost five ships within the past few months that should legitimately have come into the hands of her Dockyard folk. Concurrently with this condition, men have been discharged, and further discharges are mooted, on the grounds that the *personnel* is excessive for the work to be done. The Government has dealt with these all-important national institutions in a niggardly spirit. The State shipbuilding and repairing establishments should be put into such a posture of mechanical and personal efficiency (in saying which, be it understood, no aspersion is intended upon the latter existing condition) that they should be in a position to cope with the greater bulk of the annual Construction Programmes, and the whole of the Fleet refit work. The private yards would then resume their proper position in the general scheme of a wise naval policy: they would be the receptacles for the overflow from the Government Dockyards. The big outlay that would be involved in this plan of Dockyard reform would be more than compensated for, first of all by the enhancing of the quality of the naval efficiency in one of its most vital abstract conditions, and, secondly, by the fact that the profits which now pass into the hands of the private constructors would largely go to pay for this tangible national benefit. Without the Dockyards we should have no recuperating havens to minimise the terrible wastage of a great conflict. Fine warships and brave men are not the only necessary features of a modern navy. Let us look to our Dockyards, and set them in order during peace, for upon them we should have to rely in war to a degree that we surely do not want to await the great reality to make us realise. How far this is true we have only to look towards the Far East at the present epoch in order to realise. The Russian battleships *Tsarevitch* and *Retvisan* were put out of action, badly damaged by torpedo attack, early during the war. At the time of writing they have just run their repair trials outside Port Arthur, with results which are officially stated to be eminently satisfactory. Two important warships which were put quite *hors de combat* are thus rendered effective fighting units again. This illustrates the real significance of the Dockyards in the general scheme of a Power's Naval efficiency.

HERBERT RUSSELL

THE KISS POETICAL

A MODERN writer informs us that the practice of kissing in its earliest stages sprang from parental sources only, the primitive kiss being a convenient and fashionable expression of a mother's affection, rather than the outcome of a lover's rapture. This is a matter as to which primitive man was entitled, of course, to please himself, but the taste of later times has rather left his aspect of the question in the shade. The lover is, somehow, a more interesting figure than the parent, and when he appropriates a share of these parental perquisites, so far from being shocked at the outrage, we smile indulgently upon the stolen kisses. Sentiment is not easily frightened by science, and in this case, science notwithstanding, it has woven round the love-kiss a wreath of romance which it flatly denies to the osculations of the primitive mamma.

The poetry, however, which has sprung from this sentiment is, in its more refined forms, a comparatively modern product. Not that the subject escaped the attention of the older poets. Many of the kisses of Catullus, for instance, are most conscientiously thought out, but they are not always fit for publication. Shakespeare is too immense to pronounce upon with confidence, but I do not remember among the Shakespearian love-scenes anything like the modern kiss poetical. The tremendous kiss of Coriolanus—"long as my exile, sweet as my revenge"—is of heavier metal altogether. In the breezy life of those times kisses seem to have been regarded as common objects of the country, which called for no highly-strung treatment. "What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?" asks the disguised Rosalind. Orlando promptly replies, "I would kiss before I spoke." This is brisk and business-like, but not deeply romantic, though it is typical enough of a time when affection was commonly expressed with a frankness which modern taste would resent. Such frankness would be impossible to the reserve which our later age has thrown round these matters, and the kiss poetical which lives in its shade. For sentiment does not readily cluster round the familiar. The touch of a hand may be eloquent enough, but the hand-shake of daily life will hardly kindle any tender self-communings. And the kiss must become invested with a certain sacrosanctity before it can be a fit subject for the poet's highest art.

The first kiss of love has a great popular reputation, but poetical enthusiasm on the subject is curiously circumspect, and when the first kiss floats into the poet's song, he does not often emphasise

its firstness Byron's well-worn ode is a notable instance to the contrary, but this was one of his youthful productions, and, indeed, is eminently suited for nursery use Its tuneful little patter leaves us quite unmoved —

Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love

Let the young gentleman have it by all means it cannot possibly disagree with him The "mild beam" is as mild as the milk and water of the nursery tea-table, and the raptures are sprinkled with crumbs of bread and butter This ode, moreover, was an obvious imposture, which deceived nobody less than Byron himself Even in his salad days his taste was more robust than this, as his poem, "Remind Me Not," which belongs to the same period, shows plainly enough —

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes thiew back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet
As if in kisses to expire

Poetically, this is rather poor stuff, but it has a certain ring of reality about it which pleads for indulgence The bib, the bread and butter, and the best behaviour have all disappeared, and are replaced by the natural man—we might almost add, *in puris naturalibus*

Campbell also devotes a luke-warm stanza to the praise of the first kiss —

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

The sentiments are irreproachable, but the ardour has oozed out of them, and the fancy in these pretty lines is much more attractive —

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound,
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!
HALLOWED GROUND

Mr Le Gallienne has the same idea, cast, as might be expected, into a more passionate form —

Then from the silence sprang a kiss like flame,
And they hung lost together, while around

The world was changed, no more to be the same
 Meadow or sky, no little flower or sound
 Again the same, for earth grew holy ground
 While in the silence of the mounting moon
 Infinite love throbbed in the straining bound
 Of that great kiss, the long delaying boon,
 Granted indeed at last, but ended, ah! so soon

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

First kisses not so found by inquisition are much more plentiful among the poets Here is the beginning of a dainty one from Mr Austin Dobson —

Did it happen that no single
 Word of mouth could either speak?
 Did the brown and gold hair mingle,
 Did the shamed skin thrill and tingle
 To the shock of cheek and cheek?

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC

The present Poet Laureate has discussed the first kiss of two lovers—

Spurred by the desperate hour, released from awe
 By sudden sense of parting,

in some elegant lines which display the kiss poetical in its most modern garb —

Kiss, because flown for ever, no'er forgot,
 Since unfulfilled, with freshness still besprent,
 Love's baptism of dew, love's tightest knot,
 Of all love's rites the holiest sacrament
 A never full ripe fruit, that cannot rot,
 An unplucked flower which no'er will shed its scent,
 Perfect, imperfect, nought can mar or mend,
 A fair beginning still uncursed by end

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY

These, however, are kisses of the lighter sort *Paullo majora canamus* and Mrs Browning will furnish us with what we want in the first kiss of "Aurora Leigh" —

Could I see his face,
 I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,
 Or did his arms constrain me? Were my cheeks
 Hot, overflowed with my tears or his?
 And which of our two large explosive hearts
 So shook me? That I know not There were words
 That broke in utterance melted in the fire—
 Embrace, that was convulsion then a kiss
 As long and silent as the ecstatic night,
 And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which meant beyond
 Whatever could be told by word or kiss

The scene is a fine climax to a strongly dramatic situation, from which it cannot fairly be detached But, even when carried up to

it by the full tide of the story, it is difficult not to feel that the language hardly matches the almost superhuman emotion which was in the poet's thought. The kiss itself, "as long and silent as the ecstatic night," is a gem, but its thunderous accompaniment sounds a little over-strained. Heights like these, however, are above the reach of most of us, and kisses framed on such Titanic lines are altogether too stupendous for the homelier folk who do not kiss in earthquakes. For the like of them, Mrs Browning has a decorous triplet of kisses in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (Sonnet 38) —

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
 And evermore it grew more clean and white,
 Slow to world greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
 When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
 I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
 Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
 The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
 Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
 That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness did precede
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect purple state since when, indeed,
 I have been proud and said, "My love, my own"

After the stormy embrace in "Aurora Leigh," these stately kisses may not seem very exciting but what they lack in power they gain in delicacy, and they are probably truer to the poet's own instincts. It may be that man is not the best interpreter of the first kiss, and that we should turn to woman to learn its full significance. To her it may open the gates of a fairyland, bright with promise for all the unrealised possibilities of her nature, but it is a land which man may not enter, and whose enchantment he can hardly hope to describe.

Time fulfilled my being,
 With passion like a cup, and with one kiss,
 Left me a woman

So says Mr Lewis Morris's Helen in "The Epic of Hades," and it would be hard to better her words. The story is told short, but it is the whole story.

The last kiss seems to appeal more strongly to poetic imagination, and, indeed, its surroundings are more promising. The comparatively simple emotion of the first kiss gives place to a surging complex of fear and hope, love and grief, playing over the whole gamut of emotion, through which may be heard at times the threatening undertones which presage the coming end. There is a fine last kiss in Browning's "In a Gondola." One somehow suspects a tragic *finale*, though the prelude is bright with the playful

ceremonial of coquetry Everything must be done with due punctilio, which no lover's impatience is allowed to violate "The moth's kiss first"—the kiss of a love which is pleading for admittance "The bee's kiss now"—the kiss of a love that claims it Then a final piece of make-believe is enacted —

Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow
Now bow you as becomes, nor touch my hand
More than I touch yours, when I step to land,
And say 'All thanks, Siora '

It is not difficult to imagine the nature of the interruption which breaks down this pretty fooling, as she exclaims in sudden surrender —

Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more ere we part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art!

The dagger puts a tragic end to this supreme moment, but the dying man's life as it closes is crowned by the kiss of the woman whom he loves

It was ordained to be so sweet!—and best
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived but I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die!

The final embrace of Constance and Norbert in "In a Balcony" is compressed into the single word which closes the poem, "Kiss!" But its conciseness is sufficiently eloquent in its own setting, though it is an experiment upon which few but Browning would have ventured

In a simpler strain, Miss Christina Rossetti ("In the Round Tower at Jhansi") has given us the pathetic last kiss of a husband who shoots his wife to save her from a worse fate than death —

Close his arm about her now,
Close her cheek to his,
Close the pistol to her brow—
God forgive them this
Kiss and kiss, it is not pain
Thus to kiss and die
"One kiss more"—"And yet one again"—
"Goodbye"—"Goodbye"

But to return to Browning, his kisses are all a-thrill with genuine feeling, and though they sometimes have to struggle with his language, they always emerge alive But even his simplicity—and he is often simple enough—is eloquent —

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand

On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face
 Ere we meet, ere we extinguish sight and speech,
 Each on each.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

He can rollick, too, without becoming clownish, a somewhat rare art "Muckle-Mouth Meg" tries him rather severely, but he comes out, on the whole, successful The English raider, captured red-handed, is offered the choice of marrying Muckle-Mouth Meg, or the gallows "'Grant rather the gallows!' laughed he" A week in the cold and the dark of a dungeon, where, however, he is secretly tended by a lass with "a voice like a lark" does not shake his determination, and he is duly led out to die There stands the lass The sky is blue, the grass green, life should be sweet, but the prisoner will not hear of Muckle-Mouth Meg —

Not Muckle Mouth Meg? Wow, the obstinate man!
 Perhaps he would rather wed me!

"Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your can!"
 "I'm Muckle Mouth Meg," chirruped she

"Then so—so—so—so"—as he kissed her apace—
 "Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
 From Margaret Minnikin Mou', by God's grace,
 To Muckle Mouth Meg in good earnest!"

On occasion, if need be, he can descend to lower levels Ottima's kiss, in "Pippa Passes," is simply an outburst of raging passion But this is a poison-dash of colour for the particular picture For Browning faces Nature fearlessly, and never attempts to rob love of its earthly elements Sometimes he even seems eager to thrust them to the front, as if in dread lest the cold wisdom of the higher self should quench the warmth which gives human love its loveliness —

Not with my soul, Love! bid no soul like mine
 Lap thee around nor leave the poor sense room!
 Soul—travel-worn, toil-weary—would confine
 Along with Soul, soul's gains from glow and gloom,
 Captures from soarings high and divings deep
 Spoil-laden Soul, how should such memories sleep?
 Take sense, too—let me love entire and whole—
 Not with my soul!

Eyes shall meet eyes, and find no eyes between,
 Lips feed on lips, no other lips to fear!
 No past, no future—so thine arms but screen
 The present from surprise! Not there, 'tis here—
 Not then, 'tis now, back memories that intrude!
 Make, Love, the universe our solitude,
 And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—
 Sense quenching Soul!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

, Nevertheless, his conception of love, though it never disdained the habiliments of the body, was at root profoundly spiritual He can glory in—

The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch to the core,
While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut, and lips meet!
Now

But the kiss has also its spiritual message for him —

Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were
For me,
In the kiss of one girl
SUMMUM BONUM

To Browning the kiss was a focus of concentrated emotion, but it was emotion sanctified, partly by his reverence for woman, and partly—if we may read the poet as the interpreter of the man—by his belief that love was not merely a fleeting incident of earthly life, but an essential process in the soul's development, and perhaps even the guiding principle of the purpose which carries it through the ages (see "Cristina") If the living seed once take root, death shall lay no hand on it, and it shall surely bear fruit in the course of the countless existences which await the soul in the hereafter (see 'Evelyn Hope') For him, therefore, the kiss ceases to be a mere lover's caress, and becomes a sacrament, a symbol and pledge, not of an earthly love, which must perish with the senses of the body, but of a spiritual communion which transcends and will survive them

Although, as we have seen, Byron was an outspoken champion of the first kiss, his subsequent kisses are a little disappointing The specific gravity, so to speak, of the Byronic kiss is considerable Its natural place is on the lower levels of feeling, but when it occasionally attempts to soar above them, its flight suggests a cherub that has been drenched in a thunder shower

Even in his kiss tragic the emotion seems stilted —

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms,
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd!

And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more,
 Felt that for him earth held but her alone,
 Kissed her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?

Tragedy broods heavily over this farewell embrace of the Corsair and Medora, but the embrace itself is curiously lacking in life and spontaneity, and instead of the roar of the bursting storm, one seems to hear the wheels go round. Later in the poem, his parting kiss to Gulnare, whose unrequited love had saved his life at the cost of her own ruin, "The first, the last, that Frailty stole from Faith," also brings with it a sense of lost opportunities. The situation is rich in possibilities, and one feels that its raw material might have been worked up into a finer product. Far the best of Byron's kisses, however, is that which spreads its sweetness over some ten stanzas (185—194) in the second Canto of "Don Juan." Juan and Haidée are the *dramatis personæ*, and the performance itself may be conveniently summarised in the following lines —

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays,
 Into one focus, kindled from above,
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze

The whole thing is frankly sensuous, but it is not the least unclean, and it simply dances with life. There is no pretence of exaltation about it, no appeal to anything above the senses, no suggestion of any mystical *rapport*, no high falutin' of any kind. It is just an instinctive outflow of passion, under honest Nature's rule, from one young heart to another. The poet himself makes this abundantly clear —

And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
 Half-naked, loving, natural, and Greek

Considering how persistently Keats hovers round the subject, it is a little curious that he should hardly attempt to depict a kiss. Perhaps, for some reasons, this is not to be regretted. The following entreaty, for instance, doth something smack of the grotesque —

My Indian bliss !
 My river lily bud ! One human kiss !
 One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze !

Here the poet seems to have been overpowered by the man. His description of Venus, who, hurrying to greet Adonis on his awakening—

Scuds with summer breezes to pant through
 The first warm kiss, warm firstling,

is certainly characteristic of Venus It is also rather characteristic of Keats, and though

The warm tremble of a devout kiss

belongs to a somewhat higher order of emotion, on the whole his love-making leans to the voluptuous

The stolen kiss has always appealed strongly to the imagination of poets and others Some one—Leigh Hunt, if I remember rightly—pronounces stolen kisses to be “Much completer” But however this may be in actual life, the popularity in literature of “the kiss, snatch’d hasty from the sidelong maid,” is undeniable Coleridge has turned out quite a pretty specimen, framed, of course, on the conventional lines There is the customary entreaty —

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sighed——

followed by the customary refusal, and the customary *finale* —

In tender accents faint and low,
Well pleased I hear the whispered “No!”
The whispered “No”—how little meant!
Sweet falsehood that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of Joy

Herrick’s analysis of a kiss is too frank to be quoted, and his kisses generally are rather unpruned There are exceptions, however, such as the kiss for which he pleads in a sonnet to “Electra,” where a *debonnaire* extravagance of feeling is combined with a delicate restraint of thought —

I dare not ask a kisse,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kisse that aire,
That lately kissed thee

Moore’s sportive fancy is too fond of flirting to throb with a deeper passion He dedicates, it is true, a full-dress sonnet to “The Kiss” (“Grow to my lips, thou sacred kiss,” &c), but it is artificial and lifeless, and evidently labours under the weight of its trappings In reality he does not take his kisses seriously Their affection is only skin-deep, and they are as fickle as butterflies —

Then oh! what pleasure where’er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We’ve but to make love to the lips that are near

Here is one of the best of them A lover is showing his lass an
ancient gem portraying—

A simple youth,
By some enamoured nymph embrac'd

And this is the moral which he draws —

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed locks behind

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move,
And thus our lips together meet,
And thus—and thus—I kiss thee, love

It is by no means every poet, however, who has felt a serious call in this direction at all. Milton and Herbert are beyond suspicion, Pope is not, yet his brilliant couplets—for Eloisa, perhaps, prudently leaves all to the imagination—are as barren as the rolling verse of Dryden. The same may be said of Thomson (though Damon fairly deserved a kiss from Musidora), Gray, Cowper (unless his "Riddle" is to count), Goldsmith, Rogers, Southey, the mystical Blake, and the ringing ballads of Sir Walter Scott, the sprightly Præd, and the meditative Matthew Arnold. Wordsworth, in his ode to "Louisa," feels disposed—or says he does—to "kiss the mountain rains that sparkle on her cheek." It was rather forward of him to think of such a thing, but I am convinced that nothing came of it, and to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, he never tripped again, unless anything of the kind may lurk in the thievish corners of "The Excursion." But it requires the vigour and hopefulness of youth to face this work, and I fear I have let my opportunity slip by. Clough comes near the point more than once in "The Bothie of 'Tober-na-Vuolich," but wanders aside again. So does Mr. George Meredith in "Love in the Valley." We might have hoped for better things from Suckling, Lovelace, and Burns, and even Shelley's kisses are comparatively rare. The only one of any pretensions that I can recall is in the "Revolt of Islam" —

What are kisses whose fire clasps
The failing heart in languishment, or limb
Twined within limb? Or the quick dying gasps
Of the life meeting, when the faint eyes swim
Through tears of a wide mist, boundless and dim,
In one caress?

This is at least a human kiss, and Shelley is not over kind to mere humanity. Writing to Gisborne in 1821, about "Eppyschidion," he says, "As to real flesh and blood, you know I do not deal in those articles, you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of

mutton, as expect anything human or earthly from me " And his love poetry is a monument to the truth of this declaration He seems to be constantly striving to defecate human passion into a pure transparency Even the kiss which he pictures in "Epipsychidion," in spite of its fervour of language, gives one a vague sense of unreality, from the mystic setting in which it is framed —

Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together, and our lips,
With other ecstasy than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and the wells
Which boil under our beings' inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain springs, beneath the morning sun
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh wherefore two?

Under Tennyson's guidance we are restored once more to the warm precincts of the cheerful day His kisses, if they hardly rise so high as Browning's, ring with much the same strain of exaltation Vigorously human—for, indeed, his fancy is warm—they are none the less perfectly wholesome, and they are made of stuff that endures Even under the attrition of constant quotation, the kiss in "Fatima" keeps all its charm —

O Love, O fire once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew

Mournful Aenone's longings burn with a wilder flame, as might be expected in a Nature-divinity —

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains,
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois

In "The Gardener's Daughter," we read of —

Kisses, where the heart on one wild leap,
Hung tranced from all pulsation

Here the rapture, though etherealised, springs rather from the heart than from the soul, but in "Locksley Hall" the spirits of Amy and her cousin

rushed together at the touching of the lips

And the same idea inspires the noble kiss in "The Princess" —

If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,

Stoop down, and seem to kiss me ere I die
she turn'd, she paused,

She stooped, and out of languor leapt a cry,
 Leapt fiery passion from the brinks of death,
 And I believed that in the living world,
 My spirit closed with Idas at the lips
 Till back I fell, and from my arms she rose,
 Glowing all over noble shame, and all
 Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
 And left her woman "

Maud's first kiss has always seemed to me something of an anomaly —

I kiss'd her slender hand,
 She took the kiss sedately,
 Maud is not seventeen,
 But she is tall and stately

Now sweet seventeen has no business to treat anything so important as a kiss sedately There are half a dozen lines of conduct which she might have pursued with perfect propriety, but sedateness, I confess, appears to me unpardonable Moreover, if she really committed that rose to the "Rivulet born at the Hall," on a blushing mission to her lover —

Saying in odour and colour, "Ah, be
 Amongst the roses to-night,"

she knew at least as much of the ways of this wicked world as was at all good for a young lady rising seventeen I am afraid that Maud was a bit of a minx In "Queen Mary," of all poems, Tennyson has a pleasant surprise for us in the breezy kiss of the Milkmaid's song Two stanzas suffice to tell the tale —

Robin came behind me,
 Kiss'd me well I vow,
 Cuff him could I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Swallows fly again,
 Cuckoos cry again,
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow

Come Robin, Robin,
 Come and kiss me now,
 Help it, can I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Ring doves coo again,
 All things woo again,
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow

Such, it seems, is the way of a maid with a man, writ large Nor do the wilder moods of love escape him In "The Princess," there is a fancy picture drawn by the old King, of what a warrior's kiss should be, how he should burst in among the women in all his war-paint, and "redden what he kisses" The picture is, of course, made deliberately unpleasant, but the kiss is, at best, "a

soldier's kiss, rebukable", and we may hope, perhaps, that the old monarch's memories of his youthful habits were made a little lurid by the sunset of his declining years. Much nearer to modern taste is —

The wild kiss when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

which has escaped the savagery of the old king's kiss without losing its vigour

Tennyson and Browning have much the same hopes, but hardly the same faith. Browning is fulfilled with a buoyant conviction that—

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world

—and with the world to come. Tennyson attained painfully to the same belief, and clung to it as the only alternative to moral and religious chaos. In Browning's faith the Self—with all its mental equipment, in which love held so high a place—persisted into the hereafter essentially unaltered, and his lovers and friends, when united once more after death, even though it be in an æonian future, will "wake, and remember, and understand." Tennyson seems rather to dread lest the spirits of the departed should suffer a sky-change which will transfigure their humanity, and in which, perhaps, personality itself will be ultimately absorbed into something higher.

I remember in my Oxford days, a college friend remarking to me that, when Swinburne made love, he always seemed to begin by "fighting and biting." The description is a parody, of course, but it is not inapt. Here are some lines from "Dolores," which almost justify it —

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten,
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten,
Till the foam has a savour of blood

This, as Mr Mantalini might observe, is a dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant kiss, notwithstanding its power, and anyone familiar with Mr Swinburne's poems will readily call to mind others akin to it, kisses which have the voice of Catullus, but have also, sometimes, the hands of Joannes Secundus. Indeed, in "Laus Veneris"—where one almost has to pick one's way between the kisses—the first stanza is Joannes put into practice —

Et totas livore genas, collumque notare

Critics have raged furiously together against them, but no criti-

cism can delete the imprint of the master hand Some other adventures in the same direction are scarcely so fortunate Thus Bailey makes Festus entreat Elissa for—

One long wild kiss of sunny sweets, till each
Lack breath, the lips half bleed, and come—thou knowest!

This is passion debased by vulgarity, and a vulgarity peculiarly nauseating from the lips of Bailey's hero, who is an insufferable combination of the scoundrel and the prig Purely erotic, however, as Mr Swinburne's kisses are, they are not always "storm birds of passion", some of them are almost "song birds of sorrow" Among these are the kiss in "Anactoria" —

the kiss

Of body and soul that mix with eager tears,
And laughter stinging through the eyes and ears,

the kisses in the beautiful "Rondel," and this from the "Year of Love" —

The tears inside our eyelids met,
Wrung forth with kissing, and wept wet,
The faces cleaving each to each,
Where the blood served for speech

As we leave Mr Swinburne's turmoil behind us, and turn into the gates of "The Earthly Paradise," we seem to have wandered into an enchanted garden, a place where the world is quiet, and also a little unreal There are wars, indeed, and rumours of wars, yet they strike the sense but faintly, and in this magic realm, Love is pre-eminently the lord of all For Morris's lovers are in deadly earnest Like Bellerophon, they live—

Much wondering how such things could be,
That aught but love could move a man at all

Naturally his kisses are plentiful, yet they are curiously intangible In the text they commonly appear as little more than mere facts, whose meaning and character must be sought in the delicate nooks of the context —

O love, to think that love can pass away,
That, soon or late, to us shall come a day
When this shall be forgotten! E'en this kiss,
That makes us now forget the high God's bliss,
And sons of men with all their miseries

THE DOOM OF KING ACRISIUS

The graceful reserve of this treatment is rather fascinating It is pleasant to be trusted by a poet, and Morris places a most flattering confidence in his readers The outline is given us, but we may colour the picture for ourselves —

And as he spake, his lips did meet,
In one unhop'd, undream'd-of kiss,
The very heart of all his bliss

THE LAND EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

Sometimes, where occasion permits, as with the fay lover of "Ogier the Dane," the mystery is deepened by a touch of the unearthly —

And with the pleasure of a thousand years,
Her lips were fashioned to move joy or tears
Among the longing folk where she might dwell,
To give at last the kiss unspeakable

Speaking broadly, Mr Swinburne's kisses have a tendency to burst into flame, Morris's are more likely to melt into tears —

His eyes with happy tears were wet, his lip
Still thrilled with memory of a loving kiss

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE

From the midst of Morris's fountain of delight there often surges up a bitter somewhat, in the persistent thought that love has no hereafter, and the joy which fades out of life no return. The memories of the Elders are saddened by 'shades of their own dead hopes and buried pain,' and even over the lover's ecstasy there flits a faint presage of—

Some clinging, sweetest, bitterest kiss of all,
Before the dark upon their heads should fall

THE HILL OF VENUS

With Swinburne and Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti is naturally linked. Many years ago a fierce attack was made upon the "fleshiness" of his poetry by Robert Buchanan. We need not now consider the merits of the charge (which, in fact, failed), but assuredly it was launched from a strange quarter

Two white arms, a moss pillow,
A curtain o' green,
Come, love me, love me,
Come, clasp me unseen

I sprang to her, clasp'd her,
I trembled, I prest,
I drank her warm kisses,
I kissed her white breast

These stanzas are Buchanan's, and they are a remarkable commentary on the critic. Even if it be said that they only purport to be "A Voice of the Flesh," the 'Widow Mysie's' kiss, in another of his poems, has still to be accounted for, and this is simply an outburst of vulgar sensuality, only fit for the pot-house in which it was perpetrated.

But, indeed, the reproach of fleshliness is easily brought against any poet who deals with human passion, because to some extent it

is necessarily true So long as mankind remain human, love must
needs contain an earthly element

Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing more
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before

And as for the kiss, Rossetti's magnificent sonnet shows how little
it need suffer from Nature's touch —

What smouldering senses in death's sick delay,
Or seizure of malign vicissitude
Can rob this body of honour, or denude
This soul of wedding raiment worn to day?
For lo! even now my lady's lips did play
With these my lips such consonant interlude,
As laurelled Orpheus longed for when he wooed,
The half-drawn hungering face with that last lay
I was a child beneath her touch—a man,
When breast to breast we clung, even I and she—
A spirit when her spirit looked through me—
A god when all our life breath met to fan
Our life blood, till love's emulous ardours ran,
Fire within fire, desire in deity

It would be hard to find a miniature of human love touched with
a more cunning hand, or tinted with daintier colours No natural
instinct is stifled, but none are left uncurbed, and all are made
gracious by the loftier aspirations which they themselves have
kindled Love that has won its way to these clear heights has
little in common with the passion which, in coarsest Satyr-shape,
raged through early humanity, and the brute creation behind it
But something in common it has, and must have Nor is it a
shame to man that his feet should rest on the soil where Nature
has placed them, if only his face be set towards the stars

NORMAN PEARSON

JAPAN'S ASPIRATIONS AND INTERNATIONALISM

"WITH regard to matters of national defence, a single day's neglect may involve a century's regret " In this short sentence the Emperor of Japan sums up the national policy and feeling of his country It must, however, be clearly understood that by national defences in Japan there is not meant the mere naval and military bulwarks which European nations have been content to rear around themselves, and which, in their point of view, constitute the national defences In Japan the term has a much wider, and, it must be confessed, a much truer meaning, it is taken to include the preservation to the country of everything that might be threatened by foreign influences The safeguarding of Japanese trade by an efficient consular service, or of Japanese maritime enterprise by a navigation bounty, is just as much a part of the national defences as the prevention of invasion by a foreign foe To properly understand what the Japanese consider to be their "national defences" we have to go back to the very early days of foreign intercourse Then it was that the Japanese realised that to properly defend their country they must be prepared to meet the outside world on every point, not merely physical defence, and be submerged by none And it is to this interpretation of the meaning of the Emperor's phrase that must be attributed the wonderful progress of that country For although the world now admits that there is this new first-class nation arisen in the midst of the older nations, these latter are full of suspicion and full of fear as to what may happen as a result of Japan's coming to her full strength They watch her very much as Jason watched the sprouting of the warriors from the dragon's teeth, and fear the worst, knowing so little of this new force that they have been instrumental in bringing into being The very fact that it is by her military and naval exploits that Japan has forced recognition from the world, makes the nations fear that they have to do with a warlike and aggressive Power, instead of realising the right interpretation of her position The readiness of the acceptance of this belief is a sad commentary upon the sentiments and beliefs of the nations of the world, as is also the fact that it was necessary for Japan to win battles before she was at all recognised as a serious Power By the present war Japan has convinced even the most reluctant of her great qualities as a belligerent without dependence upon whether she obtains the full terms of peace she may demand or not And the nations of the world are

reckoning their own imperfections and shortcomings with a dread of the future developments. For now is the time to ask the question, What are the aspirations of the new Power, and have we to look for peace or for war from the victorious Japanese, to whom a successful termination of the present conflict means the domination of the Far East? This is the question that all those nations who have torn fragments from the living carcass of China must face, and the fear that a warlike Japan may mean danger to their stolen property must cause apprehension, and has already caused the German Emperor to give tongue to the cry of the Yellow Peril. Although this crusade is ostensibly to be directed against an Asiatic menace, in reality it resolves itself into a question of the safety of Kiao-chau and German concessions. And as it is with Germany, so it is with the other nations. Must all the plans of the chancelleries be revised in order to meet a possible danger to possessions in Asia? To answer all this it is only necessary to turn again to the utterances of the Japanese Emperor on the all-important subject of the future of his country, in these there is ample reassurance for the most apprehensive. And in reading the Imperial words, it must never be forgotten that these are no impromptu speeches or telegrams, such as we are accustomed to from the lips of European monarchs or American presidents. They are something far more serious than that, partaking of the nature of proclamations, for the very position of the Japanese Emperor in the eyes of his subjects is so different from anything that can be found in Europe. Besides his position, there is his character to be considered, and also the powers granted him under the Constitution. It is no exaggeration to say that as a monarch the Japanese Emperor stands pre-eminent at the present moment. And he has had to accomplish his great work of making Japan what she is now without any of that preparation for kingship which falls to the lot of Western monarchs. Everything was against him, and yet, at the time of the Restoration, he gathered all the threads into his hand, and for forty years has been the motive-power for progress in every department of his Empire. Situated as he is in isolation, he is not able to touch all the thousand and one details of national existence, but the broad lines of policy, the essential foundations for success, are due to him. There is no statesman in Japan, however great, not even the wonderful Ito himself, who does not acknowledge that he is but the instrument of the Emperor, and that all his work would have been unavailing had it not been for the Imperial impulse. Speaking little, thinking much, the Emperor is one whose utterances must carry weight with his subjects above anything. And by the Constitution he is granted the greatest powers to enforce his utterances, and to see that the

policy he lays down as the best shall be carried out. The Ministers of State are responsible to the Emperor alone, and are dismissed or retained at his pleasure. The Emperor is head of the army and of the navy. As regards foreign relations, he is also supreme. By the thirteenth article of the Constitution, it is held that the conduct of diplomatic affairs forms a part of the Imperial prerogative, and lies entirely outside the rights of the Imperial Diet. Thus the utterances of the Emperor on foreign relations are those of the man who decides those relations, not merely those of one who suggests them. The following extracts from speeches and Imperial edicts allow of no misunderstanding as to the Imperial policy towards foreign countries. In an Imperial proclamation of April 21st, 1895, occurs the following —

We deem it that the development of the prestige of the country could be obtained only by peace. It is our mission which we inherited from our ancestors that peace should be maintained in an effectual way. The foundations of the great policy of our ancestors have been made more stable. We desire that, together with our people, we be specially guarded against arrogance or relaxation. It is what we highly object to, that the people should become arrogant by being puffed up with triumph, and despise others rashly, which would go towards losing the respect of foreign Powers. Since the development of the nation can be obtained by peace, it is a divine duty imposed upon us by our ancestors, and it has been our intention and endeavour since our accession to the throne to maintain peace, so as to enjoy it constantly. We are positively against insulting others and falling into idle pride by being elated by victories, and against losing the confidence of our friendly States.

The war with China was entered into in no spirit of aggression, and the results showed that the actions of Japan bore out her avowed intentions as expressed in the following quotation from an Imperial Edict — “Devoted as we unalterably are, and ever have been, to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.” At the time of the putting in force of the revised treaties with foreign Powers in 1899, an Imperial Rescript was issued enjoining upon the Japanese people such conduct as would lead “to the end that subjects and strangers alike may enjoy equal privileges and advantages, and that, every source of dissatisfaction being avoided, relations of peace and amity with all nations may be strengthened and consolidated in perpetuity.”

From these it is abundantly evident that Japan is for peace and not for war, and, indeed, the whole of her past history confirms this belief. Never invaded, Japan has, in comparison with other nations, known few wars during the two thousand odd years of her existence as a State. The lengthy prolonged negotiations with

Russia before the present war showed that the Emperor of Japan was steadfast in his determination to cling to peace. Long before the breaking off of negotiations, the Imperial Diet and the people of Japan had been clamouring for war, and it would have been to Japan's advantage to declare war earlier, but the peace was kept, and effort after effort was made to prevent the outbreak. In this connection the following statement of Baron Suyematsu is of considerable interest —

It was just one day after the rupture of diplomatic relations with Russia that I met with General Count Katsura, the Premier of Japan, when he told me that during that long-protracted negotiation with Russia not one of our military or naval officers or men had come to him to disturb him with their opinions on diplomacy or politics.

That the war was necessary to secure Japan's very existence does not prove that the Imperial desire was changed, but only shows that there was no peaceful means by which the situation could be solved. It remains true that so long as there are two alternatives Japan will incline to peace.

"Peace at any price," however, does not form a part of the Japanese national policy, nor has there been any lack of wakefulness in the matter of military and naval preparation. One of the first lessons Japan learnt from the Western world was the absolute necessity of possessing an efficient army and navy if she wished for peace. Admiral Fisher, when a delegate to the Peace Congress at the Hague, wrote, as an autograph, "The stronger the British Navy the greater the certainty of peace," and this may be taken to represent the sentiment implanted in Japan by her foreign mentors.

Less than forty years ago Japan was a feudal country under the sway of militarism. The soldiers were all and the merchants were nothing. Now everything is changed, and it has come to be recognised that it is by peaceful means, by the development of commerce and of industries, that the future of the nation is to be made great. Slowly, but surely, this truth was borne in upon the Japanese people by the influence of the Emperor and advanced thinkers, and now, as a nation, they are convinced that, while wars may be necessary to secure permanent peace, they do little good and much harm to the nation. In the words of Baron Shibusawa, the great Japanese financier, when writing of his travels abroad —

The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France, and England praising Japan up to the skies upon the same ground? If the warm reception I received abroad is based upon the feeling that I came from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our hopes. Because too much militarism, I am afraid, will sap the very life of a nation.

Which is a remarkable demonstration of the change wrought in Japan since the time when she was a feudal country. It is in a nutshell, the new policy of Japan, in her action as a State, just as the Imperial utterances give the policy of Japan towards foreign nations. And since both these policies consider peace and international good-feeling as essential elements in ensuring national progress, it may safely be assumed that there will never be a time when all the weightiest influences of the country will not be thrown into the balance against a possible war. Against this view it may be argued that these are elements which are essential to every nation, and that the welfare of every State is in reality bound up in the maintenance of peace. That may well be so, but in Japan this fact has been recognised and acted upon, while in other countries it is at most a theory.

One part of the rôle that Japan looks to play in the future is shown in an interview with Baron Kaneko Kentaro in America. He said

Japan must be the big salesman and the middleman for a trade, the limits of which cannot be at present appreciated by Americans. They will learn more of its possibilities before the present war is ended, and when it is ended, whether to Japan's advantage or to her disadvantage, there will be a rush of commerce to the Far East quite unprecedented in the history of the trade of the world. And America, which is to have the lion's share of this trade, cannot handle it to advantage without Japanese assistance.

What is true of America is also true of the other countries of the world. Just as Hongkong has in the past become the distributing centre for foreign trade in the Far East, so Japan will be the agency through which foreign countries will do business in the Far East. Not that Japan does not expect to ultimately obtain a large share of the trade for herself, but until she is able to supply the whole demand she is ready to act as middleman for others. This is a policy which is based upon sound common-sense, and which will do much to bring into the country the wealth necessary for national development, and later secure for Japan a premier place in the trading nations of the world.

To be a successful middleman it is absolutely necessary to be on good terms with all nations, which is another argument in favour of the pursuance of a peaceful policy by Japan. But the greatest of all reasons, from her point of view, is that Japan has realised the necessity of the drawing together of the world, and stands as the apostle of internationalism as against the common idea of individualism among nations. It has been recognised that in the future the greatest successes are to fall to those who are international in their conceptions and not insular and individual. This spirit of internationalism breathes in every line of the Emperor's

speeches, and can be traced in every page of the history of Japan's foreign relations. It has always been considered bad policy to insult or provoke another nation, even if that action would result in concrete benefit. Thus Japan refused to act with France against China, although at the time it seemed a most opportune method of settling several vital diplomatic questions. With regard to Australia, whose legislation in excluding the Japanese was enacted without consulting the Japanese authorities, though it is regarded as a national insult, Japan recognises the unpleasant duties of internationalism as well as its benefits, and passes over the affront until such time as England herself shall right the question. It is interesting in this connection to note what the Japanese Consul-General in Sydney has to say upon the subject of Japan's position —

We think (he says) we are entitled to recognition as a first-class Power and to be treated with proper respect. Our position, viewed even from a Western standpoint, entitles us to this. We have, during the last half century, made such advances in industry, commerce, literature, science, art, medicine, law, and politics (to say nothing of our army and navy) as to claim equality with Europeans. And we are treated as equals by such nations as Great Britain and the United States of America in all international matters, yet Australia, which is but a part of the British Empire, affects to regard us as inferior.

The Consul-General expressed himself very clearly upon Japan's self-imposed friendship towards other nations —

There is nothing to justify the suspicion that should we be successful in any warlike enterprise which, as in the present case, we have been compelled to undertake, we should suffer from "swelled head," and attempt by force of arms to thrust ourselves where we should be unwelcome. It has been suggested to me by several Australians, who are not in favour of restricting the Japanese, that Japan should retaliate by excluding Australians. I do not understand the logic of such a proposal. If Australians are narrow-minded, that is no reason why the Japanese should not be broad minded.

This declaration would seem to indicate that the Japanese consider their policy of international rectitude so excellent that they are not to be tempted into imitating the faults of other nations even to reach results necessarily delayed by the perfecting of that system. This international sense was strikingly demonstrated during the last visit of Marquis Ito to Europe. Asked why he was anxious to make an agreement with Germany as well as with England, he replied that Japan wanted nothing from Germany in the Far East. But since nearly all great questions, even if they had their origin in the Far East, came to Europe for settlement, he considered it valuable to have Germany as a friend, since that State controlled three votes in the concert of Europe. And it was from this international standpoint that he thought Germany

necessary. Evidences of the existence of this international spirit might easily be multiplied. Japan has joined herself with zest to all the great international institutions, and has brought vast improvements to not a few. No great international congresses are to be found without Japanese delegates, who contribute much to the success of the various movements. The Japanese took a deep interest in the formation of the Arbitration Tribunal at the Hague, and it is worthy of remark that they have already submitted a case to this body for decision. Japan has, during the war, adhered scrupulously to the rules of the Hague Convention. This has been testified to by the American Minister to Japan in a remarkable report to his Government. One special point may be mentioned with regard to this, and that is, that whereas the Japanese military authorities have furnished regular reports of the prisoners of war taken from the Russians, which was laid down as an international necessity, there has been practically nothing done on the Russian side in this way, thus causing a great deal of unnecessary anxiety and suffering amongst the families of soldiers in Japan. And this point is only typical of hundreds of others which might be cited, to demonstrate Japanese loyalty to those rules and regulations to which her delegates subscribed at the Hague. A very remarkable exposition of Japan's international feeling and actions was given in an interview which Count Katsura, Japanese Prime Minister, accorded to an American missionary recently. In this he said —

I do not think that any Government in the world at the outbreak of war ever took such pains as the Government of Japan has taken to emphasise to all the duty of conducting the war in strict accordance with the principles of humanity and the usages of International Law. Immediately upon the opening of hostilities, communications were sent to all the Governors of Prefectures, reminding them of their responsibilities, and especially with regard to any Russians that might be residing within their jurisdiction. Under the authority of the Minister of Education, directions were issued by which all the students in the Empire, from the young men in the higher institutions of learning down to the children in the Primary Schools, have been instructed as to the principles and duties to be observed. In addition to this, communications were sent to the recognised representatives of all the religious bodies in the country—Buddhists, Shintoists, and Christians alike—asking them to take pains to discountenance any wrong tendencies among the more ignorant of the people. Among the points emphasised by the Government, are these: That the war is one between the State of Japan and the State of Russia, that it is not waged against individuals, that individuals of all nationalities, peacefully attending to their business, are to suffer no molestation or annoyance whatever, and that questions of religion do not enter into the war at all.

A truly remarkable contrast to the actions of Japan's adversary!

In the early days of the new era in Japan, Baron Shibusawa,

who abandoned his official career in order to develop the commercial side of the country, soon discovered that an individual had much less force than a combination of individuals "I soon came to the conclusion that the capital of an individual was not large enough to accomplish very much, and I then became the means of introducing the company system into Japan" What Shibusawa did in internal national affairs, Japan is determined to do in international The Japanese have recognised that acts of one nation which affect other nations are matters of general international interest, and should be announced to the world as such The war with Russia has been regarded in this light, and no efforts have been spared to present to the world a full account of the progress of the war, just as official *communiqués* gave a *resume* of the negotiations preceding it The somewhat unusual course was taken of transforming all the Japanese legations throughout the world into centres for disseminating news of the war So admirable were the results that it is probable that in the future similar methods will be adopted by combatants All the world is interested, is bound to be interested, in a war, and so every effort should be made to supply them with accurate news This system involves a new standard of national morality, since it is no use taking the world into your confidence if afterwards you do things diametrically opposed to your protestations It is necessary to be truthful in diplomacy, and to abandon the old policy of *suppressio veri*, as well as the outright deception often considered as one of the essentials Absolute frankness in international matters is considered in Japan the best policy, but prediction, even when results are morally certain, has no place in a policy of fact Thus, in the case of the rumour that an ultimatum was to be sent to General Kuropatkin, giving him the chance of surrendering rather than of being annihilated, there is absolute certainty that such a step would not be taken, or the text of the ultimatum sent to the Powers, unless the Japanese commanders in the field knew that they were in a position to annihilate the Russian army, should the ultimatum be refused It is this definiteness and certainty about the Japanese announcements which make them of such very valuable assistance to the national cause, for Internationalism is useless unless it be accompanied, or rather founded, upon international morality

The war goes on its even course impeded somewhat by the heavy rains and torrid heat of this season of the year Perhaps the most significant event is the dispatch of Marquis Oyama to Manchuria as commander-in-chief, with Baron Kodama as his chief of staff Public attention will soon be riveted upon Baron Kodama, and rightly so, because to him belongs much of the credit, so far, of the

successful prosecution of the war. The fact that the Emperor presented him with his favourite charger before his departure to the front is a clear indication of the importance the Emperor attaches to his ability. There are not wanting those who declare that even the great Admiral Togo is but carrying out, in the most praiseworthy style, to be sure, the plans and intentions laid down by Baron Kodama. The Baron's presence in Manchuria is conclusive evidence that the culminating point of the Japanese strategy is at hand, and that, rainy season or no rainy season, the great movement against Kuropatkin is on the point of reaping its harvest of success. In the Chinese war in Formosa and in Japan, Baron Kodama has shown his ability, and it is no rash assumption to say that in him will be found a worthy successor to that other Japanese military master-mind, Marquis Yamagata. Slowly, but surely, the Japanese circle around Port Arthur has contracted under the able generalship of General Nogı, who was second in command at the taking of the fortress from the Chinese. The pressure on the land side and the courage of despair forced the Russian Fleet to sally out of the harbour, but the sorties accomplished nothing, and only gave the Japanese torpedo-craft another opportunity of displaying their skill. This Russian uncertainty it is that has lost so many battles for the forces of the Tsar, even General Kuropatkin has fallen so far under its spell as to allow himself to be out-manceuvred at every point by the Japanese. That the Russian Fleet was able to make a sortie at all, after the efforts made to block the harbour, testifies abundantly to their perseverance and engineering skill. It must be regarded, to a great extent, however, as skill thrown away unless the fleet, when outside, can display greater dash and determination.

The Vladivostok Squadron has repeated its sorties, with more damage to shipping than interruption to the maritime lines of communication of the Japanese. Admiral Kamimura has been the recipient of much blame from foreign and Japanese critics, but there is little doubt that he is carrying out his share of the naval campaign in refusing to be drawn away from the Straits of Korea. Sooner or later the Vladivostok Squadron must succumb or be frozen in or out of their harbour by the approach of winter. The fall of Port Arthur will mean an end to the annoyance of the squadron under Admiral Skrydloff or Admiral Besobrasoff.

Some idea may be gained of the opinion in British circles as to the chances of Port Arthur being able to resist the Japanese attack, from the fact that already negotiations have been begun with China for the purchase of Wei-hai-wei, and possibly some of the adjacent territory. The British lease of Wei-hai-wei is granted only for so long a time as Port Arthur was in the hands of the Russians,

and the desire for a more permanent tenure of this harbour is apparently the cause for this opening of negotiations. The Japanese authorities have not failed to press upon Great Britain the necessity for this step. So strongly are they convinced of the value of the place that were the British to relinquish it, the Japanese would feel bound to occupy it themselves. The value of Wei-hai-wei has always been recognised by the Japanese naval and military authorities, and these cannot understand why the British have never fortified the place.

Perhaps, after the purchase of the territory, the British Government will not persist, in the face of expert opinion, in making of the place a mere health resort. China—at least, the Peking officials—are so full of trust in Japan's good faith as to be discussing the administration of Manchuria and selecting the officials to replace those who have fallen hopelessly under Russian influences. Their confidence in Japan's promise to restore the province to them is strengthened by the fact that whenever the Japanese Army occupies a Manchurian town, the Japanese troops are preceded by a Chinese mission bearing Chinese banners. The occupation of Dalny by the Japanese was announced by the hoisting of Chinese and Japanese flags. If the Chinese, who are the most vitally interested party, are prepared to trust the Japanese promises, it should not be so difficult for the other Powers to do the same, having so much less at stake.

ALFRED STEAD

FRENCH PUBLIC OPINION AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

TIME was when the French nation, rightly or wrongly, was held by the world at large to be nothing if not bellicose. And it cannot be denied that her successive Governments did their best to confirm this undesirable reputation. *Peuple français, peuple cocardier*—the terms had become synonymous. Certain newspapers, and those by no means the least important, helped to advertise the phrase and make this half-truth a constant quantity in French public opinion.

It will remain to the credit of the Government of the Third Republic, be it said, that it has extinguished this mischievous fiction and generated a peaceful disposition throughout the nation. No undertaking could have appeared more delicate, or more difficult, after the disasters of a war which, opening amid the frantic shouts of an over-excited populace, "A Berlin, à Berlin!", closed with the brutal amputation of two provinces, sacrificed to the fatuous optimism and incompetence of those in high places. Nevertheless, the work of peace has gone steadily forward, and this against a twofold current which, at home, swept France towards perilous though legitimate hopes of retaliation, and abroad—fed by German intrigue—spread throughout Europe a feeling of distrust towards "*la nation toujours belliqueuse*". Even yet are there not certain Italians who declaim hotly against the supposed desire of France to reconquer, for the Papacy, the Rome of Pius the Ninth, King?

Within France itself the peace-desiring Republic has to combat opposing strains of public opinion, even when striving to consolidate peace by measures which would create a *quid pro quo*. I allude to the Franco-Russian alliance. That this alliance was concluded with the purpose of producing the *in statu quo*, that it was, in the estimation of its promoters—statesmen and writers—"une assurance contre la guerre" (to quote the words of M. Seignobos), is proved beyond contradiction by the facts, not to mention the articles of the secret treaty, which Parliament was not in a position to be cognisant of, nor required to ratify.

But in this alliance, based actually on considerations of peace and of mutual advantage, France, blinded for the moment by an extravagant though pardonable sentimentality, saw an alliance of romance and of retaliation. One has only to recall the exuber-

ant enthusiasm with which Admiral Avelane and his sailors were welcomed in Paris. French women, who had fainted with ecstasy at the sight of Boulanger's black horse, now flung themselves, weeping, upon the breasts of young Muscovite officers. The world ran mad on things Russian. Kissing was indulged in with a freedom really touching on license, while the walls of pot-house parlours, and those of the bed-chambers of little *bourgeois* establishments, blossomed with coloured portraits of the Tsar of all the Russias! Still beneath this erotic explosion—in itself not a little humiliating and ridiculous—it was possible to trace a real sense of great national interests. The country, it should be remembered, was emerging from a period of painful isolation, and bore witness to her inherent strength in contracting so brilliant an alliance. In the greatness of her thankfulness, dignity was forgotten. But behind those interlaced flags she seemed to see, as in a mirage, the satisfaction of her ultimate hopes, vague and formless as yet, but actual. She seemed to see those lost provinces approaching her, once more to be incorporated within her frontiers. The simple-minded imagined that *la Duplice* would supply, and that without war, the solution of that agonising problem—without war, merely by menace of a war in which France and Russia would swallow Germany at one gulp! Still, it is observable that nobody permitted themselves to shout very loud, “A Berlin, à Berlin!”

The wave of Russophile emotion passed. It passed slowly. It has not altogether spent itself even yet. But its outline has suffered change. Very soon truculent hopes grew feeble. Public opinion, at first a little surprised, became resigned. And by that force of reaction, so often observable in kindred cases, it was, above all, toward peace that the heart of the nation eventually turned.

This was proved by the Fashoda incident. The cry for war then came only from a few so-called statesmen, haunted, as one may say, by Richelieu's ghost. Now that times have changed one looks back with amazement upon the extraordinary adventure which risked plunging France into the most insane of quarrels. A war provoked by Fashoda would have been the worst of crimes against the nation. Foolish little flames of enmity which the better reason of both countries combined to extinguish. This time it was a war with “*l'ennemie seculaire, la perfide Albion*,” to which a few irrepressible politicians, journalists, and swash-bucklers tried to incite public feeling. The attempt failed miserably. The country did not want war. Europe at large, recognising this fact, grew less and less suspicious of the intentions of France. *Les guerres que l'on tue dans l'œuf sont peut-être autant de gages de paix*

Meanwhile, an unlooked-for event was about to usurp the

national attention, and stir France to her deepest depth. In relation to the subject under discussion, the *affaire Dreyfus* unquestionably had incalculable consequences. On the one hand, it was the immediate cause of an outbreak of anti-militarism which sifted the electorate into different groups, leaving the final victory with the civil element as against the outrageous pretensions of the generals. On the other hand, it disclosed the pacific aspirations of the country. Nothing, indeed, can be more significant than the exhortations of the anti-Dreyfusites, the said generals at their head, who, to prevent the elucidation of the truth, strove unremittingly to terrify France with the scarecrow of war. "*Prenez garde, c'est la guerre! Un mot de plus, vous avez la guerre! Par pitié, soyez prudents ou vous allez à la guerre!*" Thus, by the irony of fate, fear of war was the bugbear which the war party (and party of lies) employed, thereby implicitly admitting that the sentiment of France, as a whole, was profoundly pacific.

The mistake of the military party was as stupid as their arguments were brazen. Public opinion asked for peace, but not for humiliation. What was this, then, the result of the thrice sacred alliance? Was it to this degree of abjectness that our attitude tended? Where, then, was the meaning of *la Duplice*, which had incited France to such gallant masquerading? Was the country, already mortified by the protective airs of Russia, to be shamed in the secret place of its own heart and conscience?

Thus agitated, shaken, almost disgusted, public opinion suddenly found itself face to face with the problem of the South African war. In the circumstances, it would have been surprising if the French had not been pro-Boer. They were so through a certain nervous debility and irritation, through sentimentality also—a slight rudimentary sentimentality, which recognised one fact only, the limited number of the Boers, "*le petit peuple africain, luttant un contre dix et plus*." But there was the beginning and end of the matter as far as serious thought went. There was no shadow of an attempt at practical interference, to which, it may be added, the Government would have emphatically refused support. A few quixotic individuals, dreaming of knight-errantry and adventures, did, it is true, offer their services to the Boers, who received them with scant enthusiasm. A case in point was that of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, the last cavalier of a France no longer actively existent, who, as he wrote home, "*sentait bien qu'il mourrait dans la peau d'un reître*." And in France *les Reîtres s'en allaient!*

Since that period the peaceful mission of the Republic has gained ground rapidly. Public opinion has passed through the necessary stages of development, and is no longer liable to be

deluded by violence, by deceit, or by ignorance. As a natural consequence, the Franco-Russian alliance has taken a secondary place among questions of national importance, and has come to be regarded no longer as the unique and absolute solution of national problems, to the limiting of diplomatic effort, and the arresting of all progressive movement. Arbitration treaties, *ententes cordiales*, peace conventions, all these give proof of new and beneficent tendencies. An international review, the *Européen*, founded in Paris and embodying the aspirations of the peace party, has, consciously or unconsciously, militated against the alliance. For it had now come within the range of practical politics to realise the pacific aspirations of the nation on other and preferable lines. *Il devenait réalisable de défendre l'alliance Franco-Russe*.

The Nationalists have laboured under no delusion regarding this new movement, and have become doubly embittered against the supporters of the Republic. As man so often makes the god of his idolatry in his own image, the Nationalists had made the alliance the image of their own ambitions—supported therein by some Russian statesmen, journalists, and very eminent personages. In point of fact, the alliance had tended to become, thanks to a few malcontents and intriguers, an engine of reactionary politics in France herself. Hence, alike its tyranny and its failure. Little by little public opinion discounted the realities of the situation, reckoned with the dangers to France of intimate association with so completely foreign and retrogressive a Government, and drew back, disillusioned, from this affair of the heart, in which she had begun to detect the influence of a third, and very far from engaging person. Affairs in Finland, the massacres of Kishineff, the parts played by Plehwe and Pobiedonotzeff, were but little known or understood by the majority of the nation. The *intellectuels*, a few members of Parliament, and the Socialists, however, took these things to heart, and protested vigorously. Nor could the organs of the reactionary Press wholly succeed in misrepresenting facts. It was still more difficult to disguise the attempts of the German Emperor and the results of his diplomacy. After the meeting of the Kaiser and the Tsar at Kiel, came the nomination of a German field marshal as Commander-in-Chief of the European forces in China. Each year has brought further proof of the growing intimacy between the two Imperial Governments, which is hardly surprising when one considers the similarity of their tendencies. To say that Germany is the very keystone of reactionary tendencies in Europe is almost to formulate a truism. In its relations to Tsarism, this keystone becomes, so to speak, a protective amulet, since practically the Government of the Kaiser delivers over Polish patriots, and Russian Liberals and Socialists alike, to

the very untender mercies of the Russian bureaucracy and secret police. The gratitude of the Russian autocracy towards the German autocracy is, therefore, perfectly natural, being founded on common interests.

But what a humiliation for Republican France to admit these unpleasant truths! All contributed to irritate and agitate the Republican conscience. Of these agitations and irritations, which were greater in imagination than in fact—so persistent among us is the force of an emotional impulse once given—the signs were still but indistinct and subjective when the Russo-Japanese war broke out.

It then became comparatively easy to appreciate the effect on the mind of the country at large of the history of the last five or six years. *L'opinion publique ne bougea pas*. There were only personal opinions, and this, notwithstanding the efforts of a subsidised or wilfully blinded Press, which did its best to provoke a movement of which the disastrous consequences were obvious.

From the outset, with a praiseworthy courage too rare, unhappily, in the Parliamentary world, M. JAURES dared to speak the right word. "*metus omnes et inexorabile fatum subiecit pedibus*" He had the courage to reveal the public mind to itself. Such an act of necessity demands the offering of some propitiatory sacrifice. The national conscience has its pruderies which declare themselves by small hypocrisies and cowardlinesses. M. JAURES had to face these. But the blow once struck, there was a sigh of peaceful relief, so to speak, throughout the country, which foresaw its reward and satisfaction in the Franco-English and Franco-Italian treaties.¹

The question of the Russo-Japanese war remained altogether foreign to that of the Franco-Russian alliance. Such was the formal will of the nation, which would in no circumstances have permitted the sword that remained sheathed in respect to the lost provinces to be drawn in this quarrel in the extreme East. The war news was, indeed, received with admirable composure. The *ballons d'essai* sent up by Germany *sombroient dans le ridicule!* No demonstration took place before the Russian Embassy. More amazing still, the subject could be discussed in private without endangering the peace of the domestic hearth! The war was spoken of as a matter wholly outside the sphere of French in-

(1) The idea of isolating Germany by means of a coalition including Russia, England, France, and Italy, had its attractions for some minds, and those not among the weakest. Certainly it was a seductive prospect. The danger of an intimate alliance between Russia and Germany would have been averted. But such dreams failed to realise the actual position, or to give due weight to Tsarism—that formidable factor in the problem. Whilst such a canker corrupts and degrades the Russian nation, there can be no question of a coalition with free and constitutional Governments. The one diseased member would infect the whole flock.

terests These facts are suggestive For it is not a question of French sympathies ranging themselves on the side of Japan In spite of Japan being in this case, "*le petit peuple*," French sentimentality has remained untouched¹ While if, in a degree, the Russians do command these sympathies, it is because they are white men, and white men who still remain, in name at least, our allies and debtors There public opinion stops short—in a merely speculative attitude The passion for Russia has, indeed, cooled down very perceptibly¹

During the last few weeks it seems as though the whole aspect of the subject had suffered a further metamorphosis—and that in a measure a psychological one Unpleasant truths begin to be apparent regarding the power and *moral* of Russia The French Press, as a whole,² may well maintain a reserved attitude in face of the telegrams and despatches from the seat of war Public opinion has become suspicious, notwithstanding loud-voiced assurances that all news from Japanese sources is mendacious, all from Russian worthy of implicit belief

Those who try to prove too much end by proving nothing Admiral Togo's despatches have a directness and lucidity which must, in the long run, carry conviction It cannot be denied that Russia has suffered a series of most formidable reverses *Il s'ouvre ainsi une brèche de vérité par où pénétre l'opinion* It was already admitted that the atmosphere of Tsarism was infected by rather horrible traditions, but faith in the reputation of its gallant army still obtained This legend is in process of explosion, while in place of it, squalid and lamentable realities, generated by corruption, incapacities, rivalries, and ignorance are disclosed—all tending to defeat As I heard a man, the other day, say in the street, "*C'est rudement inquiétant!*"

It is, above all, disquieting work for Russia Our national dis-

(1) It has been said often enough, and perhaps sometimes wrongly, that a Frenchman is no geographer He is content to ignore all that is not French To the masses, the Japanese were a nation of savages, but this myth is becoming exploded Let me relate an amusing little conversation which I heard between a Parisian policeman and a passer by Do you know," said the policeman, puffed up with pride by his newly acquired information, "that the Japanese are by no means savages? Indeed, they are said to be really much more civilised than the Russians!"

(2) I say designedly and regretfully "as a whole" One would have expected papers like *La Patrie*, *l'Echo de Paris*, *Le Petit Journal*, &c to be stuffed with false reports favourable to their beloved Russia But that papers like the *Temps* and the *Débats* should have echoed Russian hatred and circulated Russian *canards* can only be a matter for wonder and regret When the comments and reports of the French Press on the Russo-Japanese War come to be read in future years, the reader will be simply stupefied by the mass of folly which one hardly knows whether to call odious or grotesque To take one example out of a thousand, you have a series of articles in *La Vérité Française* declaring that "God cannot do otherwise than give victory to the Russians, for they are only schismatics, whilst the Japanese are terrible pagans!" Faithful to its principles, the paper does its best to publish no bulletins but those of imaginary Russian victories!

quietudes do not now, happily, go very deep, and hence the Franco-Russian alliance is no longer with us a very vital matter, far from it. Public opinion, somewhat disillusioned, can safely turn its gaze towards other and more practically promising horizons.

A relation of my own once told me of a conversation he had with one of Victor Emmanuel's generals, at a time when Italy was seething with Gallophobia. In response to the astonishment expressed by the former at a state of mind revealing such deep-seated ingratitude for the many benefits conferred by France, General X replied, "*Entre les peuples il ne peut être question de gratitude, il n'y a que des intérêts*."

International interests, moral and economic, are in fact the cause and object of all alliances. To deny this is to deny the witness of history and reason alike. And from this point of view the Franco-Russian Alliance has, for some years now, been maintained merely in obedience to an impetus once given, but of which the force is slowly and surely expending itself. Public opinion is almost ready to accept some slackening of the bond with approbation.

R. DE MARMANDE

POSTSCRIPT

Since these pages were written diverse incidents have occurred, with results which have by no means yet worked themselves out. I cannot here attempt a full appreciation of their significance. The question of the Dardanelles is beyond the scope of this article, and is, moreover, of too complex and delicate a nature for me to have the slightest claim to discuss it. What was Russia's idea in provoking an international debate on this subject? What motive actuated her? Was it bluff, ignorance, effrontery, madness, an attempt to create a diversion? Or perhaps a mixture of all these motives? What mysterious machinations were veiled by the changing attitude of the Porte? What comedy rôle was intended to be played by first seizing the *Scandua*, and then immediately releasing her? In any case the explanation given by Russia of her volunteer fleet and her peculiar interpretation of the Treaty of Paris, are so childishly Jesuitical, and seem to involve a 'mental reservation' so puerile in its Machiavellism, that one hardly knows how to find a word for it.

What concerns us here specially is the evident intervention of the French Government in the affair of the *Malacca*, an intervention which we must hope to see continued in the matter of the Dardanelles. Both from a national and an international standpoint, France clearly has a word to say to Russia in whatever form is most compatible with the dignity of the two nations. But the most important point for us to note is the effect of these incidents upon French opinion, the feeling of disappointment, and even of inevitable resentment, that the Government of St Petersburg should be so maladroit that even the blind receive their sight and the deaf cannot choose but hear!

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THE ALLEGED PHYSICAL DEGENERATION OF THE BRITISH RACE

THE allegation that there is a serious deterioration in the vigour and health of the British race as a whole, which was recently made by Colonel Maurice, and by many subsequent writers and speakers at congresses, and is now the subject of inquiry by a Commission, is sufficiently serious to demand consideration from many points of view. It is requisite to know the condition of the great bulk of the middle and better artisan class, as well as the condition of the poor.

Methods of Estimating the Energy implied in Human Existence

Before, however, we enter into details, it may be well for us to briefly consider some of the conclusions which are now very generally held as to the nature and object of human existence. None but a professional athlete or trainer takes it as the highest ideal of human nature to possess a frame 6ft 6in in height, or 45in in chest girth, or 18st in weight. The locomotive engine that drags the heavy railway train is an object of some attention and even admiration. But we do not regret that the force of traction we exert to-day is no longer the muscular effort of the 10,000 or 20,000 sturdy slaves who were employed to drag the stone from the quarries to build the Egyptian Pyramids in the age of Rameses, nor do we regret that the huge cranes of to-day no longer rely on the concentration of human muscular strength attained by a multiplication of pulleys, such as was used by the Greeks. Great height, exceptional chest girth, enormous muscular powers, have become rather matters of curiosity and entertainment. To cultivate them certainly does not secure the cultivation of the qualities which we hold to be the most important elements in human progress. For the era of their highest utility we have to go back to the days of the individual warrior and of personal combat that obtained among the armoured knights of the Middle Ages, and even to those of Homer and the early Greeks. Nay, probably further back, to the days when our prototypes ranged the primal woods, and in the guise of gorillas and huge apes fought the bison and the bear, the lion and the ox, with no other weapons than the brute force of their muscles and hands, and perhaps primitive clubs.

If, then, the progress and development of the best energies of man are not to be measured purely or even mainly by increase in bulk of physical frame and increase of muscular power, in what

direction are we to look for the stages of his growth? I do not think there can be any doubt that any progressive accumulation and concentration of human energy is to be sought for in the transference of vital force from muscle to brain, from the manifestation of physical to that of mental and moral qualities, always considering that the physical frame must be kept in such a condition as will supply the brain with the energy necessary to free these mental and moral forces, for without energy of a physical origin, it is impossible for them to be manifested at all. It is a modern truism to say that you cannot have mental and moral power without the expenditure of some considerable physical energy, greater and more complex than is ever required for any muscular exertion, however severe.

Here and there we do find great physical strength with great mental powers, but the coincidence is the exception rather than the rule, and it has frequently happened that the most active dispensers of mental and moral force have been men of comparatively small stature. It is not here denied, however, that 'chest girth' does give some indication of vital capacity. The relationship would, however, be more accurately described by saying that there needs to be a due proportion between chest capacity and muscular frame, a short, spare man does not need the chest girth of a man of full habit and considerable muscular power.

We recognise, then, that the physical frame of man is to be regarded as a centre for the distribution of energies and activities of an increasing degree of complexity on a mental and social rather than on a physical plane. We realise that an excess in development of his muscular power may interfere with the development of his mental power. He may cultivate his forces at the wrong end. He needs to bring his muscular activities and his brain power into new harmonies as the expression of his energies may require. Not only are effort and will needed for their exercise, but judgment and reason are equally important for their rightful application. It is in the development of these qualities that the extension of the energies of humanity must be sought.

Past ages have too often developed physical strength to the exclusion of intellectual power. To-day the forces of Nature are increasingly at our service, and we do not need the same amount of muscular power to carry on our work in life.

We need, therefore, some estimate as to the amount of energy expended and the amount of work accomplished by the modern Englishman, and to compare this with the estimate of energy expended and work accomplished by his predecessor, the yeoman farmer, the agricultural worker, and the professional and trading classes of the community.

- If the demands of a progressive civilisation have, in the first place,

over-stimulated brain activity beyond the limits of a physiological harmony, especially as regards the middle and commercial classes, the excess has been only partial and temporary, and many ill-effects are already finding their own remedy

Man's full activities only appear as the result of the necessity of struggle Energy more displayed in outdoor pursuits, but should also be measured in less violent pursuits

Let us remember, that for the full manifestation of whatever powers he possesses, man has always needed the stimulus of necessity Without the struggle for existence, and the conflict of man with man, there is always a tendency to speedily fall back to a lower and a lower level Different natures seem to vary in their capacity for work, but they vary still more in the way they respond to incentives The incentives that stir one man may have no influence whatever on another Granted sufficient incentive all can work This is found even among the mentally defective Many, perhaps the majority, never work nearly to their full capacity, because nothing has ever sufficiently interested them or impelled them to do so Whatever other drawbacks to city and town life there may be, we should never forget the enormous increase of incentive that it provides Even the dullest nature tends to become quicker and more eager in the keen life of the city The success that has attended the establishment of lads' clubs in the slums tells of the true needs of humanity

Till 150 years ago—that is about the period sufficient for the appearance of six generations, which is but a very small series compared with the enormous number of generations that preceded the present conditions—the energy of the greater number of the lower and middle classes was expended, when not in actual violence and outdoor sports, in the pursuit of agricultural duties Incentives to thought and to action were spasmodic and violent, and only lit up long periods of dulness and dreariness Passion ruled supreme in human life Reason was comparatively rarely called into exercise To-day the incentives which move us to action are less violent and more prolonged in their effect, they appeal less to the passions and more to the reason, they are more often social in their scope, and are held in common with others of our fellow creatures instead of being so completely individualistic, and confined to ourselves and our own interests From this follows the further advantage that they become subject to discussion and criticism They consequently become clearer in aim, and more progressive in scope, more effective in result

The struggle of life among the middle classes, and among the better-placed members of the working classes, is no longer a struggle

for the mere necessities of existence. It is a struggle for the prizes—we may even say, for the luxuries of life. It is a struggle for social advancement, for the opportunity to participate in relaxations and pleasure, a struggle for leisure, and the means to use that leisure in whatever direction our tastes suggest. It needs but a casual experience of the two kinds of life to realise which career, that of the agriculturist, under the older dispensation, or that of the modern English merchant and professional man, involves the largest expenditure of energy. The prizes of social success in the past were more readily attained—there were fewer candidates, and consequently less competition.

The struggle itself has always had a marked effect on the life and vigour of the individual, when favourable, calling out his best qualities and energies, when unfavourable, depressing these, and producing other and more undesirable results. With regard to the latter, much attention has been called to the effects produced by occupation in the so-called “dangerous trades,” that is, trades dangerous to health, and special legislation has been enacted for the benefit of the workers. Moreover, increasing attention has been given to those elements which are beneficial to health, to whole masses of the population in a general way, such as sanitation, open space for fresh air and exercise, smoke abatement, drainage, purer water supply, &c. Indeed, each generation seems to be able to cultivate more wisely the art of living in cities, which, as we have said, for this country, and for the present civilisation, is a problem of about six generations. Within this time many means have already been adopted by which the dangers to life and health have been diminished, but many more, long approved by criticism and by prudence, still await adoption.

Although outdoor labour is theoretically by far the best, the physical conditions of labour among the agricultural classes are so un-intellectual, and the periods of slack employment during the winter months so long, and so little filled up, that the drawbacks to moral and intellectual growth have lately begun to outweigh its physical advantage. When, owing to the state of the land question, and to the increased knowledge of the science of agriculture, that method of living can again acquire its rightful place as a pursuit suitable for some whose energies are now directed to mercantile pursuits, no doubt greater attraction will be held out for a proportion of city-born citizens to engage in agricultural pursuits. But technical education will need to advance a great deal before that is attained.

Moreover, the unqualified comparison of those who engage in strong physical labour, mostly out of doors, with those who engage in indoor occupations may be misleading if it is erected into an absolute standard of results. For the more robust of the com-

munity will always choose, or be chosen for, the more highly-paid vigorous pursuits, and the less robust of the community will have to be contented with a walk of life that demands less exertion. Thus the latter class will already embrace a larger number of the feebler members of society. Their innate deficiency of vitality is frequently increased by the want of fresh air, very soon the lack of bodily exercise adds torpidity of function of the various digestive, respiratory, and other organs, and the whole organism becomes vitiated.

"Civic Worth," Suggested as a Measure of Vital Energy. Classification of Civilised Men according to their Endowment, or exercise, of Energy

Have we to-day any means of estimating, even roughly, whether the output of energy of the modern Englishman is increasing or decreasing in amount? Perhaps the nearest approach to this we can get is in the discussion of what Mr. Francis Galton has called "Civic Worth." Under this term he embraces the general physique and also the various social, moral, intellectual, and other qualities which are associated with vigorous rational life, and enable the individual to wage his part in the struggle and to maintain his position.

Looking at human life from this point of view, we may roughly divide the members of a civilised community into three classes

- (1) Those whose energy is deficient for the work of life. Among them disease readily appears, they speedily fall in the struggle.
- (2) Those whose energy is average. It is sufficient to carry the individual along his walk of life without his falling by the way.
- (3) Those whose energy is excessive. It is more than sufficient for the daily routine, and according to the inclination and training of the individual it seeks other channels.

Let us consider the first class, those whose energy is deficient for the work of life, those among whom disease readily appears.

If they are increasing in proportion to the rest of the community, it bespeaks a certain degeneration of the whole. If they are not increasing in proportion, we must choose other language when speaking of the condition of the whole mass of the population than *National Deterioration or Degeneration*. We must consider separately the symptoms of a partial inefficiency and deal with its problems in a more restricted way. There is not, as far as I can ascertain, any ground whatever for speaking of a degeneration or deterioration of the whole race. There are many factors

which hinder the complete development of the many individuals. Are these increasing or diminishing in number?

Mr Galton's immediate object in suggesting a classification of men according to "Civic Worth," was to provide a method of study of the laws of heredity as exemplified by transmission of surplus energy or otherwise. Now, the energy or power within any human being depends partly on inheritance of qualities of race and temperament, and partly on the opportunities which are given for the manifestation of these qualities. That is, partly on Nature and partly on Nurture. As regards the general mass of the population, there is no question at all about the enormous improvement in personal health, food, housing, &c. We have good reason to believe there is a corresponding increase in inherited vigour as well.

The Influence of Inherited Vigour in the Formation of These Classes

In regard to Heredity, under favourable conditions the tendency to inherit normal vigour is greater than the tendency to inherit deficiency or disease. We have been apt to consider "Heredity" as the expression of some malign influence that brings about disease or debility, and leads to destruction. Yet far more frequently the influence of Heredity as regards the individual is of a constructive rather than a destructive tendency. It is the force which brings us back to the normal and the healthy, not a force to keep us away from it. If we study the laws of Deterioration and Decay, and examine the causes of their premature appearance, we may then be in a position to take some steps to arrest them.

Varieties of Fall of Energy

There is much current teaching about Degeneration and Deterioration, which is of a loose and misleading character. What is the true meaning to be attached to these words? We need to use them in a very exact and precise way if we are to understand them. Unfortunately, they have become terms of cant phraseology, and have been frequently used so loosely that their meaning is obscure and confused.

There have always been a number of people who have so occupied their minds with the glories of the past, that they overlook or forget its defects. The good old days of chivalry appeal to a sentiment of supposed singleness of aim and unselfishness of purpose, which appeal is good as a stimulus to the imagination, but can hardly be considered to provide a complete guide for the problems of our present existence. The comparison which has been frequently drawn between a highly ideal past, filled in as

fancy dictates, and an incompletely studied, and therefore ill-understood, present, has often resulted in a disparagement of the present conditions as unjust as it is misleading. To such people all change and alteration is degeneration and decay.

Of late years a new importance has been given to the consideration of the idea of degeneration, owing to the increased attention given to the study of the phenomena of animal and plant life, initiated by the discoveries of Darwin. All the older views of the nature of existence have been modified by the general acceptance of the theory of evolution.

There is now a well-recognised "Law of Degeneration," of very wide application throughout the whole range of animal and plant life. This principle, or law, points out to us the fact that when an organism, whether plant or animal, ceases to employ, or to need to employ, its highest powers, it begins to fall away from that position which innumerable generations of effort have achieved for it. The lowest stage of this is reached among those individual animals or plants which have lost all desire or power to gain their own sustenance. They have fallen from their natural estate into a lower state. They have "degenerated into a parasite."

A degenerate being is therefore a morbid deviation from its original type. It is characterised by a loss of energy or impetus from within, and also by a loss of sensitiveness or capacity to respond to stimulus from without. This is manifested among human beings by the fact that the incentives to conduct which act on the normal person have little or no effect on the degenerate. Not only is it that he cannot act upon them, he often cannot perceive them. But a degenerate being generally implies something else as well. The energy within is not merely below normal in quantity, it is altered in quality, it seeks fresh, and, maybe, unnatural channels. It therefore becomes *abnormal*, as well as *sub-normal*. The abnormal energies of a parasite impel it to seek the assistance of some more energetic member of creation than itself. It trusts to that to willingly or unwillingly supply it with the means of existence which it fails to provide for itself. It may even serve purposes useful to the community as well as pleasing to the eye, as in the case of the mistletoe, which is a parasite on the oak tree. It is still, in biological language, a degenerate.

The decadent individual, on the other hand, is somewhat different, and on a lower grade still. The initial energy is still further deficient. There follows a process of premature decay, which takes place often before full development of the individual has been reached. There is little or no spare energy to seek new and abnormal channels. So great is the lack of energy that the organism becomes incapable even of reproducing its own species.

By this method nature arranges for the disappearance of the most unsuitable and the most unserviceable members of her creation

In considering these phenomena of Degeneration and Decay, we must always bear in mind that decay and disappearance of certain parts, and the substitution for them of new and more vigorous elements, is an absolutely essential condition of the health of the whole. There is no such thing as permanent life and permanent vigour for the individual. We speak of the life of a tree, each successive year produces a fall of all the individual leaves on that tree, but the vigour is in the sap which nourishes the fresh buds, and so brings a new generation to full maturity to replace those already worn out. The annual decadence of the leaves bears no relation to a degeneration of the tree.

All the stages of these conditions, by which an individual falls from its natural state, have analogies in the social world. But the making of analogies is a very uncertain and even dangerous pursuit. Certain teachers and writers in social science have made such analogies. Taking, as a starting-point, the theory, which is only very partially true, that criminals and law-breakers were degenerates from normal people, they have erected a whole theory of the degradation of human nature only to be equalled in the teachings of the revivalistic religion. The fashion of the day and the aptitude of mankind to unthinkingly follow in flocks any new teaching, has enabled the idea of social degeneration, in cant phraseology, to "catch on," and it rapidly became the popular thing, in certain circles of society, to claim to be a being degenerated from something higher. Such a claim pandered to the vanity of those who from deficiency of energy or dulness of understanding were unable to rise to their proper social level, or to accomplish the work they thought they were expected to do. The word "degenerate" then came into popular parlance, not as a term of reproach, but as an excuse for laziness. Max Nordau, following an earlier teacher, who had concerned himself with theories of the origin of crime and vice, published in 1895 his big volume on "Degeneracy," which tried to show that many of the modern works of genius in art and music were the result of "degeneracy," and thence arose the theory that all genius was a mark of degeneration. Consequently, in the minds of some philosophers, the badge of ineptitude was claimed to be the badge of honour.

A smaller degree of departure from the normal than is implied in the term "degeneration" soon became recognised. Consequently, the term "deterioration" was requisitioned into scientific, and thence into popular language to describe it.

We may, therefore, consider three stages of defective energy —

- (1) Deterioration, which is remediable

- (2) Degeneration, from which return to the normal is impossible
- (3) Decadence, the last stage but one in final exit

All of which stages may be met with in individual members of a family or community

Deterioration, then, is a minor defect of energy expressing itself either in a lack of full growth of certain parts or in a lack of their exercise. There is no spare energy set free by a greater fall from the normal as is found in degeneration. Consequently, there is rarely anything abnormal. Owing to the very intimate relationship which exists between the growth and the working of the several parts of the body, it is rare for one part of the body or organism to be affected by itself. When one is affected, many participate. This is known as correlation. When, therefore, we set ourselves to study physical deterioration among individuals, we look out for the phenomena of defective energy in several parts, and expect to find it manifested in defective growth. This is not the occasion on which to discuss exactly what these marks of defective growth are, nor how far such a stage of departure from the normal is concerned entirely with an individual, nor how far it concerns both its progenitors and its progeny. But this at least may be recognised when we cease to use an organ such as the lungs, they first deteriorate, then degenerate. The deterioration may perhaps be obliterated, and either the individual or the offspring regain the normal level, but when degeneration has occurred, this is not possible. Having got beyond a certain limit of usefulness and activity the individuals must fall through all the stages of degeneration, decay, and disappearance. This is an extremely important point, as far as the future of the nation is concerned, it can scarcely be answered before we know more exactly the laws of heredity.

It is, however, a law of our nature that the exercise and consequent development of one part influences all the others, and that consequently, if we deal rightfully with the cases of physical deterioration, by physical exercise, good food and fresher air, not only shall we find an improvement in the muscles and nerves actually called into increased activity, but the whole nature, mental, moral, social, and physical, will participate in the improvement. In dealing with the problem of the members of the submerged tenth, we need to remember these facts.

If philosophers and statesmen had deliberately set before themselves the task of changing a bucolic, careless, physically robust, but mentally inert, agricultural population into an enterprising, thoughtful, and progressive town population, I doubt if they could have designed a method which would have avoided some loss of

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muscular energy in the process. Fortunately for us as a nation, the pursuit of gain has not been the sole element in the process of change. The country had been stirred by successive waves of religious feeling and activity, which have all entered very deeply into the grain of the British character, some by clarifying and purifying its aims, others especially by widening its sympathies. From the appeal of Wycliffe in 1365 to the people to shake off the bondage of intellectual slavery, as expressed in the rule of the papacy and priesthood, and to assume the more arduous task of personal responsibility, right through the time of the preaching of personal religion by Whitfield and the widest human sympathy by Wesley, down to our present day, we have never, as a nation, been left for long without those lofty appeals to conscience which have found their welcome in some of the best minds of our nation, and have persistently modified the innate selfishness that an unrestricted commercialism would have produced. How much American life has lost by the lack of such religious struggles it is impossible for us here to determine.

*Human Energy directed into New Channels by the Growth of
Industrialism and City Life*

We must now turn our attention to the rise of industrialism, and of the manufacturing classes, and the growth of the modern town.

Up to this period each village and each community had been, to some extent, self-sufficient. All necessary handicrafts were represented among its members, simple articles of wood, &c., suitable to their simple needs, could be manufactured from the raw material around them. Weaving and knitting, and even lace-making, were as much household duties as kneading, baking, and brewing. An age of mechanical invention was begun by the invention of the spinning jenny, of the mule, of the power loom, which speedily caused a concentration of workers into towns. They took up special trades in special districts, and soon attracted the best workers to that district. As a consequence, the congregated town workers became much more skilled than the scattered village workers, whose occupation soon began to diminish in importance and value. A class of workers thus arose, entirely dependent upon wages earned by weaving, and entirely independent of the land. Once begun, this process soon spread, and the progress of the town at the expense of the country soon became very rapid. The application of water-power to the machinery, and later that of steam, extended the process. Handicrafts more and more gave place to complicated machinery, and still greater concentration of population took place with the growth of factories and mills. This drew alike the yeoman and the agricultural labourer from their old pur-

suits, the one providing the masters, the merchants, the professional classes, and the larger tradespeople, the other supplying the workpeople and the smaller shopkeepers and unskilled artisans. Roughly speaking, we may say that this process of aggregation to the towns began six generations ago—that is, about 1750, it has been going on at an increasing rate ever since.

The first effect of such a movement was the rapid rise in value of capital, largely at the expense of the value of labour. Savings and hoarded treasure began to be of little value, compared with the money and capital which were put into industrial circulation. Capital commanded labour, and labour in turn increased capital. Forethought and enterprise were needed to an increased extent in the application of capital. Ingenuity and invention received rapid recognition, and became ranged alongside of skill in handicrafts as factors of progress. Forethought and enterprise found out and used new markets. Brain power had found another vantage ground to dominate over brute force. The saying of Napoleon, that we were a nation of shopkeepers, is capable of a higher interpretation than was originally intended, at any rate, England was a nation with a purpose, even if the purpose was that of commerce.

*Degeneration not a Necessary Result of City Life Present
Social and Sanitary Conditions the True Cause*

Let us now ask ourselves what has this movement of the larger part of the country classes to the cities and towns really meant? Has it really resulted in a steady diminution of the vigour of the nation, perhaps slow, but yet certain?

Physical deterioration, degeneration, and decadence are to be traced among that section of the population which is dealt with in Mr Charles Booth's¹ work, where 12 per cent of the population are living three or more in a single room, and 30 per cent are living in such a state of poverty that they are unable to provide themselves fully with the necessities of existence, such as food, fresh air, suitable homes, &c. It is, however, shown in the final volume of this work that steady progress of amelioration is occurring on the whole. Thus, the one-room tenements, where the worst overcrowding occurs, have diminished 14 per cent in ten years. The deteriorating classes of the community tend to diminish in numbers at periods of good trade, and to increase at periods of bad trade.

Or we may turn our attention to the 2 per cent, or 8.5 per cent of the population of the city of York, who, as Mr Rowntree points out, are all unable, even with the assistance of charity, to obtain

(1) "Life and Work among the People of London," Vol. XVII

the necessaries of life. They are mostly composed of that class of the community whose chief bread-winner has been withdrawn by sickness or death, which seems to be especially the proper care of the Poor Law administrator.

Or we may examine the condition of the poor children of Edinburgh and Aberdeen,¹ where one-fourth of the children attending public elementary schools are medically in poor health, if not actually suffering from disease. This condition of affairs in Scotland seems a great deal worse than is reported by the medical officers of the late London School Board, or than was shown by the examination of the 100,000 English school children conducted by Dr Francis Warner.² The deterioration of health from a normal ideal standard among this class, is fitly pointed out by the various medical officers of the School Boards and the Boards of Education. Indeed, the discovery of the state of this section of the community is one of the indirect consequences of Public Elementary Education. The perusal of the medical reports of the condition of factory children in 1883 amply proves that it is no new phenomenon, but rather one that is only recently brought to light. To get at and influence the children, to train the girls to grow up better and wiser mothers and housewives, is at last acknowledged to be part of the work of education.

Lastly, the interesting statements published by the Inspector-General and by the Director-General of Recruiting for the Army³ show the crowding of inefficient, unlesly youths badly prepared for anything before they enter the army, and, unfortunately, not always wisely looked after when they have joined the army. This has been fully dealt with in the reply of the Royal College of Surgeons to the Government.⁴

These matters require thoughtful and earnest consideration. They are questions embracing the consideration of wide economic laws, and not to be dealt with entirely by physiological means. In the march of successive generations, civilisation and society extrude certain inefficients before their full time, and only by the constant presence of social struggle has the type been kept up. Untrammelled nature (whether human or physical) is not only indifferent, she is often cruel. Fortunately, with the growth of higher faculties in man, higher sympathies have been also evoked

(1) Report of the Royal Commission for Physical Training in Schools of Scotland.

(2) "The Feeble minded Child and Adult," by F. Warner, published by The Charity Organisation Society.

(3) Report of Inspector General of Recruiting, 1902, Memorandum by Director General of Recruiting, 1904.

(4) "British Medical Journal," August, 1903.

to modify the cruelty, and increasing attention is given with each new generation to the care of those who fall in the conflict and struggle of life. The history of hospitals and asylums shows that they do not fall unheard and unattended, as used to be the case eighty and one hundred years ago. Indeed, the benefit to him who gives such care and sympathy is greater even than to him who receives it, and the giving constitutes one of the elements of his growth. How far all the thought and sanitation that can be given will really prevent deterioration, degeneration, and decay from setting in among a certain portion of the community, it would be idle to speculate at present. Experience gathered from many varied attempts alone can settle that. The attempts must be made in increasing numbers, if only for the sake of the successful ones in the struggle. State interference has already been justified in dealing with the housing question, increased provision of fresh air, and securing the most plentiful and cheap supply of food.

There are grounds for thinking that these measures are already raising the civic worth of a proportion of city dwellers and changing them from inefficient into efficient. Many, indeed, fall through vice, drunkenness, defective physical vigour, but, after all, this is Nature's way of providing that a large proportion should be extruded for the preservation of the type of race, by letting deterioration sink into decadence.

The second class of civic worth to which I very briefly refer comprises those whose energy is average. It is sufficient to carry the individual along his walk of life. This class comprises between 50 per cent and 60 per cent of the total population. It comprises the artisan, who is decently housed, fed, and clad, the mercantile and professional classes—all the real workers of the State. It also provides the vast crowds of spectators at football and cricket matches, and the audiences at public political gatherings, at the concerts and theatres. It provides the strength and backbone of the nation. It represents the most *physically* as well as the most *mentally* and *morally* stable portion of the community, though not necessarily the most intellectually alert and active. There are no rigid standards by which its physical characters may be absolutely distinguished from the other groups, but the following qualities should be at once recognised —

First, a stable nervous system, which is the combined effect of inherited nerve vigour, and good training and self-control.

Secondly, a fair amount of self-confidence and self-assurance, which implies a lack of undue sensitiveness, an evenly-balanced emotional nature, which allows an equable judgment rather than a very acute understanding. By this means the danger of alcoholic or other excess is minimised, and though great social progress may not be attained, yet great staying power is secured.

Diffidence, over-sensitiveness, and shyness are in one way delightful qualities, especially at certain periods of life, and in moderation, but if unmoderated by physical vigour and a certain tough hidedness, are apt to mean a lack of nervous stability

The third class comprises those whose energy is excessive, and not wholly occupied by the daily routine of life. Some outlet has to be provided. Many leave the groove occupied by their fellows and seek new and distinct paths for themselves. These are not always in the line of social advancement, though to an increasing proportion social recognition comes sooner or later. In a progressive nation this class must at least keep up its proportion. If it increases, as there is evidence to believe is the case, so much the better for the nation.

The value of such a method of estimating human energy is open to some criticism, for the consideration at once presents itself that even in the same social stratum opportunities are very unequal. Results are achieved by one member quite out of proportion to the energy expended. This is luck. For this reason social advancement, though commonly held as an expression of deserving merit, is only so to a limited extent, but even chance has its mathematical laws. And human energy, when directed into channels of action, and thereafter known as "will power," is never for very long subservient to chance.

The process of social stratification by means of the struggle for existence has resulted in the highest place being taken by those whose endowment of vital energy has been greatest for so many generations. The upper middle classes are mainly composed of the best brains and most energetic natures in the country. These constantly come forward to fill the place of those members of the aristocratic classes who fall into deterioration and decadence, as a result of the artificial removal of the struggle for social existence and the stimulus to exertion.

The measure, then, of vital energy which I desire to particularly emphasise in contradistinction to that of force of muscle, is one of sustained brain energy and creative will power. This is possessed by some individuals in an exceptional degree, so that it enables, or even compels, them to leave the arena into which they have been born, and to strike out new paths for themselves.

Of such people, there are some whose superabundance of strength is so great that they seem unconscious of any sense of effort in their forward progress. They are for the most part those whose powers mature early in life. Another kind of nature begins to understand itself, that is to say, achieves its self-knowledge and self-judgment, before its energies have reached their fullest growth, or become available for life's purposes, and such have to make a more deliberate and conscious effort as to how and where they

will leave the beaten track To such a wise system of education is all-important I think, however, they possess a nature less richly endowed with superfluous energy than the others, though they often use their talents more wisely and to better purposes

For the great mass of people the surplus energy available after carrying out their daily requirements is very small This generation more than any other has found out the value of combining many small stores, so as to make a large and potent total, which can be then successfully diverted into a channel expressing the aims of many an individual member In this way we have witnessed the enormous progress of the working classes, especially the skilled artisan A few leaders with deeper insight have discovered and pointed out to their fellows the path of progress By their enthusiasm they have kindled a glow of interest in their duller comrades, which has served as an incentive Thus multiplied by many numbers, the small individual surplus energies become a large total of energy, and a strong national force, impossible under preceding conditions

In conclusion, let me say that I do not desire in the least to minimise the necessity for constant struggle and effort in the manifold ways in which philanthropy expresses itself Nor do I wish to depreciate the truthfulness and the earnestness of those high-minded workers who, oppressed by the distress, the sorrow, and the moral perversion they find around them on every side, feel only too keenly the many preventable falls Their high ideal of what might be has imposed a task too great for any single man or any single generation to perform I would rather ask, has all the combined effort of the past been of little or no avail for the permanent improvement of the race? Is there no ultimate advance? Have the laws of brute force and fate, combined with the cruelty and indifference of mankind in all ages, proved at last triumphant over all the tendencies of progress? Are we, as a nation, already on a downward grade, and fated to expend our best energies in the unavailing effort to arrest the inevitable fall? Is commercial antagonism to be the gulf which shall swallow up the civilisation of Europe and America? Will industrialism be allowed to build a permanent prison, nay, a charnel-house, for its workers? To believe this is to believe selfishness greater than kindness, human hate greater than human sympathy, to believe that evil is greater than good

ALFRED A MUMFORD

THAMES BARRAGE

THE engineering success of the Nile Barrage has stirred the ambition of a section of the Inst C E to accomplish a somewhat similar task in Great Britain, on the Thames

The object in view would be different from that for which the Nile Scheme was designed. The last-named was for irrigation, the Thames project is for navigation.

A further reason has arisen for booming the scheme. It is this —Parliament has already been asked to consider the question of reconstituting the control of the Port of London, and of the navigation leading to it, accordingly, if any independent scheme in connection with the navigation is to be submitted to the Legislature, it should apparently be timed for promotion before the Port shall have settled down to any new control. The reforms, if any, should be consolidated and promoted simultaneously, and not piecemeal.

A scheme for Thames Barrage has been on the *tapis* for some little time. Twice already have plans on the subject been deposited in Parliament, but from that stage there has been a stand-still, no actual Bill having been propounded. During the past winter a new journal, called *Public Works*, has detailed, with copious illustrations, the main features of the project, together with arguments to support it. They are signed by Mr T W Barber, M Inst C E. The scheme was also discussed a few weeks ago at a public meeting in the City, convened by promoters, and attended by certain shippers and wharfingers, under the presidency of Sir T B Hitching.

As to the nature of this scheme, it may be sketched as follows — A dam of masonry at Gravesend, a public highway over it to join Kent and Essex, a railway tunnel through its foundations, four locks in the dam, to pass shipping from the estuary to the upper water.

The effect of the dam will be to stop tidal action above Gravesend, and to create a diluvial lake above, ranging from Richmond to Tilbury. The advocates of this project point out the following existing drawbacks to the present state of navigation from Gravesend to London Pool.

- 1 Want of reliable depth of water on low ebb for vessels of largest draught

- 2 Expenditure of time in waiting for tide service up or down river, or at dock entrance

3 Expense of loading undocked vessels from lighters, by reason of wharf access, only attainable at certain stages of tide

4 Costliness of dock dues

5 Expenses of pilotage, and navigation risks in threading a tidal river full of shoals and currents, as compared to the easier pilotage and diminished risks which would attend navigation of a lacustrine reach

That these drawbacks to Thames tidal navigation do exist will not be disputed. The question will seem to be—Would the proposed Barrage remedy these shortcomings, and do so without replacing them with alternatives which would outweigh the gain?

The contention of the promoters is that under the Barrage the enumerated drawbacks will vanish, and no countervailing difficulties of substantial importance will replace them, so that, financially, the outlay will be remunerative.

Broadly looking at the scheme, no one will deny that there would be certain substantial gains under the system. Navigation above bar would be freer and safer, wharves would be accessible at all hours, independent of tide, thereby saving time, and also expense of lighter service, for loading and discharging in mid-stream. The access to docks would be perennial, instead of variable and tidal.

There is another advantage propounded by the promoters, in the constitution of a fresh-water lake from Richmond to Gravesend. They claim that such a lake (at all points above the present sewage outfall at Crossness) would be available for waterworks subsidy, a feature of importance in view of London's prospective increase.

The estimated cost of the Barrage and works in connection with it is given at £3,700,000. Few will deny that at such a price—if these advantages can be secured, and not countervailed—the gain will be worth the candle.

The countervails which present themselves for consideration—to be estimated and weighed against the above undeniable gains—would seem to be —

(a) Possible difficulty of access to the bar and its locks, if the "tide end" of Thames be shifted to Gravesend.

(b) Cost of dredging the lake of the silt annually deposited by diluvial action of its upland feeders.

(c) Purity, or otherwise, of the new lake, and general sanitary aspects thereof, in view of sewer outfalls.

Now, an old chestnut tells us that, of a hundred excuses ready for tender by a port authority for not firing a salute, the first was, "We had no powder." From an analogical aspect we may, therefore, first consider the prospective problem (or countervail).

(a) If it cannot be reliably solved, all considerations of other

possible countervails will be superfluous (except from one point of reasoning, which is this —If the promoters' statistics which are cited to dispel apprehensions as the situations (b) and (c) turn out to be unsound, wholly or partially, there will be greater reason for regarding with suspicion other statistics and arguments propounded upon features even more crucial)

Now, the present depth of low water channel just below the proposed site of a bar is a little over thirty feet. The average maximum pace of the last of the ebb at this point may be speculated at a knot an hour. It may be calculated that the volume of water ebbing seaward at Tilbury on the last of an ebb is about a thousand times that which passes over Teddington Weir. Where does this come from? The confluent of the Thames below Teddington do not account for it. It may be asserted that the average May outfall at Teddington Weir would equal, if not exceed, the average summer total fresh-water feed of the tide-way. The river volume at Gravesend at low ebb is therefore produced (as to all but a fraction of it) by the reflux of the tidal basin above it. If this tidal basin be cut off, from whence will the channels immediately below bar obtain water sufficient for shipping? The Teddington Weir outfall and the Gravesend Weir outfall would, for all practical purposes, become identical in volume. Anyone who knows the river between Teddington and Richmond (especially before the construction of the Richmond Weir) would be sceptical as to the possibility of dredging the channel from Teddington Weir to Strawberry Hill, so that (supplied by the weir outfall) it could float a liner up to the weir. If a liner shall approach the proposed locks of Gravesend Weir at low water, the channel below bar will—in the absence of some ocean contribution—be in the position of Teddington Reach. The next question which arises is, Will the ocean contribute at the critical moment sufficient supplemental volume to this depleted part of the channel to compensate it for the loss of that upper tidal basin efflux which it enjoyed before barrage? This difficulty the writer in *Public Works* disposes of in the following brief words —“The fact being that with the reduced tidal volume and momentum in the estuary, the tidal range will be reduced. There being no river to fill up, the high tides will be lower, and the low tides higher than formerly.” It is difficult to reconcile this off-hand allegation (unsupported by any statistic, or by analogy from ordinary laws of fluxions) with personal observations of situations, more or less analogous. Would anyone seriously contend that if the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour were dammed, the Spit Channel would have *greater* low water depth than it now has? And yet that channel is not solely dependent on the harbour for its ebb supply. The Solent at

large (in charity and under laws of gravitation) would subscribe to it, if robbed of Portsmouth Harbour efflux, but a barraged Thames would have no ocean cousin on its flank to contribute to its needs, nothing but distant sea at the end of the far vista of estuary. Again, take the following illustration in miniature in summer, when up-river Thames volume is small, and any extra deflux from mill, lock, or lasher is more easily appraised, let anyone watch a water-gauge when a lock is being emptied a short distance above. There is soon a visible temporary rise, with subsequent fall to *status quo*. Now, if there be a creek on bank-side, there can be observed a distinct flood tide into this Lilliputian tidal basin, and a subsequent ebb therefrom. I have one special instance in my mind. At Thamesfield (Sir John Edward Moss's seat near Henley), there is a duck-pond lagoon, joined by a creek to the main river. When the river is at summer level, and Marsh Lock has just been emptied, a visible current sets into this lagoon through the creek. Presently, when the lock wave has passed down the river, a corresponding miniature ebb sets in. If the statistics in *Public Works* were fluviially correct, then, if this feeder creek were dammed—say a yard from its debouchure (and its tidal basin thereby reduced to about a square yard in surface, instead of about seventy times that area when conjoined with the lagoon), an onlooker would expect to see the next downcoming lock wave leave a *lower* mark than before in that creek on the flow, and, in turn, when the wave had spent itself, to see the mouth of the obstructed creek disclose a *greater* depth of water than on the previous occasion before the supplemental lagoon had been cut off from it! If Mr Barber, M Inst C E, seriously believes his assertion (*supra*), as to the effect of reducing the area of a tidal basin, let him inspect for the hour or so miniature fluxions of this nature, which may be observed by the score along Thames banks. On a larger scale, if Barrage be ever seriously contemplated, a practical experiment—of the pilot balloon or pioneer order—might advisably be tried, before millions are sunk in construction of the bar. Suppose that (with Parliamentary sanction) some practically obsolete harbour, such as Langston, were made the scene of experiment. The harbour dammed watertight at Hillsea Creek, and also just above Hayling Ferry, and then the tidal levels in the creek leading to the ferry observed and recorded. Does any Portsea or Hayling boatman believe that the depth of the ferry below the dam would then be *greater* at the last of the ebb than it used to be when the harbour efflux subsidised 1⁺ to the moment of the turn of the tide?

(An experiment like this, costing a few thousands, would be well worth the outlay, to test the accuracy of Mr Barber's fluxional theories.)

If there were no tide, the level below Gravesend dam would be that of the tideless ocean, but with tide in force and in the shape of undulation, the level below bar (saving the small fraction of upland flow) would be lower at the extreme of undulation than that of mean ocean level. Now, if the ebb-level below bar should be diminished, even to the extent of a few feet, by Barrage, dredging would be imperative in order to obtain access to the locks. Yet dredging is what Mr. Barber deprecates, not only as costly, but also as dangerous to bank foundations. It is because of this objection to dredging that he urges Barrage as the best means of securing navigable depth above Gravesend. There has been a Barrage experiment on the Clyde. Under the Act the Clyde Conservancy were to contribute a certain quota towards expenses, if, after completion, the result of the new fluxions produced economy in their maintenance of the waterway. Up to date, and after years of trial, they have made no such contribution. If the capitalists of the Barrage could prove an economy resulting from the scheme, we can hardly doubt that before now they would have pressed a claim. Mr. Barber himself estimates that seven millions have been spent in dredging the Clyde below bar. Now, the oscillation of Clyde spring-tide is a maximum ten feet, which is less than half the range of Thames tide at Tilbury. Yet the dip of this minor Clyde wave leaves such deficiency below bar, that the dredging amounts to the serious expenditure cited by Mr. Barber. If so, the greater oscillation of the Thames tidal wave might be apprehended to produce a proportionately greater deficit in the Channel, and a proportionately greater expenditure in dredging below bar. Unless this induction can be substantially negatived by preliminary experiment to the satisfaction of Parliament, it will appear that the question of access to the bar will be an insuperable obstacle. The present lowest level, on the ebb, of the oscillating Thames estuary tide wave is about Woolwich. If tide end be transferred to Tilbury, this oscillation will be shifted somewhere east thereof, but where? and to what level?

The general unsoundness of Mr. Barber's arguments and figures on the subject of dredging becomes still more apparent when we examine his details on the subject of silting, or otherwise, of the proposed London to Gravesend lake, under Barrage. See countervail (b) (*supra*). Mr. Barber postulates that when the Barrage is complete, dredging will be a work of supererogation above bar. He reckons that this will effect an economy of £200,000 a year. He says (page 32), "An examination of the affluents of the Thames shows that they contain very little suspended matter, and, therefore, when the locked Thames has deposited its charge of suspended matter, any future soilage must

come from its affluents " And, later (page 210), he says, " As to dredging, if ever required, it is merely a comparative matter whether it is better occasionally to dredge the estuary channels, or dredge continuously the twenty-six miles of river beside the estuary, which will be undoubtedly necessary if no dam is constructed It must be remembered, however, that the dams on the upper river, have not caused silting below them to any appreciable extent, and that the reduction of the tidal volume of the estuary by about one-twelfth is not likely to have any material result in this way " Again, he says, " Another unsound theory, which claims that the ebb tide moves more silt than the flood brings up, is disproved by No 10 above, which supports the author's contention that only the upland water is effective in removing suspended matter from the river, the tides being wholly detrimental for keeping the river clean " And this " No 10," which he here cites to support his allegation, reads thus —

" Another most important theory, that of the ' seaward gain ' of the currents in the proportions of the tidal movements as five to three (stated thus, ' Except for the tides hurrying through this avenue, the present good depth of water could not be maintained '), is negatived by the committee in these words — ' It is true there is a seaward gain of the currents, as measured near the surface, though the proportion of five to three is not established, but measured from the bottom, where the erosion takes place, the gain is explained by the fact, that with a flood tide, the cold and heavier salt water dips under the warmed and brackish water, and keeps nearer the bottom " "

From these somewhat obscure passages it would seem that (1) Mr Barber apprehends only infinitesimal silting above dam, and (2), some silting below dam, but only in a ratio of one-twelfth in excess of the present, and (3), that he accuses tidal action of fouling and not scouring the Channel As against these inferences of his, the following alternative deductions are now submitted —

1 That all silt or sewage delivered to the locked tideway will there remain, under Barrage, whereas, under tidal action, it would gravitate gradually from main Channel seaward

2 That the prospective ratios of silting below dam are incorrectly and disingenuously stated by Mr Barber, so far as regards his allegation that only *one-twelfth* of tidal basin will be amputated by the dam (This last is surely *suppressio veri*, and thence *suggestio falsi*) It may be literally true that this specific fraction of the whole basin is all of which the lower estuary, at Nore or Mouse, is deprived, and that it can *there* spare this depletion, but at the bar itself the little all of tidal basin will be gone The *entire* ebb and flood-scouring volume, which (according to Mr Barber) is one-twelfth of the whole estuary, and which is the

perquisite of Gravesend and of the reaches above it, will be a thing of the past

3 That Mr Barber's alleged effect of tidal action as to silting the channel is unsound, both as to silt and as to sewage

As regards sewage, Mr Barber renews his imputation on the tides on page 32

"Another writer talks of the 'cleansing power of the tides,' and it is a pity to see greater authorities, who ought to know better, speaking also in this way It has been abundantly proved that the tides—so far as a clean river is concerned—are wholly detrimental They back up twice daily the natural drainage of the river for five hours, and keep it in solution and circulation for forty-five days before removing it, the effect being exactly similar to backing up in a sewer "

Dealing with these three propositions numerically No 1, as to silting of the lake above dam On every lock reach of upper Thames the main silting is towards the lower end of the reach, where the current becomes slower, and where bottom levels are lower than lasher or lock sills Mr Barber is correct in stating that below (if he means *close* below) Thames lashers, there is but little silt, but he suppresses the further statistic that the silt which lasher impetus retains suspended for some distance below each fall tends to settle in the lower and slower part of the reach Ask any Thames punter the difference in touch to his pole in the scour just below a lock, as against the feel when he reaches the next lock cut and its approaches As a glaring illustration, compare the gravel bottom below Bray and past Monkey Island with the paste that the pole finds towards Boveney, especially in the slack on the off-side below the lasher channel departure In analogy, on a larger scale, in due course, such would be the bottom of the barraged Thames, at the lower end of the lake reach, while the slower current of the entire reach would facilitate settlement of sediment more rapidly than any other locked reach of the river The entire annual diluvial mud of the Thames and its tributaries, plus sewage contribution, would all find a resting-place in the locked lake

No 2 —Below bar, wherever dredging is at present required to keep open channel, there will be greater demand for it, with the diminution in volume, when not one-twelfth, but *all* tide has been abolished at the new "Tide End Town" of the Thames

No 3 —As to Mr Barber's contention that tidal action fouls, not cleanses, the tideway Undoubtedly, it stirs up the mud, but it cannot be said to import that mud That mud is the product, not of the blue water of ocean, but of the river itself, which has imported the mud from uplands to estuary The tidal volume

works seaward daily by the ratio of the proportion of upland water which is contained in it. So long as the mud is suspended and not settled, it eventually works seaward with the rest of the products. To illustrate. Fill a barrel with muddy water, and give it time to settle, then draw it gently off, and the upper effluent will pass off comparatively clean, if the outlet be above the level of the gravitated deposit. (This operation may be seen practically illustrated in the "warping" of marshlands in the Fens.) But if the mud in the barrel be stirred up by force, swilled and slushed to and fro until all silt is in suspension, and kept thus turbid and in motion while the water is run off, then each pint of effluent will carry with it its own ratio of silt. Apart from these analogies, which seem to show that, in order to get rid of sediment, the sediment should be kept moving to allow of its conjunction with and its departure in due ratio with the fluid, actual history may be cited. Before London sewers were eliminated from the Thames, and especially from the tideway, the daily tidal intake of solid matter was greater than tides could remove. It accumulated. Old oarsmen will recall the banks of putrid slime which lay exposed at low water, say, off Craven Point and Chiswick Ferry, and below the Putney boat-houses. That Chiswick slime bed actually diverted, *pro tem*, the tidal channel, and edged it closer to the eyot than it had been and now is. The sewage subscriptions to the tideway ceased under drainage reform, then at last, the tides, no longer handicapped by an imported burden beyond their strength to remove, gradually, through long years, scoured away those slime banks. Where those banks were knee deep or more, stone bottom can now be seen. In the face of this experience of the swilling effect of Thames tides to suspend and carry away solid matter with them, it is difficult to attach credence to Mr Barber's allegations cited above.

This *vezata quæstio* as to the effect, or otherwise, of tidal action in passing the river's sediment out to sea, comes again before us under problem or countervail (c) (on the sewage question). The bulk of solid matter in London sewage is removed and discharged far below the proposed bar, but some sediment and many bacteria remain in the partially cleansed effluent which joins the river at Crossness. Mr Barber tenders figures as to alleged oxidation of the river, or the converse. He admits that at Woolwich the proportion of oxygen is at its lowest (22 per cent), and that it is highest at the Nore. He attributes this last to the oxidising power of the water. From another point of view, it might be suggested that the greater oxidation at the Nore is the result of dilution of the sewage by the increased volume of water in that part of the estuary. But Mr Barber declines to accept the dilution theory.

He asserts that the river is its own purifier, he makes the bold and unsupported assertion, that salt water is *less* efficient in purifying sewage pollution than an equal volume of fresh. He also boldly asserts that still water oxygenates defilement more rapidly than a flowing supply. He cites an American chemist on this subject. That chemist says — "There is a certain popular belief that running water purifies itself more quickly than still water, the fact is, however, that with oxygen present in the still water, and as good conditions for proper bacterial growths, the still water purification is at least as energetic as the purification of running water." This chemist is a Dr. Clark, of Massachusetts. He is writing, not historically, but theoretically, and as the advocate of a project which at present is *in nubibus*—to barrage the Charles River. An abstract theory thus propounded on the one side only of a disputed issue (and unsupported by any scientific history), and in the obvious interest of promoters, should, at the best of times, be taken *cum grano*.

That Mr. Barber can propound nothing better than this to support his views of sewage, rather weakens his case on this point. Certainly, the opinions of these two theorists conflict not only with personal experience, but with the bulk of sanitary education on the subject. It certainly sounds curious to be now told that salt water (of greater specific gravity than fresh) tends to precipitate sewage in suspension *more* than fresh water! In Georgian and early Victorian days, the practice of giving sewers an outfall to watercourses and pools was in full force. Mid-Victorian science discovered the sanitary fallacy of this engineering, and olfactory evidence further convinced many Britons in the same direction, without instruction from science. If Mr. Barber's new creed were correct, it would seem to revive the Georgian doctrine that the householder has only to pour his sewage into the nearest brook or pond (pond, for choice, as being more still), and say to it, "Wash and be clean."

The one statistic which Mr. Barber quotes in support of his theory on this oxidation question is the following (page 210) —

"The Upper Thames may also be cited in proof of this opinion, its various reaches between its numerous dams being exactly in the same conditions as will be the dockised lower river in these respects. There has never been any complaint of the condition of these upper waters as to sewage, except on the grounds of their use for towns' water supplies."

This allegation is absolutely in conflict with history. Apart from the question of the supply of drinking water, the sewage influx historically seriously defiled the Thames, prior to the re-drainage of the sixties and seventies. What old Oxonian does not

recall "Pactolus," the inky brook between Christ Church Meadow and Salter's Yard, also its effect in depositing slime? A capsizing off Hall's raft necessitated deodorisation of all flannels before they could again be worn. The reaches below for miles were manured for weed-culture to an extent that made oarsmanship all but unpracticable soon after June began. After the diversion of sewage, this foul sediment—no longer replenished—slowly scoured away seaward under winter floods, and, statistically, weed obstruction is now not one-third of what it was forty years ago. What will Cantabs say as to the olfactory recollections of Barnwell Pool on the Cam? Again, as to sewer outfalls at Kingston, Surbiton, Henley-on-Thames, and similar localities. Old residents at these places would strongly negative Mr Barber's allegation as to absence of complaints. Hereon Mr Barber once more falls back, not upon statistics, but upon the theoretical opinion of the sanitary engineer to the Charles River Dam Scheme, who says —

"The experience at places at which sewage is discharged into a pond or slowly moving stream, such as the proposed Charles River Basin, indicates that sewage discharged into such bodies of water has a less noticeable effect upon their waters than an equal quantity of sewage has upon a rapidly moving stream of equivalent volume." If any scientist really believes this allegation, the wish must be father to the thought. If such is the sanitary doctrine of the Barrage scheme, and if Barrage is considered to be bound up with sanitation of the locked reach under continued receipt of the Crossness efflux, one need less wonder that, up-to-date, the promoters of this project have not attempted to face a Parliamentary Committee. We have only, so far, analysed Mr Barber on the subject of sewage sanitation, for the purpose of observing—from the nature of his statistics and theories hereon—what reliance might, by induction, be placed upon his theories as to tidal fluxions. Otherwise, from a maritime and commercial point of view, the questions of sewage and of silting are of practical insignificance. If once the fluxional problem of access to the bar could be authoritatively solved, and solved favourably, it would be but a flea-bite (relatively) to divert all sewage below the bar, even at double the cost, which Mr Barber estimates for such an operation (four millions), and even if the river had to be dredged once a month from the Nore to the Pool, the outlay would probably be recouped by the commercial advantage of perpetual access to docks and wharves. The writer in *Public Works* tries to prove too much, when he alleges that *no* silt or sewage difficulties would attend the Barrage. He would have been wiser to have admitted their existence, and to have provided for them in his gross estimate. His airy and theoretical manner of dealing with them seriously

weakens his arguments on the all-important question of fluxions and estuary levels

The doubtful feature in the Barrage project, and which will wreck the whole venture, unless tested and assured before any capital is sunk, is this of fluxions, and of access from estuary to Gravesend locks. The general advocacy of *Public Works* on this subject has to be seriously discounted all round, by reason of the cloven hoof displayed in the discussion of the minor appendices of sewage and silting, and in the random theories and statistics cited to dispose of these practically immaterial obstacles. In perusing Mr Barber's laborious arguments on these subjects, one almost wonders that he did not devote a page or two to deal with the possible objection, that Barrage and absence of tide might deprive Londoners of "Whitebart at Greenwich." If the Barrage question should ever come before Parliament, it is probable that the only way in which the speculation as to access to the Bar at low water can be solved, will have to be by a series of experiments on some minor and valueless tidal basin, under a specially-appointed commission. Meantime, much of the navigation drawbacks now cited by promoters of Barrage can be reduced at a cost of about five per cent of the Barrage by the more economical jetty system favoured at present by the Thames Conservancy. The present laborious and costly process of loading and unloading mid-stream from lighters could be expedited by a series of jetties, which could be worked at all tides, and which, though they would fall short of the facilities which Barrage would give for berthing at all hours alongside of wharfs, would do much to rehabilitate the trade of the Port. Undoubtedly, it is not what it has been, or what it should be, and it will hardly be wise to let it stand over until the Thames Barrage is either a success or a failure. The Conservancy project could be put in force within a twelvemonth, irrespective of whether, during that time, the controlling Port of the body of London has been modified by statute. Meantime, unless engineering and maritime expert opinion should show a great preponderance of conviction that the Gravesend Bar, when built, will not be found to be like Robinson Crusoe's first canoe (useless, for want of touch with ocean), the jetty system will seem to be the best interim alternative. No one will be better pleased than the writer if the Barrage could eventually be a successful *fait accompli*. If one cause more than another is calculated to induce an onlooker to regard the *Public Works* enterprise with suspicion and distrust, it would be the unsound advocacy, the disingenuous statistics, and the random theories propounded therein to grapple not only with the above-named difficulty of fluxions, but also with the petty and practically irrelevant questions of silt and sewage

A CHILD'S DIARY

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE HON HELEN ESTCOURT-DARCY,
FROM OCTOBER 1ST, 1893, TO MARCH 15TH, 1895

A FEW words of explanation may be appended to these extracts. The diary (published, of course, by permission) is genuine child-work. Names have been changed and a few connecting or explanatory words inserted in the diary, but any reader who feels inclined to search for these latter is recommended to look among the most entirely commonplace and uninteresting sentences which he can discover.

The eleven-year-old writer, daughter of two persons whom I have called Lord and Lady Tunstall, and granddaughter of the old man who figures as the Marquis of Draycott, is a nervous, excitable little maid, puritanical to her finger-tips, and with three passions in the world—her mother, her step-mother, and music. Her own naïve record of the admiration excited by her playing is in no way exaggerated. M. Paderewski sent her a few much-treasured lines of commendation after hearing it, and Mme. Patti once turned to a talkative companion at an "At Home" in Paris, when the little lady had been playing for a few moments, saying, "Please let me listen to this, it is something quite unusual."

It is improbable that the events succeeding "Lady Tunstall's" death, concluding with the re-marriage of "Lord Tunstall" with the Parisian opera-dancer, who figures here as Yvonne Vidal, will lead to the identification of anyone mentioned in the diary, but if this happens I hope the discoverer will be so good-natured as to keep his knowledge to himself.

October 1st —Got up very late and in a bad temper. Impertinent to father. Washed the dolls' house, and Madge and I played at Kindergarten with the dolls. We had sums at lessons. It seems always to be arithmetic day when I am cross. I know the 'Tarantelle' of Heller by heart now, and played it to my darling in the afternoon. She liked it so much, and went to sleep at last. She has been much worse since that dinner-party at the Hetherington's, and could not get up till lunch to-day. In the evening father read us 'Sartor Resartus,' and I mended the green curtains of the dolls' house.

October 2nd —Got up very late again, and was very ashamed. Mother was angry when I went in to read the Bible with her. I cried, but I think it was more because she seemed so ill, and couldn't get up again to lunch, only I didn't tell her so. I wrote her a composition on 'Which do I like best, Music, Drawing, or Reading?' Of course, I said music, and she said it was pretty good, but not very, the spelling got all mixed. In the afternoon I read aloud to her 'Mon Frère Yves,' by Pierre Loti, and played her the 'Bee Song,' of Mendelssohn, which I know by heart now.

Pierre Loti's books are sodden rot, only mother says I mustn't use all Guy's words

October 12th — Played scales for an hour, and went to Portsmouth with father. We had lunch with Admiral Hinfield. Father and I think that Admiral Hinfield teases his black cat awfully. We got back at five, and there was a letter from Cousin James to say he is engaged with a lady at Paris, which we can hardly believe. He is sixty years old! I made several jokes about this marriage. Sorted a few stamps for Madge, as she wants to begin to keep them. I have got a lot more, and better ones than I thought. Played to my darling in the evening, she liked the 'Etude Mignonne'. She was tired, and went to bed very early, and we read the Bible together. I read her the eighth chapter of St Luke. She could hardly talk. I cried for a long time in bed, she seemed so ill.

October 23rd — Mother much better. She and I played at being Madge's daughters, and Madge gave us lessons. After lunch, I read a new waltz by Chopin, and liked it very much, so that I shall learn it by heart, and then I went to dig in my garden. Mr Lovegrove came. I do hate him so much, though, of course, one oughtn't to hate a clergyman. I hate him (here follow two resolute but unsuccessful attempts to write the word 'instinctively'). Mrs Raleigh came, too, and Sir George and Lady Sinclair, and grandfather brought Mr Caterton in, so I went straight in, though I had only got on my old holland frock, and Miss Lester wanted to stop me. I cannot have my darling worried. It is so lovely to see her talking to them all, so high above them all, and everyone knowing it. Mr Caterton began telling a horrid story about some drunk man, and Sir George Sinclair said, quite angrily, 'That sort of story does not amuse Lady Tunstall, my dear fellow'. Mr Lovegrove tried to get her to come to his hateful Infirmary Bazaar, and worried her dreadfully when she said she couldn't. He put his hateful hand on my head, and said he was sure that I would persuade her to come. I stared at him haughtily, and said I wouldn't let her come even if she had promised. Mrs Raleigh told mother of a very poor family near her, who do not want to show their poverty. She is called Mrs Bray, and has several little children, who are starving. Sometimes, when they have just a little money, meat comes in. Mother is going to see them to-morrow.

October 14th — Got up very early, and came to read the Bible with mother before breakfast, and some out of a new book which she has given me, called, 'The Imitation of Christ'. It is a sort of Bible, but not very interesting. After breakfast I played her Schumann's 'Berceuse' and the 'Menuet' of Paderewski, and I did all my lessons with her instead of Miss Lester. While I

worked at the dolls' new dresses, she read me a book about the founding of Mexico, in 1519. In the afternoon Madge and I went to Portsmouth with her. She is going to have some golden cord put round the bottom of our dresses. Madge was naughty, and went off down the street looking in at shop windows all by herself. She said that mother had given her leave to do it last time, and that she had saved a little of the leave over for this time. Mother invited me to five o'clock tea with her when we got home, and read 'David Copperfield' to me afterwards. I helped her dress for dinner, and she put on her white lace dress, and I got out some of her diamonds for her, because the Sackvilles and Taites were coming to dinner. She did look so very lovely. I played to them all after dinner, and was very much admired. I cried a little in bed, but only because I was so glad that my darling was so much better.

October 31st — Read 'Frank a Story of a Happy Life,' in bed this morning. It is a charming but religious book. Got up early, and had breakfast with mother in her room. She seems to like to have me with her more and more every day. We read the Morning Service together, and then she went into church for the Communion Service. Why cannot I be confirmed and go with her? I feel quite good enough whenever she is with me, and people may be confirmed when they are eleven. I had tea with her, and we went to evening service together, and afterwards she put me to bed. My thoughts were very scattered to-day. I only have got a child's thoughts, and I worry about nothing, oh, nothing, to what comes afterwards in life.

November 1st — It was All Saints' Day. Mother and I drove over for a treat to morning prayer at Chichester Cathedral. Canon Eyre preached about the Communion of Saints, and said that it hardly mattered at all whether your best friends were dead or alive, they were quite near you always if you were good, but I cannot believe that. I should want to touch her, and speak to her, and hear her speak, or I couldn't bear it. I cried a little, but only a very little, and I don't know why mother seemed so frightened at it. She held me very tight, and I soon stopped. We lunched with the Eyres, and afterwards I played with baby Eyre and Edie in the garden. After tea we all played letters, but whatever difficult words we could give to Edie she would find them out directly. She is too sharp, it is cruel. She goes to school, but because we were there, and her bloodshot eye, she did not go to-day. I like her very much. After tea Edward put brown paper on his face, and dressed up and frightened us.

November 2nd — Got up very early and played Brahms's 'Hungarian Dance' with mother. Had to stop because Mr. Lee came to give us a drawing lesson, which was quite dull. But what can

I say against drawing? Not much, to be sure. It is an innocent little amusement. In the afternoon did arithmetic (which I do hate), and then sat with my darling, and worked while she read me 'Silas Marner'. Afterwards I read her a little of 'Les Myrtilles,' by Madame Bersier, which is very pretty.

November 3rd — This evening Bobbins was very, very ill. Nanna says he has been eating too much groundsel. We gave him brandy. Oh, Bobbins, my darling. I got up in the middle of the night to see him, and he had died. Mother and Nanna were standing by his cage. They had been giving him medicines, but it was no good, and he died. I cried most dreadfully, and mother took me to sleep with her, and talked to me for a long time, but other people's birds do not die, and I don't see why Bobbins should. Edie Eyre has had hers for years and years. I cannot think of anything else I did to-day.

November 4th — Sat with mother all morning. Father came in and said if we sat in that room much longer we should both be roast beef. He took me to Chichester, and I played with baby Eyre till tea-time. Edie didn't care a bit about Bobbins. She does nothing but eat sweets. I can't think how anyone can eat such a nasty lot. I can't bear her. I told her she shouldn't come to Madge's birthday next Tuesday, when Madge will be six, and she said all right, she could buy chocolates instead of buying her a present. Madge doesn't want her silly present, but it is hateful to be greedy like her. In the evening the Duchess came to dinner, and brought Westbourne, and a Mr. Nigel. Mr. Lovegrove came, too, with one of his stupid daughters. They are all one duller than another. Westbourne has come back from Winchester for a few days, because he has been ill, but he says he was only shamming. I played a piece which I composed myself. I call it 'Chant des Oiseaux,' because it is meant to be the melodious singing of birds. It goes 'twit twwwt' on the high notes, like dear Bobbins. They all admired me very much. Westbourne says I ought to put in a 'bang-bang' here and there to show a man shooting the birds. He also said that he didn't want to go to heaven unless he might have a half-holiday once a week to go out and play with the devils, and he said many other witty sayings. But mother laughed very much. She likes him, and I like him, too. He was very sorry about Bobbins, and said he would make a tombstone for him, and bring it over. He taught us a game. He drew a donkey on a piece of paper which was nailed to the wall. This donkey had no tail, but each of us had a paper tail, and we were blindfolded, and had to try and pin the tail in the right place. Mother and I laughed till we were quite ill. I slept with mother.

November 5th —Went into Portsmouth with father to buy fire works I was much interested in some workmen who were striking, though some of them were drunk, and swore, and said frightful things (I know that it is not proper for a little girl to write or speak of such things) I waited for father in the Pier Hotel, and went on reading 'Ivanhoe' I am there where Prior Aymer has entered the House of Cedric of Rotherwood, and they talk of the lost Ivanhoe It is very interesting, but I cannot contemplate my thoughts to it while everyone is talking In the afternoon Westbourne came with a wooden tombstone for Bobbins It is so kind of him, but I wish he hadn't written on it 'Hic jacet Bobbins, mortuus edendi O si sic omnis' He won't translate it to me, but he says it will jolt Edie up like anything if she sees it I don't think I ought to have told him about Edie eating sweets Then he let off a lot of squibs and crackers, and burnt my stockings and skirt and hands, and he made me hold some Roman candles, and help him light rockets, and he told Madge that he had filled her bed up with squibs, which would all go off directly she got into it, so that Madge wouldn't go to bed, and at last she slept in Nanna's bed Then he went home, and directly after he had gone there was a fearful explosion, which blew the fountain to bits Father says he must have buried a lot of squibs and crackers, and laid a slow match to it, and lighted the slow match as he went by I suppose the doctor at Winchester knows best, but mother and I don't think he is very ill

November 20th —To-day is my darling's birthday If I didn't know it I am sure I would not believe she was thirty-six years old Also father, when he has got a hat on, looks only as if he were thirty I played her a birthday-march, which I had composed myself, and also my new sonata by Mozart I gave her a little gold locket, with my photograph and Madge's in it Guy and Stanley and Eric sent her a lovely whip for the pony-carriage, which they had bought between them, and Westbourne wrote to her from Winchester, and sent her a huge hunting-knife, which was very ugly but frightfully sharp We did not do much She seemed very tired in the evening I sat with her till very late, and we read the Bible and talked I never saw her look so tired, though she could not sleep I went to bed at ten, but I did not sleep long, and came back to her room She was so thankful to see me that I would not go back to bed even when she told me to, and Nanna tried to carry me away I read her pieces of 'The Imitation of Christ,' and liked it better It seems to suit you when you are very frightened At last we both went to sleep

November 22nd —I have got a new sister I saw her to-day for a minute She is just like baby Eyre, only redder Mr Streeter came to-day, and there is a new nurse here, who won't let me see

my darling Mrs Eyre came over and wanted to take me away, but I wouldn't go I hid in Guy's room It is very untidy, an ink-bottle had upset all over some shirts, and he had carved poetry on the wall about the Armada, and Nelson, and Lord Charles Beresford I want to see mother so dreadfully badly

November 24th —A very terrible thing happened to-day The new baby died She had only been alive for two days It is worse than Bobbins, because I had him for nearly a year Nanna says that Mr Lovegrove came here and christened her, long before I got up this morning I saw her for a minute, she was lying on a lace pillow on a bed, and everything was white, her face was quite white, and there were heaps and heaps of white rose-buds and lilies-of-the-valley on the bed The new nurse let me kiss her, and I brought some white violets from the forcing pots in my garden, and put them there too Nurse wouldn't let me see my darling I am nearly mad I cannot bear it any more I cannot bear my life without her "

II

Lady Tunstall died three days later Helen's account of her first foreign tour is merely a mechanical narrative of sight-seeing in Paris, Lucerne, Genoa, and Rome—sight-seeing into which she was resolutely forced by her father and governess, who were both frightened by her state Helen understood their wishes easily enough, as children mostly do understand the little plots of their elders, and acquiesced quietly, though she would have given the world to be left in peace at home There is a short account of the midnight Mass at the Madeleine, on Christmas Eve, to which the children were taken in the vain hope that Helen, from pure fatigue, would sleep through some of Christmas day Her uncle came to see them, and told the child stories about her mother, one of which is written down, though barely legible from the shaking of the hand that wrote it In next day's narrative is a note saying

I cannot write anything about her here I tremble so much and feel so queer that I get frightened "

December 30th —Hotel National, Lucerne We came here yesterday It was raining, and looked very bare and dreary There is a big lake and some mountains round it We went for a long walk this afternoon to the little Monk's Church near the Three Lime Trees We went into the little chapel where are hung a whole collection of little wax arms, and legs, and hearts This is all superstition People who are ill come to the church and offer one of these little things, and then they think they are cured We walked on and on through the woods Old women came and asked alms, and said they would pray for us At the next little chapel, which we found on the border of the wood, there were hundreds of

inscriptions like this 'Pray for a poor donkey, that his ears don't grow too long' 'Pray for a child, that he may get good marks at school' I was very tired when we got home, but I couldn't go to sleep At last, just as I was half asleep, I woke up, and some one's arms were round me, but it was only Miss Lester I cried most dreadfully

December 31st —Father said that he had some business in Lucerne to-day, so we didn't have to go on to Genoa, and I was able to stay in bed till lunch-time I was so very tired after that walk yesterday Miss Lester read me 'Une Famille sans Nom' In the afternoon I practised, but the piano was frightful, and it made my head feel all funny to hear the queer notes Some people in the hotel did such a very nice thing They sent the piano out of their sitting-room, 'With their compliments to the Hon Miss Estcourt-Darcy' That was written on a card Their name is Talbot Smith Stanley says they are retired grocers, and want to make our acquaintance, but I don't care who they are The piano is an Erard, and sings all by itself when I play, just like my own I played all the evening I played all my own compositions, and some of the 'Songs without Words' and all my Chopin pieces, and my new Weber piece I played some hymns for the boys and some 'Messiah' pieces for father I went on till past midnight and quite forgot that it was New Year's Eve At last I played my own self to sleep with Chopin's 'Nocturne' and Miss Lester carried me to bed and undressed me, she says, while I was sound asleep I never woke up till lunch-time! It is so lovely to be asleep and forget everything

The early pages of the new diary are taken up with listless accounts of sight-seeing at Rome, with a few scornful remarks about the music of Italy "it may be the 'home of music'" writes little Miss contemptuously "but the family are out of town," and an occasional expression of her sick longing to be at home again Kindly hands were stretched out on all sides in endeavours to console the unhappy little maiden, but she took little notice of them unless a piano which "sang" was among the proffered distractions At the end of January the three boys returned to their respective schools, and the rest of the party came back to Hampshire Here they remained for about a week, and then, becoming alarmed at Helen's continued depression and misery, Lord Tunstall carried her off again to Paris

February 6th —Hotel Lafond, Paris It is a very cold day, and freezing hard I am not going to put down an account of the thermometer, because I don't understand it We went to the Bois de Boulogne, to the Cercle des Patineurs, the aspect was very bleak In the afternoon I practised hard, and in the evening I played to

Uncle Hugh I do so want to be good and forget some of the worst parts, which one need not remember, but I can't succeed I dream much less now, but I can never go to sleep before eleven o'clock I wake up very early, but go to sleep afterwards, and have to be awakened up again

La neige tombe,
Mais dans la chambre
Ce n'est pas aussi sombre
Comme la tombe

I wrote that myself, it took me hardly a minute

February 8th --I practised till nearly twelve, and after déjeuner we went out to skate, and stayed till four We had tea at the chalet There was the most beautiful person I ever saw in my life skating She had on a grey cloth dress with fur, and when she took off her skates she put on a great cloak of chinchilla fur, and looked more lovely in it than she did before She came in to tea, and father said 'Why, it's Yvonne Vidal!' I talked to her, and she was very kind, but I could scarcely pay attention to what she was saying, she was so very, very beautiful I never saw any one like her Father asked her to come to tea to-morrow, and I do hope she is coming

February 9th - It thawed all night, and was horrid and wet in the morning Madame Berg would only let me practise for two hours She made me do sums, and German dictation, and read some German history In the afternoon, about four o'clock, Madame Vidal came She had got on a different grey dress, with some silver fur and a big bunch of roses, and looked even more lovely than yesterday She was very nice indeed to me, and asked me to play to her again and again, and said she hardly knew how to say enough about my playing Father asked her about some masters, and she said she would speak about it to a friend of hers at the Conservatoire to-morrow Afterwards father went out, and we had a long talk all by ourselves She was so nice, and so very sorry for me

February 10th --Got up very early and practised, so that I did not mind when Madame Berg wanted me to do some more sums The frost has all gone Madame Vidal came in after luncheon and said she had heard that a Monsieur Conté was the best master I could have, but he might not take me He would not care anything for money, and he would not mind about father being Lord Tunstall, as they would in England She said that he was a composer as well as a teacher, and had written an opera, and father has written to ask him for an appointment We are to go and see his opera, because he might like us to know all about it Madame Vidal told me all about her life She works so hard, and is now quite famous I should like to do that very

much I should like to play at concerts and earn a lot of money I wish we were not rich, so that I should have to earn money and play in public

February 12th —Got a telegram at eight o'clock this morning from Monsieur Conté, asking us to come there at nine Madame Berg said it was ridiculous, but I got up in a great hurry and we went He told me to play, and I played him Mozart's 'Variations,' and then the 'Berceuse' I played them very well, but he shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself, and then, at last, only said 'I suppose you have no masters in England' He said that he would let us know in a few days whether he could give me any lessons, and when father said that he would like to know something for certain, he told us to go away immediately, because he had no time to talk any more about it I told him I was going to see his opera to-morrow, but he didn't seem to care a bit I cried rather when we went away In the afternoon Madame Vidal came, but she only laughed Father was going to see the Duc de Lille, but stayed at home when she came She amuses him very much I am to go and see her at her house to-morrow

February 13th —There was no letter from Monsieur Conte I practised for three hours, and in the afternoon I went to Madame Vidal's house She has got a lovely little flat in the Rue de la Boetie The electric lights are all hung with lace, and the pictures are framed in lace instead of gold She has got a table covered with gold ornaments, and most of them have jewels in She has got a writing-table of solid silver, and the ink-pot has got sapphires let into it, and the handles of the drawers have got sapphires in them, too She has also got the most wonderful jewels anybody ever saw It is too wonderful She has got an Erard piano, and I played her Mozart's 'Variations,' and the 'Lison Dormait,' and Chopin's 'Nocturne' Afterwards I sat on her knee for a long time, and we talked about things I said I would rather like to live in Paris if I might have plenty of music-lessons, and could see her every day I said that soon I would like some more children to play with, but not just now She said 'Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid' I liked being with her so very much In the evening we went to the Opera and saw 'Castilha' There was a ballet, and Madame Vidal danced It was too hateful for anything She had got only a thin, gauzy dress, and it didn't nearly come to her knees Everyone was dressed the same, and it was perfectly hateful I said it was disgusting, and Madame Berg took me away, and father was very vexed I cried in bed, and Madame Berg heard me and laughed at me I hate her

February 14th —We got a telegram from Monsieur Conté this morning, telling us to come there at half-past one, so at that hour

exactly we were at his door, but he was still at déjeuner, and kept us waiting for twenty minutes. When he came in he never said anything about accepting me as his pupil or not. He began straight away to give me a lesson. I played 'Lison Dormait' to him, and also read some music, and he was very discontented with me, and said I played as if I were eighty years old. I was to play much quicker. And, secondly, he said I did not play in time at all. He gets terribly excited, and if he thinks you made a fault, and finds afterwards that he himself is wrong, he corrects the fingering or something else which is really perfectly right. What shall I do if I cannot play it next time right? I have got to practise every morning the *Stamaty* and scales for two hours, and to come to him again on Saturday at half-past eight. Madame Berg said she thought it was too early, but he said I could not come at any other time, and simply drove us out of the room. It rained all the afternoon, so Madge and I played shopping. I did as if I had been married, and after having a little town I had a baby called Topsy, and now I am settling down in Paris, and buying everything necessary for a household. Madge likes it better than anything else, I think. In the evening, after dinner, father read us Shakespeare's 'All's Well that Ends Well,' while we made a trousseau for Topsy, because Madge says she shall be married to-morrow. Madge has got a sailor doll, and says that Topsy shall marry him. Madge is rather vexed about my lessons, and says that she wants some, too. She bought a fiddle at a toy shop while she was out walking with Nanna this afternoon, and says she is going to learn it all by herself, as she cannot have lessons. She says she will come out as a concert player, too, and earn her own living, and have a country house in the summer, and a winter house in Chichester, and that none of us shall ever come to see her, because we won't let her have music-lessons.

February 15th —Madame Vidal came very early this morning, while I was practising, and asked me all about my lessons. I told her everything, and was perfectly polite, but soon she asked me what was the matter. Of course I would not tell her—at least I didn't mean to—but she soon found out, and tried to explain to me that it was only dressing up, like everybody does in plays. I said I wish she wouldn't act in plays where they dressed so horribly, and she said that 'Castilia' was only played very seldom, and we were soon friends again. Father came in, and we all had breakfast together, although Madame Vidal said she had already had one breakfast. She always amuses us when she is here. In the afternoon she took me shopping, and I went to tea at her house.

February 17th —When we got to Monsieur Conté's house at half-past eight this morning he sent a message to us that he was

busy with some composition, and that we were to come back at ten. When he came in, Madame Berg said she really must remonstrate a little about the change of hours, but he took no notice of her at all, and I played 'Lison Dormait' through again. He was in the most charming humour, and said of course the adagio was very difficult, but that I had evidently practised thoroughly, and on the whole he was very well satisfied. I was to come again on Wednesday, and by that time I was to know the whole of it by heart perfectly. After the lesson he talked to me most amiably, and I said that I had seen 'Castilha,' and that the overture and the prelude to the second act were especially beautiful. He said that my taste was very good, as these were the best pieces of writing in the Opera, but when I said that I thought the first act a little dull, he got very angry and said, 'What you don't know about music, mademoiselle, would fill the biggest book in the Bibliothèque Nationale.' Madame Berg was rather angry, but of course all geniuses are like that. I am always rather angry myself whenever anyone finds fault with my playing, even when they are quite right. In the evening father took us to see 'Juf Polonais' at a theatre called the Comédie Française. I said I wouldn't go at first, but he persuaded me to come. It was a very exciting piece, and everything was quite nice. Nobody danced or dressed up at all.

February 18th —I wanted to stay longer in bed this morning, but I thought what would I do later on when, perhaps, I should have to play in public every evening. I practised 'Lison Dormait' all morning, and after déjeuner till nearly four o'clock, when all of a sudden my head got hotter and hotter, and I could feel nothing more at all. At first I sat in a chair, and asked Madame Berg to play some soft pieces to me, but that was no good. Madame Vidal came in, and in a few minutes she took me away and put me to bed. She sat by my side and talked to me very quietly. Her voice is just like a fountain playing, and I went to sleep and slept till late in the evening. When I woke up she came back and sat with me, and brought me some nice little things to eat for dinner, and read me all my favourite pieces out of the 'Imitation.'

February 23rd —We got a telegram from Monsieur Conté this morning asking us to come at two instead of four. Naturally we went, but when we arrived he said that he had forgotten a lesson which was to be given between two and three, and would we come back at three. When we came back he was quietly continuing his lesson. Madame Berg would not stand this, and leaving a message to be given by his servant, we came away. In the evening we had a note from Monsieur Conté, asking us to come on Friday at two. He began like this 'Je suis très vexé

que ma servante vous a laissé partir,' as if his servant could lock us in. It is ridiculous. I went shopping with Madame Vidal again, and she bought me a new corset, and some shoes, and a new hat. Madame Berg's taste is rather queer. She said I might have the new corset if I held myself very straight. In the evening we all dined out at a restaurant called Paillard's. Uncle Hugh came, and who should we see there but Captain Hetherington, with Miss Benson, whom he has just married, so she is now Mrs Hetherington. They were glad to see us, and we all dined together. Madame Vidal told me some very amusing stories. Captain Hetherington wanted to sit by her, but she said that was my place.

February 24th — The Hetheringtons came to see us this afternoon. I played to them a little, and they both admired me very much. They said it was astonishing. Madame Vidal came and took me to my lesson. Monsieur Conté was very nice, and joked a good deal. He noticed I had a new corset, and remarked if it was a pretty one he would like to see it. Madame Vidal was very angry. I have to learn for next week a concerto in B flat major, by Dussek, and some more *Études de Vitesse*. He says he finds me a little more advanced than he really had thought.

March 5th — When I got into bed at night, whatever time it is, Madge always wakes up and says 'Are you warm enough?' If I don't answer immediately, a quarrel is certain to arise in the morning, and then we fight like cats and dogs. I have got a cough, and Madame Berg has been giving me some morphine pills, which always stop it. Madame Vidal was very angry when she came this afternoon, and threw them away, and I told Madame Berg, and she said the horriest things about her, but I did not know what she was talking about, and I only cried a little. Madame Vidal took me to my lesson, and I played the *Mouvement Perpétuel*, by Weber. Monsieur Conté said it was all wrong, and was very angry, and made me cry. Madame Vidal said to him that we were not going to stand many more scenes of this description, and that she would have me taken somewhere else, and that I was the only pupil he had whose playing was worth two sous. He calmed down at last, and said, 'Certainly, she is a little miracle, I would not lose her for anything.' And then we went home quite happy. I have finished 'John Halifax', the hero and heroine both die the same day and hour. I have begun 'Sans Famille,' by Hector Malot.

March 15th — Very wet day. We want rain, but this world is always discontent. If it rains, their clothes get spoilt, in hot weather, the sun is too strong. Mr and Mrs Lovegrove came to lunch to-day. They were frightfully rude, staring at Madame Vidal as if they had never seen a French person before. The Duc de Lille came in, but we all talked English. The Lovegroves do

not know any French When Mr Lovegrove tried to talk to the Duke, I got so red with trying not to laugh, that father thought I was choking I played afterwards the 'Mouvement Perpétuel' and the 'Bee Song,' and Mrs Lovegrove was so very funny She said patronisingly 'Why, you play as well as Sophie, who is nearly twice as old as you are' I suppose she thinks that music grows up in you like your legs and arms If so, Methuselah must have been the greatest musician in the world I made that joke myself We are all going to lunch at Paillard's to-morrow

March 30th —We had a letter this morning from Monsieur Conté, asking if I might play at the concours of his pupils next week It is so strange to get a letter asking if I may do something, instead of telling me to, that we are quite puzzled, and think he must be ill Father took me this afternoon to the Salon—an exhibition of pictures It was perfectly hateful I do not know how people can go to such hateful places I was so miserable that I cried a little, and then I suddenly saw Madame Vidal She came to us, and father said, 'What on earth's the matter?' but she did not say anything She laughed a little, and put her hand over my eyes, and took me away, and we went to tea at Columbin's She says she will take me to the Nouveau Cirque again to-morrow night I will not go to a single other place in this hateful town unless she says I may go, and she comes too

III

HÔTEL LAFOND, PARIS, *April 15th*

MY DARLING EDIE—

Thank you so much for your letter I do hope baby is better Madge says she hopes so, too, and that she liked your letter so much, and that she would write to you herself, but she has got to write to Cousin George, who has sent her a Pound She writes now without anyone guiding her hand, and won't let anyone read her letters, so I don't expect you will be able to read much of it when it comes She wants a watch, and says she is going to have an extra birthday next week, when she will be six and a-half Usually I should not have very much to write to you this time, because we have seen nearly everything in Paris, and I have told you all about it, but, as it happens, there is a most interesting piece of news Father is going to marry Madame Vidal He came and told me about it before anybody, except grandfather, before Uncle Hugh or anybody He didn't say to me, 'You are going to have a new mother,' like the fathers do in all the books, he told me just simply, like he would tell anyone else I was so glad he didn't say that I have told you a good lot about Madame Vidal, but now I must tell you a lot more In the first place, she is very beautiful, much more beautiful than anybody I ever saw, so she must, of course, be more beautiful than anybody you ever saw, because, of course, I have

travélled more I hope you don't mind my saying that I dare say you will travel quite as much some day She has been married before I think it is most proper for a man who has been married before to marry a woman who has been married before, else it would be a disadvantage for one of them She has not got any children, but I do not know whether she will have any I do hope so, because it is so nice to undress and bath them, and then your baby would have some one to play with She acts in a theatre now, because she was quite poor, and I daresay some silly people will think from that that she is not as good as they are, but she is, and nobody had better say she isn't, before me When she danced at the Opera, and I told you about her skirts being short, of course you must remember that people there have to dress up Father calls her Yvonne, and she says I may call her that, or anything I like I don't know yet what I shall call her If she has any babies, they would be my half-brothers, which is just the same, really, as being brothers, so it would seem rather funny to call them by their Christian names, and her too, but I may do just as I like, father says so too Madge says she supposes she will have to spend all her pound in giving them wedding presents She says she will be a bridesmaid, and have a blue frock, and the big imitation diamond locket which is in the jeweller's window at Chichester, and that she will have white ventilated stockings She always calls her embroidered stockings with the little holes in them ventilated stockings, but I do not expect they will have any bridesmaids They are going to be married at the beginning of May Grandfather said a lot of horrid things about it, and is constantly saying sarcastic things, and making me low bows in the way that I hate He said to me yesterday, 'You who know the world so well, Helen, and can read all the characters in it at a glance, as you can one of your Chopin morceaux' (but he was not talking sarcastically then, because he has said that to me several times before, and, of course, I have seen a great deal of the world), 'tell me your candid opinion of Yvonne Vidal' I said to him the sentence which I read to you out of that book, and which we thought was so pretty 'Le monde n'est jamais divisé pour moi qu'en deux régions, celle où elle est, et celle où elle n'est pas' He said, 'Very pretty, upon my soul,' and he said I was quite right to be loyal I do wish you could come here to the wedding We are not going to Cannes now Yvonne says that I am to send you her love, and say that she wants to see you very much Please give my love to Mrs Eyre Madge would send hers, but she has gone out to look for a wedding present for father She says all her life and money are spent in looking for wedding and birthday presents for people Goodbye, dearest Edie

Your loving

HELEN ESTCOURT-DARCY "

THEOPHANO ¹

THE CRUSADE OF THE TENTH CENTURY

A ROMANTIC MONOGRAPH

BY

FREDERIC HARRISON

CHAPTER XXVII

OLD ROME AND NEW ROME—RIVALS IN EMPIRE

THE mighty Otto, after long consideration of the two plans proposed in council, committed the fatal error of alternately resorting to both, and, for the first time in his long and splendid career, met with mortifying rebuffs in negotiation as in war. Adopting at first the advice of the politic Bishop, the Emperor advanced to Naples and there received the envoys of Nicephorus in state. The Basileus, who sought only to gain time whilst he poured reinforcements and stores into his stronghold of Bari, lured on the Germans with hopes of obtaining the hand of the Princess, and the Italian Themes as her dower. In the meantime he doubled the defences of Bari, and despatched his trusty Lord Warden to take command of the provinces in Italy and to defend them to the last drop of his blood.

Otto at last, finding himself baffled with hollow promises, listened to the advice of Count Pandulph of the Iron head and of Count Gisulph of Salerno, and, securing his rear at Beneventum, he suddenly, without warning, dashed down upon Bari, with a picked body of his Lombardic and German veterans. In his thirty years of reign, Otto had swept his enemies before him from the Baltic to the Tiber, and he looked for an easy victory in the Lombard Theme. He had made the expedition an imperial progress, with the Empress and their son in his camp, and the flower of his Saxon, Swabian, and Italian troops. But he was too late. The gallant Warden had provided at every point for a desperate defence. The fortifications of Bari stretched from sea to sea. A powerful fleet secured the coast and poured in provisions and arms. And the population, bound by long tradition and commercial interest in loyalty to the Byzantine empire, served with zeal in the defence of their city. To the summons of the Saxon to surrender the fort, Basil Digenes returned as proud a defiance. Otto had dashed upon it without the means of a regular siege, at the instance of Count Pandulph the Iron-head and his brother Landulph, who intended to make it their own. After weeks of bootless attacks which the Lord Warden repelled at every point, the Emperor retired in disgust and flung himself into the arms of the wily Bishop, whom he sent on a new embassy to Byzantium.

It was a lowering day of June, 968, when the learned and eminent Bishop of Cremona found himself at the Golden Gate of the fortifications of Constantinople, as the Ambassador plenipotentiary of the Augustus, crowned of God, the Emperor Otto. The suite of his Eminence consisted of secretaries, chamberlains, and attendants, and a select band of men-at-arms, gigantic swashbucklers from Pomerania, "bravos" in reality, who were familiarly known as the "lions." The party were mounted on their own horses, and ceremoniously challenged the guard to open the Golden Gate to the representative of his Imperial Majesty. But no gate was opened. The sky was now overcast, and the rain descended in torrents, but it did not cool the wrath of the pompous Bishop and his people. Hour after hour they waited in the storm, in spite of all their appeals and demands, the Bishop pouring out Ciceronian philippics at the barbarism of his hosts, and his officials importuning the stolid Guard of the gate with remonstrances that were neither understood nor answered.

Late in the afternoon the Silentary Symmachos arrived, with a military escort, the gates were opened, but, with positive asseverations that no foreign person could be suffered to ride through the streets of the "City guarded by God," the Bishop and his party were forced to dismount, and were taken on foot through gaping crowds and muddy and unsavoury lanes to their lodging in a remote corner of the city near Blachernæ. The residence assigned to the mission was an empty palace of marble, which the irate Bishop discovered to be cheerless, dilapidated, and comfortless, letting in rain and open to the wind. The wrath of the courtly prelate, his disappointment and vexation, could not be publicly expressed. But he vented his spleen in the turgid Ciceronian epithets scattered throughout the flowery despatch which he now addressed to his 'August and invincible Emperors of the Romans, the Ottos, and the most glorious and August Empress, Adelheida,'—a record which, with all its exaggeration, pomposity, and caricature, is one of the most precious documents of the Middle Ages.

Two days of delay passed in which the Bishop fumed and inveighed against "the Greeks," and all their tribe, pouring anathemas on the building, the food, the wine, and the accommodation, on Michael, the Sicilian, who was appointed their caterer and "steward of the palace." His Eminence now found that he was practically a prisoner, and guarded by uncouth Russian sentinels who neither understood his language nor suffered his attendants to pass or communicate outside. At last, he received an official summons from Leo, the brother of Nicephorus, and Curopalates, who desired to regulate the ceremonial of the reception by the Basileus. Again the portly prelate had to wade through mud and rain on foot, he arrived breathless and in a bad temper, and bustled into the chamber of the royal palace, proud of his mastery of the Greek language, and bearing the missive that contained his credentials from his sovereign. Luitprand began a speech that he had prepared in Demosthenic style, wherein he called himself the envoy of "the August Basileus of the Romans." But here Leo peremptorily interrupted him, and said, "there is but one August

Basileus of the Romans on God's earth, and he resides in this Sacred Palace Your master, we understand, is king of several tribes of the West, and we could not recognise his envoy under any other style "

"But my Lord, who of old was crowned King both in Germany and in Italy, was lately anointed *Imperator Augustus*, which in your tongue is *Basileus*, by the Holy Father himself, in the Church of the Apostle Peter in Rome, and that with the assent of the prelates, barons, and people of Rome Augustus, Trajan, and Constantine, had no more solemn investiture of that holy and sublime office "

"What! do you venture to call that a legitimate consecration which was attempted by the infamous traitor, John XII? " asked Leo, bluntly "We heard that your king deposed the apostate priest who officiated at his coronation, and crucified the populace which shouted at his installation "

"My Lord the Emperor has indeed had occasion to purge the prelacy and the mob of the Eternal City, and there can be no better proof of his imperial authority and his unquestioned title to rule," said the Bishop, stoutly

"The pretension to assume the title of *Imperator of the Romans* was an attack on the prerogative of the imperial successor of Constantine the Great," said Leo, positively "And you, my lord, cannot be admitted to an audience if you persist in claiming for your master the title of *Basileus* "

"But *Basileus* is Greek for *King*? is it not?" the Bishop rejoined "No!" said Leo, "the Greek word for *king* is Πῆξ "

"That is Latin, *Rex*, not Greek," cried out the learned and pertinacious Bishop

"It seems that you have come here, my Lord Bishop, to quarrel and to insult us, and not to make peace," said Leo, determined to close the interview

Seeing no chance of pressing his point, the Prelate advanced to hand his diploma to the Curopalates in order to be laid before the Emperor himself But Leo, with an air of sovereign disdain, declined to handle the missive, which he waved to the Grand Interpreter to take into his charge He abruptly closed the interview, and the Silentary conducted the disconcerted envoy to his own abode, muttering his indignation, with tags from Cicero, Virgil, and the Bible

"The tall man thinks himself a Master of the Ceremonies," said the Bishop to his secretaries, "but he is a broken reed like Pharaoh of Egypt, as the Prophet says, whereon if a man lean, it will pierce his hand "

The very next day it was Whitsunday, the Bishop received the summons to attend the audience of the Emperor at seven o'clock in the morning At six he began his weary tramp on foot from the Northern end of the city, and after some delay was ushered into the magnificent Hall of the Nineteen Couches There Nicephorus, in state robes (which the irritable Bishop declares were old and ill fitting), sat on the throne of Solomon with the golden lions on the steps, the young Basileus sitting on stools behind his left hand The ambassador of Otto, remembering the courtly magnificence of Constantine, had

expected a royal welcome His wrath was great when Nicephorus, with a stern look, and not rising from his throne, motioned to the envoy to approach the foot of the dais and prostrate himself The Basileus, deeply resenting as an insult the claim of the German king to usurp his title, and boiling with indignation at the outrage of Otto's treacherous attack on his Italian provinces, began in this fierce tone

"It would have been our right, indeed our pleasure, could we have been able to receive your embassy with the amity and the magnificence this Court shows to all friendly powers The disloyal conduct of your master has made that impossible He has taken up a hostile attitude, and has invaded our city of Rome, which he claims as his own He has put to death our friend, King Berengar, and his son Adelbert, in defiance of law and of right He has slain many of our Roman subjects by the sword or by the halter he has put out the eyes of others, and driven some into exile He has attacked cities of our empire with fire and sword, and seeks by force to annex them to his kingdom And now, when he finds himself baffled in his treacherous attempts, he affects to be a peaceful friend, and he sends you—you the counsellor and the contriver of these misdeeds—to come to our Court to act as spy rather than ambassador "

The stout Bishop, full of pride in his sovereign, the great Otto, and in the Holy Catholic Church, of both of which he was now the mouth piece, was not the man to be cowed by such a fierce diatribe from the "Basileus of the Greeks", and he boldly retorted in kind, though much of the Ciceronian rhetoric he pours into his famous despatch was spoken in Italian, aside to his secretary, or was polished at leisure in his closet at home

"When my Master invaded the city of Rome it was not as a usurper, nor as a tyrant, but to deliver the city from a tyrant, or rather from a gang of tyrants Rome was in the hands of debauchees, nay, of harlots Surely your Mightiness slumbered—or rather your predecessors in title If they were in fact, and not only in name, Roman Emperors, would they have left Rome a prey to abandoned women? This court has never hesitated to depose, to oppress the Holy Fathers in times gone by, till they have been without means to carry on their office As to Prince Adelbert, he insulted your predecessors on the throne, he despoiled the church of the Holy Apostles My Lord came down across the Alps and drove out the traitors and the criminals, doing justice on rebels, as the Roman Emperors of old ordained As to Berengar and his son Adelbert, they first made themselves liegemen of my own Lord, and received from him the golden sceptre of the kingdom of Italy Then they turned traitors and rebelled against him They were driven out—but they are not dead Your Majesty is wrot to treat rebellion in very much such fashion, I trow "

"The champion of Adelbert tells us a very different tale," interposed Nicephorus

"Let that be decided by single combat in arms," broke out the Bishop, warmly "Any one of my men at arms shall to-morrow, if you give us the lists, prove him on his body to be a false traitor "

"Enough," said Nicephorus, sternly, "assume that Adelbert turned traitor. Now answer me this. Why did your master break into our land with fire and sword? We were on friendly terms, and were contemplating a perpetual alliance and union by marriage."

"We hold, Sire," said Luitprand, proudly, "that the lands claimed as Byzantine Themes are part of the Italian kingdom—Italian by race, custom, and tongue. They were held of old by Lombard chiefs, and Lewis, the Frank sovereign, recovered them from the Saracens. It was only by arrangement they passed to the rulers of this realm. But now, my Lord and Master has sent me to effect a settlement of all these disputed questions by an alliance of the Princess Theophano with his own son Otto, on the terms as to her dowry, which I am commissioned to propose."

"We have heard enough of this, and must adjourn the audience," said the Emperor, abruptly. "It is past eight o'clock, and the procession of this Holy Festival of Pentecost is about to be formed." And Nicephorus rose and had himself arrayed in solemn state.

The Bishop was duly escorted into the tribune of the choir singers, and relieved his spleen by writing for his Imperial sovereigns a grotesque account of the ceremony. On his return he found things rather less acrimonious at court.

Nicephorus had now been advised by Leo, Basil the Chancellor, and other councillors, that it would be unwise to reject altogether the overtures of the mighty Emperor in the West, and Basil, and the party of the Empress, ardently desired the proposed alliance. This Nicephorus and his brother could not brook to accept, but they were persuaded to play with the ambassador of the Ottos, at least whilst the great campaign in the East was hardly at an end. Accordingly, Leo was instructed to invite the Bishop to the imperial banquet, and there Nicephorus treated him, not so much with haughty contempt, as with the rough humour of the camp. The Bishop, to his disgust, found himself placed low at the royal table, and surfeited with the unknown dishes, the oil, the caviare, and sauces of the banquet. His spleen broke forth in Ciceronian epithets about the food and the resinous wine, nor was he conciliated by the rough banter of the Emperor himself. The bishop was heckled as to the extent of the German armies and territories, and he at once opened a high flown harangue on the dominions of his master and the prowess of his soldiers.

"Nonsense!" cried Nicephorus, with a loud laugh, for he was resolved to flout and mock the Latin phrase monger, "they tell me the cavalry are but poor horsemen, and the footmen are so overweighted with corselets, helmets, long swords, and big shields, that they have no mobility in action. And they eat and drink too much, making a God of their bellies, though perhaps their drink gives them pot courage, and they can do nothing when rations are short." And Nicephorus, proud of his Cossack troopers and his lithe mounted bowmen, laughed aloud as he had done round many a camp fire.

"Then mark this, my Lord Bishop," Nicephorus went on, returning to his angry tone. "Your master has no fleet. Sea-power is ours

We make war by sea as well as by land We have two arms with which to strike You have but one If we go to war with your master, we shall destroy his sea board cities, and reduce to ashes all that we can reach by any waterway Did we not drive him back from Bari? He came there in force—with his wife and his son—with his Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians, and Italians All of them together failed to capture one petty town Do you think they could withstand us, whose armies are as numberless as the stars in heaven or the waves of the sea?"

The indignant Bishop tried to speak, but Nicephorus waved him to his seat 'You are not Romans at all, you are Lombards,' he shouted

But this was more than the Italian could endure Nicephorus raised his hand to bid him be silent, but he broke forth "Romulus, who killed his brother, and who was born in adultery, gave his name to the Romans Then he opened an asylum to which homicides, debtors, slaves, and felons resorted, and so he named the mongrel crew his Romans That was the origin of those whom you call the 'Masters of the World' We, Lombards, Saxons, Swabians, Franks, Lorrainers, Bavarians, and Burgundians call a man a 'Roman' when we want to give him an opprobrious name We mean by Roman whatever is most mean, cowardly, greedy, effeminate, mendacious, and vicious As to whether we know how to fight on foot or on horse, the next war will prove"

This insolent philippic of the wrathful Bishop was blurted out in incoherent passion amidst the derisive murmurs of the courtiers Nicephorus did not listen to his sallies, and abruptly rose from the table, ordering the officials to carry the ambassador back to his lodging For days the miserable prelate lay there practically in prison, neglected, and ill, he declares, from the poisonous wine and the pickled sturgeon he had received His piteous appeal to the Curopalates only gained him an interview with the Prime Minister, Basil, the Secretary of State, and the Prefect, who told him that the only terms on which the Sacred Palace could consent to giving a Basilian Princess Born in the Purple to a Teuton prince would be the cession of Ravenna, Rome, and the Italian duchies to their lawful sovereign King Otto might have peace if he resigned Rome and all Imperial pretensions

The diplomacy of Byzantium—the great original of which that of the Sublime Porte and of Holy Russia have been but feeble imitations—was employed to play with the wordy Prelate, whilst detaining him practically as a hostage or a prisoner He received a series of affronts and rebuffs He was left whole days without supplies, he was made to give precedence to barbarian envoys from Bulgaria, unkempt creatures in uncouth dress," he said Once he was so rude that he was sent to dine at the inn, where Nicephorus in mockery sent him from his own table "a dish of kid stewed in pickled fish sauce, garlic, and spices" After months of endless negotiations, Luitprand had a final audience with Nicephorus, to whom he was forced to prostrate himself beneath the imperial feet "Take back our last word to your King," said the Basileus, 'let him cease to usurp our style and infest

our provinces, and then come back to us and bring us a favourable answer "

When the great Saxon Emperor learned how his embassy had been treated, and received the vermilion and golden sealed epistle of Nicephorus composed in the same disdainful tone, he again invaded Apulia and assaulted its towns and castles. The Byzantines had been preparing for the encounter all through the time of the Bishop's visit. Basil Digenes was in command of the forces, and he flew from one stronghold to another, providing its defences and animating the troops. Otto made no real way beyond laying waste the Greek Themes and plundering the unwallied towns. At last the fevers of plains and the vigorous defence of the castles wore out the strength of his German veterans. The Emperor withdrew to the North, leaving the Count Pandulph of the Iron Head to carry on the campaign at the head of his Lombard and Italian force. The Count gained some successes and laid siege to Bovinum in the Samnite mountains. Basil Digenes threw himself into the fort and commanded a sortie upon the Count's own camp. There the Iron Head met the Lord Warden in single combat, and a tremendous duel ensued. The Count was dismounted and the scimitar of Basil clove his helmet at the very instant that the huge mace of Pandulph crashed into the brain of the Warden. The gigantic Lord of Capua was taken prisoner, desperately wounded, then bound in chains and shipped off to Byzantium, in the same vessel that carried back the lifeless body of his antagonist. Nicephorus mourned his friend, comrade, and right arm—for whom he was wont to say ten victories over the Teuton usurper and his allies would be but a poor compensation. In the legends, romances and ballads of Byzantine glory, the memory of Basil Digenes long remained as the type of chivalry and knighthood. And the Princess Agatha hid her sorrow for her betrothed in a convent. And so, after all her adventures, her hopes, and her struggles, she did at last become the Bride of Christ.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BASILEUS IN COUNCIL

NICEPHORUS was seated in his Privy Cabinet of the palace at Constantinople with his judges and officers of the law, for he felt the internal state of the empire to be as vital as was the defeat of its enemies on the frontier. He was in council with Simon, Patrician and Chief Secretary of State, Eustathius Romanus, another Patrician, Chief Justice, and two Professors from the Faculty of Law.

"My learned Lords," said the Basileus, "I hope that we may now finally pass the new law that we have in draft on 'Gifts to monasteries, hospitals, and infirmaries in the Roman Empire.' We have called you to advise if the *Novel*, as we propose to issue it, will fully carry out our imperial design. We find the whole realm to be undermined by the inordinate extent to which monastic institutions have swollen. Multitudes who ought to serve God and this kingdom in arms and

in useful service drone away their lives in monkish indolence The very existence of this Christian land is in peril, surrounded as it is by enemies of Christ, Hagarenes, heathens, heretics, and barbarians, whilst day by day our people crowd into the sloth of convents, hermitages, and hospitals for old and infirm And the wealth that should go into the exchequer of our State is locked up in these unprofitable houses of refuge for the cowards and the idlers of our people My Lords, I am resolved to mend it—or to end it”

“Sire,” said Lord Simon, the Secretary of State, “the *Novel* that we now submit to your imperial wisdom, to be added to the Code of your predecessors on the throne, has been carefully drafted so as to prohibit the foundation of any new monastic or charitable corporation, whilst fully guaranteeing the maintenance of all foundations already existing We conceive it to be no part of the purpose of your Majesty to suppress the pious foundations of the past, or to confiscate the estates which have been dedicated in law to any religious uses”

“God forbid that I should lay sacrilegious hands on that which is dedicated to God and to the Saints Would that I could recall some of the follies and the errors of past years But we will curb this disease in the future Monks are becoming the dry rot of our Rome Stout fellows who should bear arms in the ranks flock into these refuges for the no’er do wells And half the land of our empire is withdrawn from its due cultivation and its due quota of taxation”

“It will be no part of your Imperial will to restrict the alienation in mortmain of estates for the support of old established religious houses?” said Simon, the Protosecretis

“This must be strictly limited to the restoration of houses which have fallen into decay,” replied the Basileus

“And will this apply to pious gifts to the use of Bishoprics and Metropolitan sees?” asked the Chief Justice

“Assuredly,” replied Nicephorus, with decision, “there are already too many They are too rich, too luxurious, and too useless Our realm gets no good from them There shall be no more founded, whilst I bear rule in Rome”

“And as to the cells and hermitages of solitary recluses, your Majesty will not interfere with them?” asked Simon, with some anxiety

“Not with true and genuine cells,” said Nicephorus, somewhat doubting, “not if the man honestly seeks to live a godly life in prayer—alone—and for ever The prayers of such avail us much The blessed Elijah went into the wilderness, and when he lay down to die under a juniper tree he was visited by an angel, and was fed by ravens And so John, the Forerunner of Christ, went into the wilderness, and his meat was locusts and wild honey And Christ Himself withdrew into the desert, fasting forty days and forty nights Such a life is holy, and may purge the dross out of our people Would that I, too, myself had been suffered to end my days in such wise No! my Lords, we approve of a true and sincere hermitage, of these cells and lauras, as they name them, so that they be solitary, and in desert

places, in rocks, and mountains, far from men So that no cell be set up anew on habitable and cultivated ground—this we sanction and approve with our Imperial blessing ”

And now Basil, the Prime Minister, craved an audience, and was admitted to the Council

“Sire,” he began, “we shall have very serious opposition to meet from the churchmen, especially from the regular orders, in all forms There is already within the Palace a body of monks and prelates, led by the great Abbot of the *Stoudion*, who have got tidings of the new Imperial *Novel*, and loudly demand to be heard We shall have trouble, indeed, if we have this tribe against us ”

“Bring them in,” said Nicephorus, proudly, “we will meet them face to face The Basileus will not be driven from his purpose by a whole army of these men of God ”

Presently the deputation of the monasteries was ushered in, and Anthony, the Syncellus of St George of the *Stoudion*, spoke in their name in no measured terms

He said that the whole world of those holy men who wear the mitre and the cowl were alarmed at rumours of the new legislation proposed They could not believe that their most pious and devout Basileus designed to discourage the religious life of the capital and the realm Nor could he be purposed to annul the gifts of good men and good women, who sought to save their souls by devoting their substance to God

“Most venerable Abbot and you right reverend prelates and fathers in the Lord,” said Nicephorus, with a quiet smile, “it will not be believed by any man of sense that we, the Basileus Augustus, by the grace of God, intend aught of wrong against Holy Church and its consecrated ministers It is known to all men how, after the recovery of Crete from the children of Hagar, we ourselves dedicated a large share of the gold spoil to pious uses Have we not vastly added to the venerable monastery of Mount Athos, and made it the central sanctuary of our realm? Have we not adorned its Church with trophies of bronze and of marble? Have we not presented it with those price less and adorable relics—a fragment of the Cross of Calvary and the head of St Basil, of miraculous power? ”

“It is known to all men, Sire,” said the Abbot, pertinaciously, “and it will be counted to your Majesty at the judgment seat of God But the report runs that, forsaking such excellent examples in the past, your Council have prepared an edict whereby those pious men and women who have been blessed by the Almighty with the wealth of this world are to be restrained from dedicating it to His service for the salvation of their souls, even in the hour of their death ” now

“Let them dedicate themselves to His service in life,” said Nicephorus, passionately, “and not withdraw their estates from the service of the State, when they can enjoy them no more We intend not to hurt or to restrain any existing house of religion or of charity by the contrary, we provide for the restoration and repair of those places which are decayed. But we will suffer none to be founded anew Therefore

cover our realm—'ye lay up for yourselves treasures upon earth Where your treasure is, there is your heart also'!"

The crowd of portly prelates, obsequious monks, and mendicant hermits retired abashed and cringing before this tempest of imperial disdain But the stern Abbot of the *Stoudion* made a haughty obeisance and retired with a bitter scowl He knew himself to have authority with the people, now at least equal to that of the Basileus And he was in close alliance with the faction of the Basilissa, and in secret conspiracy with Theophano herself

The politic Prime Minister had listened to the outburst of Nicephorus with no small anxiety and surprise He took occasion to warn his master of the power of the monastic orders and their ill will towards any repressive legislation And he had fully tracked their machinations with the superstitious populace and their concert with the Empress and her friends at the Court and in the Capital He implored the Sovereign to moderate the new edict He pressed him to remember how the people and the Church had defied and overborne the greatest of the Iconoclast emperors in times gone by

"Aye, well I know that they will bear me ill will, and bitterly resent my act Do I seek to please men or to please God? as the blessed Saint Paul saith I am the servant of Christ And of this I am sure that, whatever may be said by these pampered men of the cloister, the wise and righteous will acknowledge that our purpose is most salutary to all true servants of the Lord as well as to the well being of this our realm No more of this My Lord Simon, you are charged to publish this edict forthwith to bear title as the 'First Novel of our Reign'"

Thereupon Nicephorus turned to consider the drafts of other new edicts, referring to the tenure of fiefs by soldiers and by feudal chiefs His whole mind was bent on founding a great and standing military order, who should hold lands in perpetuity under condition of service in arms Basil, as Chancellor of Requests and Petitions, was charged with this *Novel*, whereby it was forbidden to a rich proprietor to purchase a military fief, and by a third it was decreed that a military fief, abandoned for three years by its tenant, should revert to the general body of military tenures, and not fall into private hands By a fourth *Novel* it was ordered that the estates of great proprietors should not be broken up, but remain in perpetuity estates of magnates And, similarly, small farms could be acquired only by yeomen The whole legislative scheme was a rude and ineffectual effort to erect a system of graduated feudal tenures, and to found a permanent order of settled warriors holding lands of the Empire on the tenure of defending it in arms

And now Nicephorus turned to a scheme which he had even more at heart, but where no imperial edict without the sanction of the Church could avail The dearest wish of his heart had long been to obtain from the Patriarch the right to promise the honour of martyrdom for Christian soldiers who might fall in the holy war with the Infidel Polyeuctus was now the enemy rather than the friend or

the counsellor of Nicephorus, and the Emperor had solicited the help of Athanasius of Mount Athos to achieve his end. The Council and the legists were dismissed, and the monk was admitted in private audience.

"Venerable father in God," said the Basileus, humbly saluting his spiritual director as if he were nothing but a penitent in confession, "you who have known Nicephorus all these years as a simple soldier of Christ, you who have so often seen his whole heart and soul laid bare to your sight as to that of God himself—you know how real is my reverence for holy Church and its true sons, how deep is my resolve to defend the faith to the end. It is menaced with ruin, and, in spite of all our efforts to save it, the Cross will one day fall before the False Prophet, if we cannot find some new spirit to fire the hearts of our Roman soldiers in the fight. They are brave enough, stouter men than these Hagarenes, and their hearts are in the cause. But there is one thing they lack—one thing that these sons of Ishmael have—one thing which makes them men impossible to beat. These infidels glory in their death. To them to die in battle is to triumph and to be blessed for evermore. The false promises of the false Prophet so delude them that they rejoice with their last gasp that they are passing into Paradise, and with their dying eyes they see the hours of their foul dreams waiting to escort them to the presence of God. I tell you, my father, I have seen these unbelievers on a hundred battlefields die smiling with joy, as men smile who have won the prize in the chariot race, or as martyrs smile when they see Christ in the sky above the scaffold, saying to them, 'Come, ye blessed of the Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Our men will face death, but they do not glory in death, seek for death, long for death as a priceless glory, and certain heaven. If Holy Church awarded them the palm of martyrdom, they would be consumed with such fire that they would sweep the Hagarenes back into their desert. Verily they are martyrs. They witness to the eternal Word of Christ."

"Sire," replied the monk, his worn and cadaverous form in strange contrast with the massive frame of the Basileus, "I have held long interviews with the venerable Patriarch, and I find him inexorable and in bitter opposition to your schemes of reform, and especially to this."

"Go back to his Holiness and press him to consider the imminent peril of our Empire and our Faith."

"He will never yield. He has made it a matter of faith, of respect for the sacred ordinances of our Church. The canons of Saint Basil exclude from the sacraments during three years those who have shed blood."

"What! those who die fighting for Christ in defence of His people and of His consecrated altars and fanes!"

"It is the law of the Church, which neither sovereign nor prelate can rescind. And the law of God's Church in Council pronounced is the law of God," said the monk, sadly, but with invincible tenacity.

"But this is to sacrifice the people of God to the decrees of men Truly, as the Apostle saith, 'the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive' The Patriarch has entered into the conspiracy against me And I know that it is fomented even within this very palace My enemies and traitors are here. But I will not suffer them to make it the secret haunt of their designs The prime mover of these deeds is about to be removed"

"My son, what dost thou mean? Hast thou committed thyself to any attempt against the life or the liberty of the Basilissa? Beware, O King, it is a terrible path thou art about to tread!"

"My father, at midnight this day Theophano will be taken in her chamber and silently removed to the royal villa at *Prote* No harm or indignity will befall her She will be attended as a Basilissa in retreat with ample retinue—but a sure guard She will no longer countermine my government nor plot against my honour and my life She or I must succumb in this long strife I am necessary yet awhile to Rome and this cause, or I would rejoice to be her victim Her victim I may yet be I will not be her plaything, or her tool—No! nor shall she be my dishonour!"

"Nicephorus, my son in God," said the monk, sternly, "thou art treading the path that leadeth to destruction It was foul sin when thou didst defy the ordinances of Holy Church to wed the relict of our late Basileus Thy abominable sin hath found thee out, and now thou art rushing into fresh sin in seeking to put her away What cause hath she given thee, what that thou didst not know—or shouldst have known—when thou hadst her to wife?"

"Father, I say to thee, even as David said to Nathan, 'I have sinned against the Lord' But the woman has been seeking to seduce my best comrades and officers, and tempting them to betray me and to dishonour me"

"Has all this been proved before competent judges? Would his Holiness the Patriarch hold any communion with her if he was certain of her guilt? What proof have you of her offences and, especially, of the sin of infidelity to her husband?"

"I can obtain no such proof as would convince the Patriarch, who still holds her undefiled, and even seeks her aid in resisting my ordinances as to the Church and my soldiers"

"Whom has she seduced?" said the monk, imperatively

"She seized and then tempted my best beloved friend and comrade whom I now mourn as my brother, and then she sought to cast her spell on my chief general, with whom I suspect she is plotting against my throne—aye, and I suspect against my life"

"Is this more than suspicion and the fear which ever haunts this Palace? Is not this more truly, my son of sorrow, a sinful love turning into suspicious hate? What proof hast thou of open crime?"

"Speak not of hate, my father, for all her offences and treacheries have not yet utterly burnt out my love For the sake of Rome and of this cause, and the people of Christ, I must live and rule, and to live and to rule I must put her away But it is agony even now, my

father, to part from her I would die rather than do harm to a single hair of her head But she must depart from out this house, from out this city, lest she ruin more men whom this Empire needs in the present sore straits "

"She must not depart from this place, nor be cast out from your throne Part from the bed that it was sin and folly to have entered But touch not her Imperial rights Rome has ever suffered when the house of its rulers has been rent in twain Remember the dark history of this Palace, and its dynasties, and all the deeds of shame and horror which were done of old when husband drove out wife, and wife conspired against husband, when mother deposed her son, and son rose against father, and brother murdered brother Remember what was done by an Irene, an Eudocia, a Theodora, a Michael, a Justin, and a Theophilus Begin not a new tragedy in this house of which the very walls bear witness to deeds of cruelty, passion, and sin To throw into prison the widow of Romanus would divide this realm into factions, and would renew the household feuds and horrors which have ceased now for fifty years And these children, the young Basileis, who must in a few years reign here, how shall they be reared whilst their mother is a prisoner, how will they bear with him who cast her into prison? "

"I am the victim of a cruel alternative, my father, but I am ready to die for this cause If she has her way, she will ruin it, and most assuredly she will work that ruin by my death "

'Then die, if it be the will of God, but sin not—or sin no more Add not cruelty, revenge, and oppression to lust and folly Leave to this woman her undoubted rights as Empress, as mother of our emperors, as your own wife Live your own life apart from her as you choose But, if you make her your prisoner, the object of your enmity and anger, the whole force of Mother Church shall be directed to restrain your violence, and to defend your victim '

"And the Church condemns me to death, and makes me the victim," said Nicephorus, sadly, and with resignation

"If you do not yield to its summons," replied the monk, with imperious tone, "the Church will expel you from its offices, refuse you its absolution, and abandon you to the spirits of Evil to die unforgiven in your sins Choose, Nicephorus, between your passion and the safety of your soul "

With this terrible word, which was cruel enough to break every spirit of that age, the inexorable confessor left the presence

And hour after hour the Basileus, with groans and prayers, looked down into the black gulf on the edge of which he felt that he stood

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RISING STORM

NICEPHORUS in proud trust in his own mission from on high, and conscious of his own rectitude and devotion to the cause of God's

realm on earth, would brook no interference with his will from his ministers, his people, or the priests. He yielded only to the venerated Abbot of Mount Athos, his own beloved friend and confessor, Athanasius, in the matter of the Empress, Theophano. He abstained from carrying out his purpose to remove her from the city and place her in honorary restraint. And his submission to the saintly hermit was not a little aided by some lingering, if unconscious, touches of tenderness for the woman whom he once had loved so passionately, and so humbly, so blindly, so devoutly had adored. He was again striving every nerve to reorganise a vast expedition for a third Asian campaign, wherein he was finally to crush the dynasty of Chamdas and secure the Syrian gates of Lebanon so as to open the way of triumph to the Holy Land itself.

The enormous cost of these levies of men, drawn from all parts of the Empire, from the coast of Italy, across Greece and Asia, as far as the sources of the Euphrates, of the countless stores, arms, and equipments they required, strained to the utmost the finances of the State. Nicephorus knew nothing of fiscal resources and of ways and means. He despised all uses of money, unless it were treated as the sinews of war. He left to his ministers the duty of devising the methods of taxation. All that he insisted on was the perpetual replenishment of his war chests—*rem quocunque modo, rem*. He ordered the Exchequer to exact the taxes to the most rigid point. He allowed bishoprics, abbeys, and eleemosynary foundations to remain vacant, whilst the revenues were collected by the State. He withheld the customary doles to the senators and high officers of the Empire, in the name of public economy and the needs of the war against the Infidel. Leo, his brother, and Sisinnios, the Prefect, were loudly accused of regrating corn during time of scarcity. And, worse than all, they obtained from the ignorance of the Emperor a decree to coin a new *nomisma*, or gold bezant, which was said to be alloyed as to one fourth with baser metal, and was henceforth known as a *tetarteron*, a "quarterpiece."

The popular discontent grew day by day, fanned by disappointed nobles, voluble demagogues, and fanatical monks. All day long angry crowds gathered in the streets, markets, and courts of the churches. They were roughly handled by the city police, or savagely dispersed by the foreign guardsmen. The great Armenian soldier himself, his whole soul aflame with the thought of the holy war, despised equally the effeminate nobility, the noisy mob, and the lazy monks. But his martial eye perceived the defenceless condition of the "Sacred Palace," and he saw the necessity of securing the seat of government. Accordingly, he undertook a vast defensive work—a wall with towers, battlements, and gates which cut off the city from the Palace. It was something like the later rampart we see to day that stretches from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, and separates the old Seraglio and its dependencies from the rest of Stamboul. And, not content with this vast domestic defence, Nicephorus proceeded to enlarge and fortify the palace of Boucoleon on the edge of the port, which hence-

forth became the Imperial abode and "keep," as the Normans would have named it. It was the real "Bastille."

Crowds would gather round the works, as thousands of labourers, imported mainly from the Thessalonican Theme and the Greek islands, toiled over the long lines of masonry. Here a voluble street orator, one Simeon, a cobbler by trade, got a number of loafers to listen to his eloquence. "What is to become of us, my friends, if everything in Rome is to be sacrificed to paying soldiers and building fortresses? We used to believe this city with its walls was safe enough against all enemies East or West, barbarians or infidels, whether they came in ships or over the mountains of Thrace. Are we the barbarians or the infidels against whom the Basileis must be protected by walls and towers? I can remember, my lads, the days of Constantine, the good, dear old man, who hated war, and gave us lovely shows, and then young Romanus, with his free hand and kind smile, whom somebody made an end of, they do tell me. Will fighting in Syria bring us bread, or make trade brisk? In old days, the Court took care to sell us poor folks corn at a cheap rate in bad times. But now it doubles the price, whilst the poll tax keeps it company at the same rate. And nobody gets work but these blacklegs of Hellenes, or the leather sellers on the Strymon, where they make the troopers' boots." But here a detachment of Macedonian spearmen, marching to relieve the guard, broke in upon the crowd, roughly forcing their way with the flat of their swords and many a broken head, as they dashed the citizens aside with their round bucklers. Amid shrieks, yells, and curses, the terrified mob took to their heels.

The next day it was Easter Eve, and the city was filled with crowds which poured in from all the country round to attend the celebrations of Holy Week, and the myriad Churches, Chapels, and Chuntries rang night and day with *Kyrie Eleison*, litanies, and wild sermons, interspersed with hardly veiled attacks on the imperial government and even person. In the great courtyard of the *Stoudion* monastery, an eloquent brother Elias was holding forth to an excited crowd.

"You have heard, my brethren, how they are about to confiscate the lands and properties dedicated of old by the pious to the Prince of Peace and to the uses of his poorest servants in order to devote them to war. They pretend that it is a Holy War, a Crusade against the Hagarene, to rescue our brethren from the False Prophet. Was the war against our Christian neighbours, the Bulgars, a Holy War? Was the war with the Catholic Princes of Italy and the German Cæsar a Crusade for the Faith? Are there not False Prophets—aye, and cruel tyrants—amongst the rulers of a Christian State? It is a strange way to drive out the unbelievers to make a dead set at our Mother Church and seize its poor alms whereby it supports the servants of Christ, and keeps alive the starving and needy children of God. We have to feed them, we have to live ourselves, we humble brothers of the destitute and the sick. Do my brethren here in these cold cells, do I, look like one who is pampered with good things and clothed in rich garments? No! my brothers, we are the Lazarus of whom our Blessed Lord spake,

and the Rich man of His proverb lords it behind those Golden Gates Verily I tell them that we, the poor and the humble, will be in the bosom of Father Abraham above, and thence we shall see those who have robbed us cast into Hell, being in torment amid the flames, crying to the Lord to allay their pains "

The crowd broke up with great excitement and gathered in knots at the street corners and markets At one group, a farmer, who had come in from a neighbouring village, was pouring out his griefs to sympathising citizens ' A company of savage fellows from Mount Rhodope, professing to be new levies for the Macedonian shieldmen, had plundered his homestead, killed his goats, carried off his best horse, robbed his chest, and outraged his daughters ' " Had he brought his plaint to the city Magistrates? " " He had, and the sergeant of the company got five big ruffians to swear it was false " " The civil courts can do nothing in the way of justice on a soldier! " another cried " In my case," said another in the crowd, " I had my plaint laid before a member of the Emperor's own staff All that I got for reply was that the holy war had in fact begun, and the autocrat could listen to nothing but to military crimes " " Oh! as to that," whined a shrunken and tattered fellow in the crowd, " I know that he can be pitiless enough I was charged with being asleep on sentry go, and got my nose slit, as you see, my Masters, and four dozen rods broken on my bare back I was a ruined man from that day, and have had to beg in the streets ever since Even the monks will not take me with these scars, for I served in the Bulgar war, and am cut off from the sacraments of the Church Masters, I tell you, the Basileus is drunk with war, mad with war To smash the Prophet, he is ready to sacrifice the people of Christ wholesale "

All this time frequent conferences were being held within the Palace itself, in the apartments of the Basilissa, with her connivance, and even in her presence from time to time, which constituted a sort of palace opposition to the imperial policy and decrees The Patriarch would often attend Two magistroi, and three other patricians, and the Abbot of the *Stoudion* joined the conclave Day after day, the Patriarch would denounce the informal, schismatic, and uncanonical Synod, wherein the Basileus had obtained the right to choose for bishoprics and abbeys those who were presented to his choice by the Church It was the eternal quarrel of the " investitures," between Church and sovereign, which so often and so long shook the West ' This man of war, this unlearned and unregenerate soldier," Poly euctus would argue, " can thus put into the sees throughout the Empire creatures of his own, and if we refuse to present churchmen whom he favours, he can keep the holy office vacant, whilst his fisc absorbs the revenues to lavish them on the troops "

The fanatical Abbot of the *Stoudion* now broke in " He has even dared to tamper with the dues that are levied by our holy Abbey according to ancient constitutions of the pious sovereigns who succeeded the sacrilegious race of Iconoclasts His officers even ventured to im

pound the tribute of oil that belongs of right to the monks of Mount Athos

'Father Athanasius,' interposed Theophano, "will bring him to reason there. He is the one man in Church or in State to whom my lord and master will listen."

"There is still one woman to whom he gives way," fawned the patrician, Theodore

"No longer," she replied, hotly, and added, with an air of resignation, "He has designs upon my liberty—perhaps upon my life."

"Defend yourself, Madam," said Theodore, "your life, your full freedom of action is now the most precious thing left in Rome. Appeal to the army, to its gallant leaders, to the senate, and the nobles of our land."

"Our prerogatives are being torn from us day by day," groaned the Magistros Marianos, "the donations which our bounteous sovereigns from old time distributed to the nobles at the Holy Festivals have been withheld by absurd pretexts of economy. Not that we need or value such trifles of the royal favour. But the public withholding of them has been a slur on our honour and has fatally diminished our influence with the government and our authority with the people."

'A chief must be found who is able to resist this oppression,' said the Patriarch

Say, rather,' said the Abbot, "one who is able to replace the oppressor."

Marianos and the Patricians smiled with a complacent and important air

'Remember,' said Theophano, with decision, "nothing can be done but by a soldier. No man can stem the oppression that desolates this empire, if he has not the voice of the army. None could wean them from devotion to Nicephorus, but a hero, a beloved chief, one who has led them to victory in a hundred fights."

"Her Majesty speaks truly and wisely," said the crafty Abbot, as the conference closed. Nor did Magistroi or Patricians venture to say her—nay

On Ascension Day, from early dawn, the streets were crowded with citizens and countryfolk hurrying to witness the processions to the fanes and take part in the ceremonies of the festival. At the Neorion port on the Golden Horn near the *Strategion*, where a body of new recruits had been exercising, a riot broke out between them and the sailors of the merchant ships. These wild fellows from the Armenian highlands looked upon the capital as a conquered city, and had begun to plunder the wine, fruit, and meats that were in course of unloading on the quay. The dealers, their men and the seamen defended their property. Arms were drawn, and a furious mob assailed the troopers with every missile within reach. For an hour the whole quarter rang with cries of battle and the din of the riot. The soldiers at last, outnumbered and surrounded, fought their way back to their quarters, leaving many dead and dying on the ground. Nor was order restored

until the Prefect arrived with a strong guard, and vainly tried to pacify the crowds of citizens who called for punishment of the aggressors, carrying in procession the corpses of their comrades, and intending to bear them to the very gate of the Palace

Week by week the irritation of the city had been increasing, which Nicephorus, if he noticed it at all, treated with quiet disdain. On that very Day of Ascension he made the official visit of ceremony to the venerated church of Mary outside the Northern rampart, known then, and now, as *Pegé*—or the Holy Well. Leo, our young student, and his friend, Joannes, the "Geometer," had been called out to the riot and now attended the train of the Basileus. It was towards sunset when the imperial *cortège* returned over the crowded route of many miles, and at last passed into the narrow streets, at that moment thronged with citizens making holiday.

"Do you see how those market fellows under the portico of Theodosius there scowl at the Basileus?" said Leo, to his friend. "He would not be safe amongst them without the guard."

"Hear that yell of rage from the roof of the baker's house on the left," said Joannes.

"Nicephorus seems the only man in the street who does not notice it. He rides on with his eyes bent down like a man in a reverie," said Leo.

"After the bloody street fight we saw this morning, it would be strange if the mob were not in a savage mood," said Joannes. "Ah! there is a dense crowd in the Forum of Constantine beyond. There seems to be some one on the steps of the column haranguing the people."

"I see," said Leo, "it is that mad monk from the *Stoudion*, brother Elias. He has been preaching against the Basileus again. We shall have a pretty row in five minutes as sure as my name is Leo."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when yells, mingled with curses and missiles, filled the air. The guard in front of the procession roughly forced a path through the crowd, thrusting back the people with blows and the hoofs of their horses. The immense mob, furious with indignation, pressed on the riders with outcries and menaces. "Assassin, tyrant, usurper," were the names shouted forth. Stones, garbage, and mud were flung at the imperial party as the guard closed in a ring round the Basileus.

"By St Andrew, this is too much," cried Leo, "the pitcher only just missed his head," as, from the third storey of a tenement house, a virago, with horrid curses, hurled a heavy stoneware jug at the sovereign below. And, from the same window, at that moment, a girl, in a loose dress and dishevelled hair, hurled a brass pan down on the Emperor as he rode beneath their house.

"Break into that door," shouted the captain of police to his men, "seize the old hag and her girl. I know them well. It is a doss-house for the worst kind of begging monk. And the women are as bad as the monks."

"See how Nicephorus there sits his horse and does not even look round him!" said Leo. "He rides on as calm and unconcerned in the

